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## MY WAR WITH JAPAN



CARROLE ALCOFF

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MY  
WAR  
WITH  
JAPAN

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To the  
CHINESE SOLDIER  
whose determined resistance to a ruth-  
less and better-equipped enemy may well  
prove to have saved all our skins



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## MY WAR WITH JAPAN



## Chapter 1

### RING OF BAYONETS

FOR THE first time since the Japanese Army had occupied the Lower Yangtse Delta, Shanghai seemed dull and empty. In the light of what was really going on, or by comparison with other and more peaceful parts of the world, the city was actually a highly exciting place, but I was bored with it. Not because misery and suffering and the aftermaths of conquest are boring, but because I was discontented with staying put at my desk at the *China Press*, behind the lines. My real trouble was envy, or professional jealousy, to give it a more elaborate name.

I was envious of the lucky correspondents who had followed the recent retreat of the Chinese armies back to Hankow and Chungking. Those men were still in the thick of a great war, one that we had watched brewing through long and bitter years. And while they were reporting its battles,

I was left behind, far away from the fighting except on the infrequent days when the Japanese command saw fit to run special excursions to the war areas for the benefit of newsmen. And even these trips never produced much in the way of information or color. The Japs showed us nothing except what they had decided to let us see. Under such auspices, too, seeing was not always believing. . . .

Actually, I had no reason to complain of inactivity. I had seen the fall of Shanghai after three months of pitched battle. I had been back of both Japanese and Chinese lines during the five weeks' siege of Woosung. I had witnessed the occupation by a ruthless invader of a number of other cities in the Central China zone.

During this time I had seen the slaughter of innocent women and children and the cold-blooded murder of Chinese male workers and fishermen. I had viewed the Japanese warrior and people at their very worst and at extremely close range. Every conceivable horror of armed conflict had been laid bare before my eyes.

Such experiences might leave the average person crammed with enough war to last the rest of his days—but not me. Not after fifteen years devoted to following the armed conflicts of the Orient, of watching the heads of human beings roll like marbles on the execution grounds of China. The blood of dead men, only recently executed, had dripped from the floor above into my plate of noodles and shredded beef, when I attended a dinner given by a Chefoo warlord. I had viewed life, and death, in the raw and it had hardened me. War was in my blood.

My complaint was not an unusual one; I was beginning to experience the reaction that comes to most news-gatherers after they have completed the job of covering a big battle. When the fighting ends, the sudden collapse of tension leaves one in a state of boredom, a condition likely



to continue until the next big fight or bit of excitement comes along. This is only natural when one has become accustomed to an almost daily exposure to bullets and bombs.

There was no real lack of excitement in Shanghai, however. The Japanese and their Chinese puppets had tossed the city's five million citizens, already nervous as an aftermath of war, into a fresh state of jitters with an unprecedented wave of political terrorism.

Japanese swords in the hands of General Iwane Matsui's bloodthirsty soldiers had slashed off Chinese heads by the hundreds. Some were scattered about the streets in front of the homes of foreign residents. Only a short time previously the head of a Chinese journalist, Tsai Tiao-tu, the manager of a dialect daily newspaper and a good friend of mine, had been propped up against a telephone pole not far from my own dwelling in the French Concession. Attached to it was a note warning other newsmen in the city that it might be wise to cooperate with Japan's "New Order in East Asia."

Tsai had somehow been lured into the New Asia Hotel, an establishment the Japanese had expropriated from the Chinese for use as a house of inquisition and torture. His body was never found but it was subsequently revealed in open Chinese court that he had been decapitated in one of the hotel rooms. Within a week the heads of seven other Chinese newsmen and pro-Chungking officials were distributed through the same district, and attached to each was the same warning note.

Such crimes, horrible and terroristic though they are, become commonplace when they are frequently committed and when you yourself are not directly involved. The Chinese were in a state of panic but the foreigner had not yet been affected. Though his nerves might have been shaken,

he carried on, resumed his old routine, and tried to salvage some business from a war-torn town. Most of his kind were diehards, white men who wanted to retain their slipping foothold in the Orient, Japs or no Japs. They had seen wars in China come and go, while they remained. Like their countrymen at home they were complacent, and though they lived in the midst of armed conflict, many of them were convinced that nothing could happen to them. Shanghai, with its foreign concessions and special privileges, was an outstanding example of this sort of thinking.

During the years between late 1937 and the end of 1941, a day seldom passed without a killing or a gun battle between bands of armed terrorists of Chinese and Japanese sympathies. Foreign newsmen came to regard such incidents as all in the day's work. Later, criminal activity in Shanghai increased until the city was almost in a state of anarchy, but in the summer of 1938 it was merely another crime wave, another outbreak of terrorism. Shanghai had passed through many such periods, and while those of the moment were on a tremendous scale, they were not new.

The daily killings were a part of the war Japan was waging on China, but in contrast to the greater struggle taking place on the battlefronts, they seemed minor matters. We wrote our reports for the morning edition knowing they would cause some concern to residents of Shanghai, but with the feeling that the rest of the world was not especially interested in the horrors taking place in the Japanese-occupied cities of China, or in the sinister implications of these horrors for other peoples. Events were beginning to move more rapidly in Europe and had started to overshadow the Sino-Japanese hostilities, even in the English-language press of Shanghai.

On that day in June, my only prospect of a front-page story was the possibility of another Japanese outrage. Some

Chinese newspaper office, guilty of noncooperation with the Japanese "New Order," might be blown up, or perhaps a leading native educator would be assassinated. A street battle between the police and political terrorists would break the monotony of war's aftermath. There would be the usual loss of life among innocent civilians, and for this the Japanese would blame the Chinese. The latter would point an accusing finger at Jap terrorists.

But no matter what happened, my routine would follow the same course it had taken since the fall of Nanking and the end of my days of following the armies in the field. There would be the usual round of afternoon calls on the police stations of the city, interviews with the British and French police commissioners, a night of reading copy, writing headlines, and directing the activities of a staff of Chinese and White Russian reporters.

The daily Japanese press conference would provide a brief interlude, if I decided to attend it. But even these sessions were becoming barren and unproductive of spot news since Shanghai was no longer the center of war. The conflict had moved far up the Yangtse.

In 1938 Shanghai was still the main center of news dissemination in China, at least as far as the Japs were concerned. But one cannot cover a war in which the Japanese are involved on a basis of their communiqués. Their story is always the same. The Japanese authorities report only their victories, never their defeats. Even reports of minor withdrawals are suppressed or denied.

They have good reason to keep their reverses secret. Japan has not been defeated in two thousand years. At least, that is the Japs' story and they stick to it. It wouldn't do to have a reversal, even the loss of a minor battle, entered on the pages of Nipponese history for either present or future gen-

erations to read. The morale of a nation taught to believe itself invincible would suffer. There would be too many questions. An army convinced of its ability to defeat all comers might lose confidence in itself, with disastrous results.

In its own peculiar context, there is even now much to be said for the Japs' point of view. They are fighting a total war, and the Nipponese soldier's firm belief in the invincibility of his country and fighting forces is one of the reasons for his unwillingness to yield ground. He admits no defeat, hence he fights stubbornly and without quarter. His commanders will go to any extreme to keep the news of reverses, or even serious casualties, from reaching his ears. They do report losses, but only when those of the other side can be pictured as outweighing their own at least ten to one.

I have attended several hundred Japanese press conferences and only once have I heard one of their spokesmen admit a reverse in which the losses of the enemy were not many times greater than their own. That was in the fall of 1937. Major Untsonomiya, the army spokesman in Shanghai, announced that a contingent of Japanese soldiers had been blown up by land mines in the Woosung area. The mines were well hidden in a vegetable garden, and when advancing shock troops paused to pick some tomatoes they were blown to bits. The advance had been halted, with the result that the Chinese remained in possession of an important row of big gun emplacements.

The Major related the story as a joke, his idea of grim humor—men being blasted to pieces by high explosives and the pieces scattered about among the carrots, spinach, and tomatoes. But it takes an Axis soldier, or a person whose hatred of a race is so intense that he wants to see it exterminated, to chuckle at that kind of tale. The silence of the

assembled reporters and correspondents caused Untsonomiya to squirm in his chair while a sickly grin of embarrassment spread over his face.

We understood his motive in telling the yarn, however. He wanted to inject a bit of life into what had been a rather dry series of conferences, featured mainly by the handing out of communiqués and a general evasion of questions. But his colleagues, including the Japanese naval and consular authorities, failed to see any reason for his being so outspoken. To their way of thinking, he had committed an unpardonable sin by reporting the failure of an attack.

Untsonomiya, one of the most congenial Japanese officers I have ever met, was recalled to Tokyo within a few days and a new army spokesman appeared on the scene. The Major subsequently returned to Shanghai, this time as the officer in charge of liaison between the Japanese armed forces and the Fourth United States Marines, who were then stationed in the International Settlement.

The Japanese psychology involved in the Untsonomiya case was this: Since an official spokesman had told the story of the tomatoes and the land mines, his superiors could not very well deny what he had said. That would have meant loss of face all around, with the biggest burden falling on the Major. And he might have important relatives and friends at home who would object to his being openly pictured as a liar. It was better to find another job for him. If he had been an officer of the line, his superiors would have denied the tale immediately and he would have been subject to serious reprimand.

Though it was kept outside the press conferences, one case in which an officer's report was contradicted by his superior occurred later in that same year, 1937.

A group of American naval officers and I were watching

the early stages of the siege of Woosung from the deck of the U.S.S. *Parrott*, one of the over-age destroyers of the Asiatic Fleet. The ship was tied up alongside the Texaco installations on the Whangpoo River just below the scene of operations. Overhead, and not far inland, a lone Japanese dive bomber had just finished unloading its cargo on a target area containing Chinese gun positions. Suddenly a Chinese fighter plane, piloted by a White Russian, dived through a cloud and gave battle.

We had an idea at the time that the sudden opposition was Russian, because of the fellow's tactics. I confirmed his identity a few nights later. Since the outbreak of war in China, Vassily Petrov and three of his comrades, all former Czarist officers, had been doing a good job of bagging Japanese warplanes when the pilots were careless enough to be caught out by themselves.

Petrov and his men had served with Admiral Kolchak during the latter's retreat across Siberia, and later had fled from the armies of the Soviets into Manchuria. When the Japanese started their invasion of China proper in 1937, the Russian fliers went to work for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek at good pay—six thousand Chinese dollars for every Jap plane shot down. That was big money in those days, about eighteen hundred dollars in United States currency.

Though a man of forty-five, Petrov was still a good flier and at the end of the first month of hostilities in Central China he had shot down eight Japs. I saw him in action only this one time, but the fight and the events following it were worth the day I had spent on the Whangpoo.

The Russian was flying a Curtiss-Hawk, and his method was to maintain a high altitude on the edges of the battle zone and wait for some Jap pilot to get off by himself. In this instance the trick worked exceedingly well. The Jap was on a lone mission and happened to get caught just after

coming out of a dive. Taken completely unawares, he and his plane soon were spinning toward earth from a height of about four thousand feet.

We waited for the ship to burst into flames, but it was not that badly damaged. Still, a crash seemed inevitable. I think we all had a definite feeling of disappointment when the Nipponese brought his bomber out of the spin and set it down on the Whangpoo not far from our destroyer. The plane, however, was helpless and started to drift, heading right for the bow of the *Parrott*. Since it was quite possible that it still had a stick of bombs in its racks, the captain sent his officers and men ashore. I went with them, in a hurry.

The bomber hit the destroyer, but nothing happened. We returned to the docks and found the pilot alive and apparently uninjured, although his plane was badly smashed and starting to sink. American officers gave him a hand ashore and took him aboard the destroyer. He spoke an understandable grade of English, and in explaining his plight was quite matter-of-fact. He admitted that he had been caught napping and had been brought down by a plane of the Chinese Air Force. He considered himself lucky to be alive and unharmed, and some day, he said, he would have his revenge.

He had scarcely finished his story when the commander of a Japanese light cruiser, who also had witnessed the incident, made his appearance and took charge of the pilot. After a few bows and several "So sorry's" the pair left the ship. But within an hour the commander was back, this time without the pilot. He had come to offer humble apologies, he said, for the "great and regrettable error" in the report of the dogfight given us by the flier.

"Lieutenant Yoritomo was victim of shock," declared the Japanese naval officer. "He did not know what he was talk-

ing, but happy to say he is now so very much better. I have obtained from him proper report. It is definitely not true he was shot down by Chinese plane. It has been necessary to reprimand him for so saying, even though he was in state of shock. Proper story is that Lieutenant ran out of ammunition and, preferring death to retreat, deliberately crashed his plane into Chinese. Regret mistake. So very sorry."

The commander bowed himself out of the *Parrott's* wardroom. He had carried out an important mission. Face, a dominant factor in the everyday lives of the Orientals, especially the Japanese, had been saved. And to the warrior of Nippon his face, his prestige, is just as important as his bowl of rice and slice of raw fish. No matter what I might have written about the incident, the commander had laid the groundwork for a denial. I would have been called a liar and the Japanese people would have believed their own countryman, not me.

Japanese pilots are not supposed to be caught napping, but when they are their superiors usually take immediate steps to produce some sort of officially stamped tale that will throw a different slant onto whatever it is that has happened. In this case the pilot, once away from the American destroyer, had told the original and correct version of his fight with the Curtiss-Hawk to the commander of the cruiser. But truth does not count when the Japanese conception of face is concerned. This conception is one in which there is no honor except face itself, and face must be protected, even if it takes a whopping lie to do it.

Nor did the skipper of the Nipponese warship give us much opportunity to disprove his cock-and-bull story. He had considered the possibility that we might send a diver below to search for ammunition aboard the sunken plane



off our bow. And we might also try to learn some of the mechanical and operational secrets of the craft.

He was right in his speculations; we had given some thought to the matter. But before we could send to Shanghai for a diver, Japanese with grappling hooks and a tow-boat were on the scene and hard at work. Within a few hours the damaged bomber had been raised and was being hauled toward a Japanese dock. Curious Occidentals were not to be permitted to learn the secrets of Japanese plane construction. There was to be no chance for inquisitive American newsmen to find out whether the machine-guns of the plane had any ammunition left.

A few months later, in June, 1938, I was not deeply concerned with what had happened to Lieutenant Yoritomo. I had some loss of face of my own to consider. I had been kicked upstairs from the fighting fronts to the semisecurity of a morning newspaper desk. There were other reasons, too, why my mental depression had reached a new low. Among them was the fact that I had lost my Chinese cook and was unable to replace him. That was another score I had to settle with the Japanese, for they were to blame.

Years before the war in China started, I had learned to distrust the Japs. They asked too many questions. Their photographers were everywhere. I had seen their great smuggling gangs operating off the coast of North China and in the shadows of the Great Wall. I knew, from long investigation, that they were the masters of the largest narcotic ring in the world. Their ruthlessness in the handling of Chinese noncombatants of both sexes had turned my dislike into hatred, and general insult became specific injury when they stole my cook.

Stealing the help from a man's kitchen may not seem like a matter important enough to send him into a fit of

temper. Nevertheless, Wang's leaving me was a direct manifestation of the New Order, and it had large and ominous implications. In China the average Occidental took as much pride in the table he set as he did in running his business—perhaps more. Turning Chinese boys into culinary artists who could produce an apple pie or a shortcake to taste was a job that required years. The usual method was to engage a youngster, put him under the tutelage of your wife or a neighbor who had a good cook, and hope for the best. If you had enough patience, you were usually rewarded with a master chef.

My Wang was educated under such a plan and had been with me for ten years. I never questioned his loyalty, and on several occasions he had openly expressed his dislike of the Japs.

At this particular time, my wife and our daughter, Luchia, had departed for North China to spend the summer at the coastal resort of Tsingtao. I was left in Shanghai with the unpleasant task of running an apartment and a battery of Chinese servants. The problem of keeping a cook had become acute, as a result of Japanese aggression. Invading generals, colonels, and carpetbaggers, their bankrolls fattened with loot, were luring capable kitchen help away from the homes of Americans, Britons, and Frenchmen in considerable numbers.

Now, the Japanese at home lives a Spartan life in many respects, not so much from choice as because he has little alternative. His diet consists mainly of rice, fish, and soy-bean preparations. The soldier in the field gets even less. But this does not mean he isn't fond of apple pie, roast chicken, thick steaks, and chicken à la king. I was just one of many in Shanghai who lost their cooks to the promoters of the New Order.

One morning Wang was waiting up for me when I re-

turned home at three A.M. after putting the *China Press* to bed. He was jittery and had difficulty in finding words. I had a suspicion of what was coming.

"Mastah, can have increase pay?" he finally inquired. "If no can do, must quit. Have got big job with Japanese general."

Further explanation revealed that the new rich among the Japanese army officers, flush with wealth acquired from army-controlled monopolies, roulette wheels, and rackets, were scouting for cooks much as big-league baseball teams in the United States scout for players. While I was at the office, an agent had called at my home and had made Wang an offer.

Though Wang had no love or respect for the Japs, he had a family to feed, and while I paid him well, he was out for all he could get. My means were limited and it was impossible to meet the Jap's offer. But before the interview ended, I questioned Wang's patriotism. He had a ready answer for that, and a good one.

"All 'mericans and British do is walla walla [talk]. Too much do nothing," he said angrily. "Just now 'merica sell iron, oil, to Japanese. Not so good for poor Chinese. Maybe some day help China, maybe not. You fiend of China. I no angry with you. But just same, alla time 'mericans talkee talk, no do."

He had the best of that argument, and we parted. I had lost one of the best pastry specialists in the American community and about the only Chinese cook I have ever encountered outside the United States who could fry chicken and do a good job of it.

In addition to their desire to improve their own tables, Japanese warlords had another motive in hiring the best kitchen help they could find in foreign homes. They were out to cause us loss of face, provide propaganda for their

New Order, and give themselves new prestige. The Shanghai *Mainichi* naively explained the situation in one of its October issues in 1938. Said this Japanese journal:

"Chinese cooks and chauffeurs employed in British and American homes are deserting their masters to work for the Japanese. Domestic help is already finding our New Order profitable."

The *Mainichi* was right, but the New Order was profitable only for a select few. Chinese workers in factories seized by the Japanese were taking large reductions in wages, and labor for military construction and road-building was being pressed into service without pay. The cooks and the chauffeurs were the favored minority, but in months to come even they found themselves no better off than they had been. My Wang was back looking for his old job by the end of 1940. Inflation had set in and his Jap employer had refused to raise his wages.

Wang's departure in 1938, however, left me in a disturbed frame of mind, and a few days later I closed the apartment pending my wife's return and moved into the Foreign Y.M.C.A., one of Shanghai's outstanding Occidental institutions. Aside from some of the more exclusive hotels—the Cathay in Shanghai, the Raffles in Singapore, and the Manila Hotel—it is one of the best places, and among the most colorful, in which a lone male of the Occident living in the Orient can take up residence. In 1938 and during the years that followed, before the beginning of general war in the Pacific, it housed men of many nationalities, professions and political alignments. A Nazi and Fascist colony populated the eighth and ninth floors. There was a small Syrian community on the seventh. Americans, Britons, Russians, Greeks, Portuguese, Swiss and others were scattered about in the rooms of the remaining floors.

Though it was labeled a Young Men's Christian Association, most of its residents were over forty. A few staggered home at night under heavy loads of Scotch and soda, but that was all right as long as they didn't make noise. If they became unruly they were invited to move the next day. An unwritten law among the two hundred tenants made promiscuous barging into a neighbor's quarters a distinct taboo; if one had a mood, he could indulge it to the limit.

One day I was sitting alone in my room, disgusted with life in general, when the telephone rang. The caller was Jack Horton, head of the record-manufacturing department of the RCA-Victor factory in China.

"Have you ever considered going on the air in Shanghai, doing a spot of broadcasting?" Jack wanted to know.

I admitted that it had never occurred to me.

"Well, perhaps you had better give it some thought. Acheson Lucey is leaving XMHA, and with the Japs giving us the works with their 'Asia for the Asiatics' slogans and propaganda, Americans in China need some counteraction. I've recommended to Mike Healey, the manager of XMHA, that you're the man for the job. Get in touch with him."

I agreed that there might be something in Horton's idea. Though I had no ambition to become a radio personality, a job of newscasting as a part-time occupation might be the solution of my own problems. At least it would help to relieve the monotony of a night desk on a newspaper. And a few newscasts every day might be turned into a rather important undertaking.

Commercial radio was new in China. Station XMHA was the pioneer in the field, but profits were small. That, however, was a small worry to its owner, U. S. Harkson, an American of means and head of the rich Henningsen Produce Company of Shanghai, the firm that placed the

ice cream and candy bar business in China on a paying basis. In a few years, Harkson had sold the city's millions of Chinese on the idea of eating an Eskimo Pie daily, and the turnover ran into big money. Five hundred shops and stores were selling his products, and at good profits. XMHA had helped build up this great trade and was therefore a commercial success.

When war broke out Harkson placed his station at the disposal of organizations—mission, business, and diplomatic—which had urgent need to communicate with their representatives in the interior of China but were cut off from normal channels of contact such as the telegraph and telephone. As time wore on and the war extended deeper into the country, hundreds of Americans, Britons and others speaking the English and Chinese languages found Station XMHA their only means of keeping in touch with the outside world. Broadcasts from this station informed missionaries and traders trapped in the battle zones of means of escape, and sent instructions from their mission and company headquarters in Shanghai concerning the winding up of their affairs.

Operating on both standard and short-wave bands; XMHA got its messages through and thereby performed a great service to Occidentals in most parts of the country. But it gained outstanding international prominence when it undertook the broadcasting of regular daily news programs. Lucey, of the American-owned *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*, was the first newscaster on the station after the outbreak of war. He remained only a few months and then returned to the United States. I was being called in to fill the vacancy.

This was an opportunity to be of service where service was needed. And I must confess that my interest was partly financial. Sponsored newscasts and commentaries had not

yet made their appearance in China and the possibilities seemed worth investigating. It might mean working practically without pay for a few months, but if real money was forthcoming at the end of such a period of probation, the effort would be justified. Acting on Horton's suggestion, I called on Healey, the station's manager, and by the end of the first interview the matter was settled. I was going on the air. The date of my radio debut in the Far East was set for June 16.

If I had known at the time what the repercussions would be, I might have given up the idea then and there. In the months to come I was to find myself the target of numerous attacks of violence. I was to be shot at and bombed. Efforts were to be made to kidnap me and break my arms. I was doomed to ride about in a bulletproof car with a heavily armed bodyguard, never daring to enter a public place for fear of being shot.

I was to receive scores of threats against my life. I was to live inside a ring of Japanese bayonets, with that ring drawing ever tighter about me. Four years of real hell were to be my lot, but I didn't know it beforehand.

Even if I had known what was going to happen, perhaps I would have kept on the same course, would have taken the job anyway. Those four years had their compensations, once I became accustomed to the life of a man hunted by his enemies. My enemies, the Japanese and their Chinese puppets, were ruthless, but their attempts to silence my voice added a new meaning to life. They wanted to kill me because I had become another thorn in the side of Japan's New Order, an order dedicated to enslaving a billion people. I had endeavored to uphold the dwindling prestige of the white man in the Orient, and the Japs wanted to give the white man the boot so that he could not interfere with

their plans to harness the wealth of the East and put it to work exclusively for themselves.

Furthermore, I had exposed their vice rings, the inner workings of their opium and heroin monopolies, and their white slave rackets. I was not just a nuisance. I was an anti-Japanese institution and they treated me as such. But I had acted in accordance with democratic principles and the right of free men to free speech. I had not been violent. I had merely reported, honestly and without bias, the happenings of the times. It was not my fault that these events cast disgrace upon the Land of the Rising Sun.

Less than twenty-four hours had elapsed after my conversation with Mr. Healey, however, when the Japanese made it plain that unless I was prepared to be friendly and cooperate in the building of their "Co-Prosperity Sphere," they would not welcome my appearance before the microphone. No publicity had yet been given to my plans, but the news had leaked out and reached Mr. Ken Suzuki. He had much to say and called on me personally to say it.

Mr. Suzuki is an important person, and for many years has played a major, though often hidden, role in the affairs of his government. He is clever, ruthless, scheming. At times he appears as a diplomat, hiding his cunning behind a smiling face. On other occasions he is a tourist, taking pictures of strategic points in foreign lands.

He has made a hobby of photographing the airfields of the United States and countries of the British and Dutch Empires. He was the little Japanese who made so many goodwill tours to America, and who was always to be seen with a camera dangling from straps around his neck and with a notebook and pencil in his pocket. Airport attendants at Cincinnati, Dayton, Los Angeles, Denver, and many other cities saw him get off commercial planes on many



occasions to take pictures of everything in sight. That was before Pearl Harbor.

He is the same man who engaged renegade foreigners and Chinese to sell his government the plans of the airfields of China early in 1937. He was in Singapore in 1940, directing the fifth-column activities of his countrymen in Malaya. He is the man who helped Japanese in that same country clear jungle areas long before the outbreak of war so that they could be used as bases against the British.

He was in the Philippines on several important missions. He helped sabotage the air-raid warning system on Luzon so that American planes had no advance warning of raids until foreign planes were over their airdromes. A remarkable chap, this Suzuki. It was he who planted a powerful fifth column in the province of Davao on Mindanao Island, so that when war came the Japanese could seize America's world monopoly on the fine hemp used in the manufacture of Manila rope.

I first heard of Suzuki back in the early months of 1923. At that time he was the simple and harmless-looking little curio dealer who called upon the Governor of Guam, humbly apologized for his boldness, and then slyly announced that Tokyo would be very displeased if the Americans mounted some big guns just received on the island. The guns were never mounted.

There is no doubt whatever about reports that Suzuki traveled extensively through the vast areas of the Pacific. He was a fisherman in the Dutch East Indies and the Aleutians, but fishing was only a part-time job, a masquerade for his real work. He was the chap who directed the taking of soundings in the waters around Kiska Island. He was responsible for the charting of the coastline of Borneo. He was a versatile fellow, and always polite. He could stick a knife in your back and beg your pardon at the same time.

I knew him well, for he was the same Suzuki who ran the commercial photograph gallery on Broadway Road in Shanghai back in 1928. I called there one afternoon to have my daughter Luchia, then five, photographed. He kept up a running conversation throughout the time we were in his place, mainly asking questions about me. I was new to the Orient then, and before I departed he had wormed out of me a fairly complete record of my life up to that time. He reminded me of the episode when he called on me ten years later to express the opinion that his government would be pleased if I would abandon my plans to go on the air. My earlier investigations of Japanese activities in connection with the distribution of narcotics had incurred Tokyo's displeasure. Neither the War Office nor the Foreign Office of Japan regarded me as a suitable person to report the news of the world to the Orient.

Mr. Suzuki was quite open with his suggestions and frank in his presentation of the Japanese case.

"How long has it been since you last visited your home in America?" he inquired in English that was without accent.

"Many years," I replied.

"Then why don't you go home?" It was more of a demand than a question.

I had not anticipated opposition when I told Healey that I would start broadcasting for him. But now that opposition was being thrown in my face, I was beginning to burn inside with anger. Suzuki's mission had failed before it got off to a good start. He had simply filled me with a determination to go into radio and wait for anything that might happen.

But I kept my temper under control. I had long since learned not to become enraged before a Jap. In fact, that is one of the first rules of the Orient. Ridicule him, laugh at

him, or ignore him and he loses face. Fly into anger in front of him and you lose face. He does the grinning and walks off with a moral victory. There is much logic to his conclusion, which is that he has goaded you into such a state of embarrassment that you no longer have command of your reason. To his way of thinking, you're ready for a knockout punch and he'll figure out some way to deliver it.

There was no trace of excitement in my voice when I told Mr. Suzuki that nothing he could say would cause me to abandon my plans. I had promised to do a job, I intended to keep that promise.

His reply was just as smooth. "In that case," he said, "my government would be pleased if you would broadcast only Japanese communiqués in reporting news of the China Incident."

I wanted to know why. He had a matter-of-fact answer.

"Because, in the field, so many Japanese soldiers borrow radios from Chinese homes. At night they gather around and listen to broadcasts. Frequently they pick up foreign-language broadcasts, such as English, and there is usually one of their number who understands that tongue. He translates. Thus our soldiers listen to the foolish and untruthful Chinese communiqués and propaganda. It may have no effect on their minds but the Japanese command does not wish them to listen to such reports. It is bad for morale. It is bad for the morale of the whole Japanese people to listen to these reports. You must understand we are fighting a great war and we want to win. We are friendly with the United States. Why cannot you, an American, be friendly?"

His frankness startled me, but his point was plain. It was easy to control the English-language press in Shanghai because the Japanese had the foreign concessions surrounded. They could and did stop circulation of American and Brit-

ish papers outside the concessions. Japanese soldiers never saw them. But radio was different. It covered great distances, reached many ears, and XMHA could be heard in Japan. And not only had I injured Japan in the narcotics investigation, but on the *China Press* we presented both sides of the story and the Chinese side far outweighed the Nipponese case. I was a colleague of Mr. J. B. Powell, doyen of American and British newsmen in China, and we pursued the same course in our activities on China's behalf. Suzuki was right. I would do the Japanese no good, and he knew it.

I regretted that it was impossible to see his point of view. His manner remained unchanged. The words with which he terminated the interview, however, were sinister in their implication. There were only six of them.

"That is too bad—for you," he said slowly, and then took his leave.

Three days before I was scheduled to go on the air, a bomb was hurled at Station XMHA, wrecking part of the front office. Luckily the transmitters escaped damage. Bombs were tossed at several noncooperative Chinese stations at the same time, but I knew why my station had been selected as one of the targets. Mr. Suzuki had left a calling card, a reminder of his parting words.

As a matter of fact, I was more excited than frightened. I went on the air as scheduled. I was no longer envious of the war correspondents who had gone on to Chungking with the Chinese armies. My own war with Japan was under way.

Mr. Suzuki did not pass out of my life with that one interview. He planned to make things hot for me, and he did, he and all the other Mr. Suzukis. For Mr. Suzuki is not one individual. There are a thousand of him—no, many

thousands. They are Japan's undercover agents: the fishermen who chart the coastlines of territories marked for invasion, the cameramen who pose as tourists and photograph strategic points in these same territories, and the men who run the activities of Japan's vast espionage net in the regions of the Pacific. They are the strong-arm men of the Land of the Rising Sun, the terrorists, the racketeers, the promoters of vice, the backbone of the Black Dragon Society. They are the propagandists, the peddlers of Japan's dream of an Asia for the Asiatics and a slave world for Asia's billions.

Hitler has his Goebbels. Japan has ten thousand little Goebbelses and they were spreading the doctrine of Asia for the Asiatics long before Hitler was out of knee-pants. That was their cry when they took Formosa in 1895 and again in 1910 when they annexed Korea.

The Nazi Fuehrer has his Rosenberg. Japan has ten thousand little Rosenbergs and they were preaching world domination by the "chosen people" of the mythical sun goddess, Amaterasu O-Mikami, before the author of *Mein Kampf* was born. The history of Shintoism puts Paganist Rosenberg in the position of a mere upstart.

The Paperhanger of Vienna has his Himmler. Japan has ten thousand little Himmlers, and they were casting a dark cloud of terror over East Asia when the Gestapo chief was a schoolboy. Korea and Formosa, thirty and forty years ago, were scenes of oppression the equal of anything of the kind that has transpired in Europe since 1939.

Mr. Suzuki is Goebbels, Rosenberg, and Himmler rolled into one, a tough customer. I have clashed with him at close quarters. I know how tough.

## Chapter 2

### JAPANESE DOUBLE STANDARD

THOUGH I have dated the beginning of my conflict with the Japanese from the day I first went on the air in Shanghai, this was not really the case. Ken Suzuki and I had met in personal encounters on several occasions before the June of 1938. Manila was the scene of the first one and the Japanese won the argument. That was back in the early part of 1927.

As Philippine correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune*, I had stumbled across reports that the Japanese were beginning to turn the mandated islands of the Palau Archipelago into a chain of naval bases, coaling stations and airfields. If the reports were true, this was important and unpleasant news. The Washington Naval Treaty and terms of the mandate acquired by Japan stipulated the maintenance of the status quo. Yet Japan, according to Filipino

and Chinese fishermen, was breaking her solemn pledges not to fortify the islands.

Being a newcomer with less than one year of experience in the Orient, I was afraid to use the Palau story without definite proof to back up my statements. After all, the Japanese were supposed to be our best friends on the other side of the 180th meridian. They had told us so and we were inclined to believe them. When the terrible earthquake of 1923 rocked their home islands, leaving widespread death and destruction in its wake, they had called upon us for help. They got that help and their leaders, in temporary gratitude, had sworn everlasting friendship with the United States.

But the Japanese have short memories and in 1927 they were already preparing to stab their benefactors in the back by building a strong naval base in the Palau Islands. From this base they would be able to strike at the southern Philippines, as events in 1941 and 1942 were to demonstrate.

Since Pearl Harbor, many Americans have blamed their officials and newsmen in the Orient for not revealing what the Japanese were up to; this criticism is not entirely justified. The preparations at Palau were being made in such secrecy that a newsman had little chance of getting any direct evidence. Almost from the day the Japanese acquired a mandate over the archipelago, Americans, Britons and other foreigners were forbidden to go ashore unless they were accompanied by Japanese guides. So the few visitors there saw only what the Japs wanted them to see, nothing more. As the construction of bases and fortifications progressed, visiting Occidentals were excluded altogether, just as they had been prohibited, in recent years, from going ashore in Formosa or in the Japanese-controlled Caroline and Mariana Islands. Even in 1928 all the information

about what the Japanese were doing on the Palaus was mere hearsay. The newspaperman who dealt in rumors concerning matters of such importance ran the risk of having his stories denied, leaving him out on a limb with both his paper and his government.

Nevertheless, I did make an effort to track the story down to some specific conclusion, and thereby ran into opposition. In trying to obtain confirmation of the Palau reports, I tipped my hand enough to show that I was really interested. News that an American reporter was sticking his nose into Japanese affairs soon reached Mr. Suzuki, and I received a call from him.

In those days he was a barber with a small shop off the Avenida Rizal, one of Manila's main thoroughfares. Many Americans, including soldiers and sailors, patronized the place, and since Mr. Suzuki has extremely large ears he acquired much knowledge of value to his government.

As a matter of fact, running barbershops in China, the Philippines, and other countries of the Orient was one of Mr. Suzuki's strong points. The Japanese are good barbers and many Americans and Britons preferred them to the Chinese and Filipinos. It is impossible even to speculate on the quantity of strategic information Tokyo acquired through the Jap tonsorial parlors of the Far East, but it must have been substantial. Considering everything that happened in the months following December 7, 1941, it is obvious that the quality was good.

Someone had been talking in front of Suzuki about my efforts to run the Palau Islands story to earth. That became obvious when the little Jap called at my rooms. He was the same fellow who had cut my hair the week before. He began the conversation by assuring me that the rumors were entirely false, and that if I caused them to be published I would be lending myself to the circulation of a pack of in-



famous lies. Coming from a barber, I thought this warning rather strange, and said so. He had the explanation at the tip of his tongue:

"You are good customer at my shop. I do not want to see you get in trouble. Since I have heard many things, I thought I should explain. You lose your job and leave Manila and I lose many haircuts."

It was quite a logical explanation, or so I thought at the time. I was really taken in; but I can hardly be blamed. When I had arrived in the Philippines in September of the previous year, my knowledge of Japanese psychology and peacetime strategy was extremely limited. As a native of Iowa, I knew much less about the Japanese than the residents of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Hawaii, and the events after Pearl Harbor have demonstrated that even that wasn't too much. Nor had I acquired much additional understanding during my first few months in Manila.

I was not, however, blind to certain specific geopolitical facts. Anyone looking at the map of Micronesia could tell that a fortified Palau Archipelago would be a serious threat to the security of the Philippines and American shipping routes to our insular possessions in the Far East. On the other hand, it was hard to believe that the Japanese would openly violate their international agreements. And the man facing me from my only easy chair seemed like such a nice fellow, a simple barber who had the interest of a customer at heart. I was touched by his display of concern and thanked him for it.

He smiled and rose to depart. Before reaching the door, he turned to face me again.

"Our governments are very friendly," he said, and then added: "You would not want to do or say anything that would cause injury to that friendship, would you? Without

proof, you would be foolish to print the rumors you have heard. My advice is to forget them. It is much safer."

It was a blunt warning to be careful, but I didn't know it then. His pleasant "*Sayanora, Alcott-san*" further disarmed me. The Palau story, though it was written later, did not at that time appear under my by-line.

Even now it is hard to regret my failure to break the story. I was new to the ways of southern and central Asiatics, having arrived in Manila from San Francisco only a few months before. And many Americans who had lived in China, Japan or the Philippines for two or three decades were trapped there on December 7, 1941, simply because they were as complacent as their countrymen at home.

I had arrived in the Philippines fresh from an apprenticeship on such midwestern dailies as the *Sioux City Tribune* and the *Denver Post*. It was my first glimpse of the islands, and like many roving journalists of the time I had entertained visions of a full and exciting life. I was not disappointed, but it was not until several years later that I realized the importance of the tales which the Filipino fishermen used to bring to Manila.

As the world was to learn later, the stories were true, but as late as the fall of 1940 isolationist leaders in the United States were opposing American fortification of Guam on the grounds that such an act would offend the Japanese. Yet we now know that the ink on the Washington Naval Treaty of 1922 was scarcely dry before the Japs started building a wall of bases flanking the Philippines. It made no difference to the Japs that the treaty and attached riders provided for the maintenance of the status quo in the Kuriles, Formosa, the Pescadores and the islands mandated to Japan by the League.

The treaty restrictions did not preclude repair and re-

placement of worn-out weapons, and for years the Japanese press explained that any naval construction in Formosa and the Pescadores was simply repair work. But in the case of the mandated islands, the Japs were unable to make this story stick, hence their ban on visitors to the Palau, Mariana and Caroline groups. As early as 1931, I applied to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha offices in Shanghai for passage on a freighter scheduled for a trip through these islands, and received a polite rejection. I could make the tour but I would not be permitted to go ashore, the agent informed me.

The Covenant of the League of Nations was even more specific in regard to construction of bases and fortifications. It clearly stated that the mandatory power "must be responsible for the prohibition of abuses . . . and the prevention of the establishment of fortifications or military and naval bases for other than police purposes and defense of the territory."

The Japanese could not claim defense as a motive for fortifying the islands, since the United States had made reciprocal pledges. Clearly, we had hamstrung our own position in the Pacific by agreeing to maintain the status quo in the Philippines and Guam. We promised the Japanese that we would not develop our own naval base facilities at Cavite and Olongapo or our establishment at Guam. We could make replacements for and repairs on equipment already at these places, but that was all.

The Japanese knew that without adequate base facilities the United States could not hope to resist any aggression or expansion they might decide to undertake. Pearl Harbor, the closest American naval base from which a battle fleet might operate, was too far away to interfere with Japanese plans for Pacific dominion. To reach the Japanese fleet in Chinese or East Indian waters, American forces would have to travel seven thousand miles. The chances were good that

a force moving against the Japs from Hawaii would run out of fuel before a major engagement could be fought.

The Tokyo press complained loudly about the alleged beating the Japanese delegation had taken from the British and Americans at Washington in 1921 and 1922. Admiral Kato and Baron Shidehara went home with the short end of a 5-5-3 ratio in point of naval tonnage, but they knew well that they had won the argument. They had tied us down to a promise to refrain from building great naval bases in the Philippines, and while they had given similar pledges regarding Formosa, the Pescadores and the islands of the Pacific that they occupied under mandate, they felt themselves under no obligation to keep these promises.

The Japanese went home feeling that they had pulled a fast one. And they had, according to their way of thinking. If Elihu Root and Charles Evans Hughes had known more about *Bushido*, the code of the Japanese warrior, they would have proceeded with extreme caution. But then, their advisers from the Far Eastern division of the State Department seemed to know very little about it, or if they did know, they refused to believe it. And the British and French also were taken in, so perhaps we have no real ground for recrimination. Democracies must apparently learn about such matters the hard way. . . .

But it did seem to me, even in 1928, that there must be some code that permitted the Japanese to make a solemn promise at Washington and then proceed straight home to break that pledge. Honor and face were both involved. Just how could they be saved while the promises were being violated? I got the answer one day in the spring of 1928 from my Manila shoemaker, a fellow named Takashita, who had his little shop over in Intramuros on Calle Cabildo.

I had ordered a made-to-measure pair of shoes and had taken care to specify in some detail just what I expected.

They were to have broad toes, rubber heels, and the color was to be tan. Before the shoes were finished, Takashita brought them to my room for a fitting. They were exactly what I wanted and a few finishing stitches would find them ready to wear.

The bootmaker returned a few days later, but the shoes he had with him for final delivery were black and the toes were pointed. I demanded the tan pair I had ordered. He insisted that I had asked for black shoes and refused to take them back.

I discovered later that Takashita had sold my shoes to Victor Hugo, a veteran American showman who was running a floor show at Tom's Dixie Grill on Plaza Goiti. One night I spotted Hugo wearing what appeared to be my shoes, and I asked him about them. Takashita had sold them to him for a peso more than the price quoted me. That was quick money, and an obligation to me meant nothing where an extra peso was involved. However, face had to be saved. That was accomplished by producing a pair of shoes of the size I had ordered, perhaps the only pair he had finished. They happened to be black.

I broke one of the rules of the Orient by losing my temper in front of a Japanese. I gave Takashita a tongue-lashing. Among other things, I accused him of being a liar. Up to that point the shoemaker had maintained the reserve characteristic of his people. He took my abuse with no great show of concern, but being called a liar was a trifle more than he could stand.

"It is no lie to speak improper to white man," he retorted in a brief display of anger, and then settled back into his previous state of calm. Perhaps he regretted his words, perhaps not. But in that one short sentence he had opened to me a new avenue into Japanese thought.

At the time, I did not realize the full importance of his

remark, but I knew that I had picked up a bit of Japanese philosophy requiring some study. Not only had Takashita answered the question of what had happened to my shoes, but, as the years went by and my contacts with the Nipponese multiplied, I found that he had let slip the answer to one of the great riddles of the Orient: Why do the Japanese deal so openly in prevarications and the game of double-cross without feeling any shame or guilt?

It is not a lie, in the Japanese mind, to tell a lie to a foreigner, whether he is American, Chinese, French, or any other nationality. That is the reason why all Japanese, peasants and statesmen alike, can break promises made to Occidentals without being worried by their consciences. It explains why the Japanese rulers found it so easy to break the Washington Naval Treaty, and why Tokyo, without feeling guilty, could conduct negotiations at Washington for a *rapprochement* with the United States while her generals were preparing to bomb Pearl Harbor.

My distrust of the Japanese started on the day of my quarrel with the shoemaker. At first it was a rather mild form of distrust and did not interfere with my efforts to keep on friendly terms with Tokyo diplomats, consular officials, and officers of the armed services. However, I never forgot Takashita's words, and they helped to keep my thinking in line with reality from the day the Japs moved into Manchuria in 1931 to start their great march toward domination of Asia.

The spirit of Bushido, as the Japanese call it, is an unwritten and flexible code by which the Jap can justify most of his actions, good or evil. He can lie, if by so doing he obtains material benefit. To steal is wrong, but only if the thief gets caught. It is no sin to sell one's daughter into a brothel if the revenue derived from the transaction is used to pay off the mortgage at the bank. And it is certainly no

sin to deal in lies at an international conference if the lies are of help to the Emperor and can be used to strengthen Japan.

In other words, the Japanese are stern realists and anything goes in power politics and war. Hence Mr. Suzuki did not feel that he was lying when he told me that his call regarding the Palau Islands was made because he had taken a personal interest in my welfare. His only worry was that an important Japanese secret might leak out. Japan might lose her mandate over the islands, and that would interfere with her plans for Pacific dominion.

Mr. Suzuki need not have worried. Manila was not deeply concerned. The Filipinos were too busy clamoring for independence to pay much attention to what the Japs were doing. And Americans in the islands concentrated upon the business of making money, and watched Japanese developments in the mandated territories with a sort of detached interest. Like their countrymen and government at home, they had not yet learned that the Japanese were to be taken seriously. The Palau story was front-page material in Manila for a single day. Then it was shunted to the inside pages, and three days later it was no longer news. It furnished fuel for gossip in Manila clubs and bars for a night or two and then was forgotten.

As a matter of record, Walter Wilgus caused a much greater hullabaloo in Manila with a paragraph satire on the failure of American army and navy officials in the city to observe George Washington's Birthday fittingly. Walter was then my city editor, having gone over to the *Manila Daily Bulletin* where I held down the sports desk and the job of waterfront and police reporter in addition to my duties as the *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent.

Late in the afternoon of February 21, 1928, Walter had

given me the assignment of doing a roundup story of the annual Washington's Birthday Ball. Tradition had placed the responsibility for arrangements on the shoulders of ranking officers of the American armed forces in the Philippines. But I found that for the first time in the history of our occupation of the islands, the job had been neglected.

This was a serious state of affairs. The political situation in the islands was such that Americans living there found considerable flag-waving on their part almost essential. For the sake of prestige, they were required to celebrate the birthdays of their national heroes with more ceremony than would have been necessary at home.

The same condition prevailed throughout the Orient. At Shanghai, Tientsin, Hongkong, Bangkok and Haiphong, Americans were accustomed to celebrate the Fourth of July and other patriotic holidays with great ceremony. The British and French celebrated the King's Birthday and Bastille Day just as lavishly and with equally gratifying results. The Japs in China also observed their national holidays, but with ten times the display of force. They would march a whole division of troops through their end of town, while the French, British, and Americans were satisfied with a regiment.

The Japanese celebrations really were a warning to the Chinese to be careful not to tread on Jap toes. Ours were intended to encourage trade and promote goodwill. The Chinese usually passed up the Mikado's shows but gave ours plenty of attention. No doubt they have wished many times since that we had brought along more guns and more marines.

In the Philippines, our position was not quite the same as it was in China. Matters of prestige far outweighed the trade angle. Manuel Quezon's campaign for independence was gaining momentum and the Filipinos, in the twenties



and early thirties, were observing their national holidays with more feverish patriotism than they ever had dared display in three hundred years of Spanish domination. Memory of José Rizal, martyred by the Spaniards, was being revived in cities and provinces on a grand scale, and the birthday of the national hero was significantly observed. To have neglected Washington's Birthday would have been a serious slap at American prestige.

With a paragraph in simple English, intended both for Filipino consumption and as a hint to the United States army and navy authorities to get busy, Wilgus saved the situation. He wrote:

Tuesday, February 22, is George Washington's Birthday. George Washington was a Virginia farmer who raised good tobacco and lived to become a national hero of the United States, something comparable to the distinction enjoyed by José Rizal in the Philippines. He once gained great distinction by crossing the Delaware River during a heavy ice floe.

To the average Filipino mind, anyone who could raise fine tobacco and cross an ice floe in the dead of winter was bound to be a hero. But the wrath which poured from American military headquarters in Manila was terrific.

The *Bulletin*, a morning paper, had just reached the desks of officers on duty in G-2, or Military Intelligence, offices, when I strolled into Fort Santiago about ten o'clock in the morning. Red pencil lines marked off the offending item, which had been placed on the front page. The assembled brass hats muttered something about "damnable newspaper ethics."

My sudden appearance only served to infuriate the gathering further. But when the fireworks were over, I wanted to know whether or not plans were being rushed for some sort of observation of the holiday. It seemed that they were,

and a makeshift Washington's Birthday celebration was held that evening. From that time until the Japanese invasion, Washington's Birthday and the responsibilities of the occasion were never again forgotten by Americans in the Philippines. Nevertheless, the incident was indicative of the mistakes we might, and sometimes did, make in the Far East.

I had arrived in Manila with less than three dollars in my pocket and enough of a wardrobe to put up a front. Like many another before me, I had crossed the Pacific on pure speculation. Friends in San Francisco had told me that Americans had their own newspapers in the Orient and that jobs were to be had. That was a green light to a young journalist with itching feet. If jobs were to be found, then one could work a few months, save his money, and buy a steamer ticket to the port of his choice. Even if he arrived broke, he could find work, save his money again, and after a few more months move on to the next place.

With English-language newspapers in Manila, Tokyo, Hongkong, Shanghai, Calcutta, Cairo and Paris, a newsman could travel around the world in a few years, acquire a vast fund of knowledge, and return home to set himself up as an expert on foreign affairs. In fact, that is the way many of today's leading experts on Far Eastern and European affairs got their start.

Edgar Snow, one of the leading writers on the Orient; Jack Belden, crack *Time* Magazine correspondent and Sino-logue; Tillman Durdin, New York *Times* war correspondent in Australia and Guadalcanal, and many others who now have major names in the journalistic world came up the ladder the hard way. They were jobless when they first landed in the Far East. Some had worked their way across the Pacific as ordinary seamen. Others had traveled third

class, spending all their savings for a ticket. But they were determined young men, anxious to see the world and write about it.

Of course it took nerve to start out on such a trip with only a few dollars in one's pocket. But then, we considered ourselves lucky to have discovered that one did not need to be a millionaire to travel. And the future we faced was certainly more alluring than our previous prospects of stagnating on the police beat or city desk of some American paper. In one way we were fortunate, for we had to remain in a country long enough to get together enough cash to move on to the next place. That usually required months, sometimes years. As a consequence we learned a good deal more about the lands and cities we visited than the moneyed tourists who arrived in town to spend a few days and take a few pictures. Though many of us did not collect much moss, we did acquire a fine polish. When we wrote something or made a broadcast we had a fair idea of what we were writing and talking about, and that in itself was considerable compensation.

In peacetime, Manila was not the most exciting city of the Orient, nor did it enjoy the same importance as a news center that Tokyo and Shanghai did. But it was a good place for a young journalist to start his Far Eastern career. Eventually my job on the *Bulletin* came to seem drab, contrasted with my later China experiences, but back in 1927 it was the most interesting post I had ever held.

As the *Bulletin's* waterfront reporter, I seldom had a dull day. Incoming Pacific liners and tourist ships poured a steady stream of international celebrities into the islands and most of them wanted to talk, if only for the sake of seeing their names appear in a Manila paper. Titled Englishmen and American Congressmen, the latter on so-called Pacific fact-finding junkets, had something to say about al-

most everything, including the weather, the latest Sinclair Lewis novel, and the Philippine and Indian independence issues. Siamese princes discussed the rice situation and amateur photography. Chinese leaders from Canton toured the Philippines raising funds among their two hundred thousand countrymen in the islands to aid Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek and the Chinese Revolution. Visiting debutantes on world tours with their parents paraded in the lobby of the Manila Hotel.

Japanese naval and army officers, too, were frequent visitors, and they were received by both American and Filipino officials with the same cordiality accorded diplomats and men of rank from countries of the Occident. The Nipponese seldom had much to say for publication, but when they did talk it was usually about Nippon's friendly relations with the United States. At the same time they were everywhere with their cameras, taking pictures of everything they were permitted to see, and that was a great deal.

Nipponese infiltration of the Philippines had already started, even in 1926. I found Mr. Suzuki and his minions well scattered about Luzon, from Legaspi in the south to Lingayen in the north. I was in the Lingayen area early in 1928 while the United States joint army and navy maneuvers were under way. Frank Sherman, another *Bulletin* staff member, and I had made the trip north from Manila to stake out a mining claim—which we never developed—and while hiking over the hills we encountered several Japanese photographers.

They were just photographing the scenery, they said. But with American army maneuvers under way, we had our doubts. At least they were getting a good photographic record of the terrain around Lingayen, for they were shooting pictures of nearly everything they saw. And it was from Lin-

gayan that the Japanese launched their drive against Manila fourteen years later.

Almost every Filipino *barrio*, or village, had its Japanese curio dealer or silk merchant, but there was always a Chinese competitor just across the road. And the latter got most of the business, primarily because he was more friendly. The Chinese was there to make money, but that wasn't the case with the Japanese. He was there for a "look-see" and Mr. Suzuki saw to it that he was supplied with funds.

The Manila police run was easier to handle and consumed less of a reporter's time than chasing visiting notables for statements (most of which turned out to be so much tripe). There are perhaps fewer criminals among the Filipinos than among any other Oriental people, so the daily police beat in Manila could be covered in a single thirty-minute tour of the downtown stations.

In time, chasing interviews and occasional crime stories began to seem like small business. But events of importance were beginning to take shape in the Philippines, and they served to banish any possible boredom. The Filipinos at that time were more concerned with keeping the Chinese out of the islands than with keeping the Japanese out, and new legislation was designed to restrict immigration from China. The infiltration of Japanese fishermen into the southern islands received some attention from official quarters and the press, though not as much as it deserved. But the most obvious development lay in the fact that by 1926 Manila started to emerge from the period of steady growth that followed the American occupation into an era of unprecedented prosperity.

John Hausserman, of New Richmond, Ohio, who was to become the richest man in the islands, and his partner, the

late Walter Beam, had just struck gold in the Benguet and Bontoc mountains. Their mining stocks were booming and soon unprecedented wealth began to flow out of their claims.

In the decade that followed, huge fortunes were made. Manila enjoyed a gold boom almost comparable to the days of '49 in California. An inebriated sailor in the Silver Dollar Bar invested a thousand dollars in Hausserman's mine stocks and lived to become a rich man. The thousand dollars represented the savings of four years' service in the Navy, and the fellow was getting ready to throw it away on a single binge when a stock salesman cornered him.

I got in on the ground floor of the boom, but didn't stay there. Upon leaving the Philippines for China in 1928, I sold my 2,500 shares, then worth about as many American dollars, at a profit of forty cents per share. I have seen Hausserman many times since, and at almost every one of our meetings he reminds me of the opportunity to become a plutocrat which I tossed away. In the ten years that followed, those same shares would have made me about half a million dollars.

Manila became a city of millionaires. Some played the stock market and made their profits on paper, losing them later. Others, like Hausserman, got their fortunes the hard way, by digging them out of the earth.

Fifteen hundred miles away, in ambitious Tokyo, Japanese leaders looked on with envy. The whole of their empire, in 1927, was producing less than \$7,000,000 worth of gold annually. By 1940, Japan had developed her own production to \$25,000,000 in bullion every year, with much of this increased wealth coming from Manchuria.

As a consequence of her occupation of the Philippines and other island areas in the Pacific, the Japanese now are in a position to acquire gold at two-thirds the rate of Ameri-

can production, which hit \$207,000,000 in 1940, a figure that included \$40,000,000 worth of bullion from the Philippines. American potential production of gold for 1942 and 1943 dropped to less than \$170,000,000, while Japan increased its potential to \$65,000,000. To a nation which, as recently as 1940, was digging up its dead to salvage gold teeth to help pay for American scrap iron and oil, the gold mines of the Philippines represented quite a windfall.

Aside from strategic considerations, Philippine gold and other metals are some of the chief reasons for Japan's immediate attack on the islands after war in the Pacific started. The history of Japanese land grabs reveals that wherever there is an island with mineral wealth in the Pacific, you will find a Japanese fifth column laying the groundwork for invasion. That was the case in the Philippines in 1926 and 1927, the years the gold discoveries attained international importance.

Mr. Suzuki and his crowd of fishermen, even in those early days, were beginning to stir up turmoil in the islands. They kept well behind the scenes, but whenever some uprising threatened the peace and security of the American occupation one could usually find a Japanese somewhere in the picture. The more internal political trouble that could be fomented in the Philippines, China, and elsewhere in the Orient, the better for Japan. Civil war in China, the clamor for independence in the Philippines and India, and riots in Burma took the spotlight away from Tokyo's preparations to expand her own empire.

Japanese gun-runners, operating as fishermen off the coasts of the central and southern Philippines, not only armed their own fifth column but frequently sold small arms and ammunition to potential Filipino troublemakers. Actually, the Islanders who wanted to disturb the peace made up a small minority, since Jap propaganda of an Asia

for the Asiatics did not make the progress in the Philippines that it did in other countries of the Orient. On the whole, the Americans did a good job of selling democracy to the Filipinos and Tokyo already is beginning to find it difficult to sell that idea short.

It would be untrue, of course, to say that we did not have our troubles with the natives of the Philippines. One uprising, which I covered in 1927, was a colorful bit of business involving a former Filipino coast artillery sergeant who had served on Corregidor in the old Spanish Army.

Intrencherado, as the crackpot called himself, started a revolt against American authority on the rich island of Negros. Though his army early in 1926 consisted of less than one hundred men, by the beginning of the next year he had a following of eighty thousand. Aside from the bolos which most natives carry, only a few had arms, but some of these weapons came from Japanese gun-runners. The situation was dangerous, since it had to be assumed that more guns might be forthcoming.

During the six or seven months preceding his capture, Intrencherado had an amazing career. Despite the opposition of the Philippine constabulary, the *insurrectos* captured one barrio after another, and for a time the whole of Negros was threatened. The adventure was so successful that it soon overwhelmed Intrencherado with a feeling of his own importance. He set up a monarchy and placed himself on the throne as "Liberator of the Filipino People, King of the Philippines, and Grand Exalted Potentate of the Sulu Archipelago." His aim was to run the Americans out of the Philippines.

One morning early in 1927 the "King" appeared before his subjects with more pomp and ceremony than usual. He was dressed in overalls, but he had all the other trappings



of royalty, including a mace, a small gold crown, and a set of purple robes. He was wearing leather shoes for the first time since he had left the Spanish Army.

He had a proclamation of importance to issue: Some more guns had arrived, and he was taking his army north to capture Manila and install himself and his court in Malacanan Palace.

Intréncherado explained to his cheering "subjects" that he had delivered an ultimatum to Major General Leonard Wood, then governor general of the Philippines. Wood had been asked to surrender the city. Most Americans in Manila found the situation amusing, but Wood was exasperated. I talked to the old American officer at Malacanan Palace shortly after a translation of Intréncherado's note was handed to him. Though he couldn't suppress a chuckle, neither could he ignore the seriousness of the situation.

It seemed apparent that Intréncherado was insane, but madmen living under delusions of grandeur are among the most dangerous of all lunatics, particularly in Germany and the Far East. Something had to be done. General Wood ordered the constabulary to arrest the "King of the Philippines" and bring him to Manila.

Though partially officered by Americans, the Philippine constabulary found the orders difficult to execute. Intréncherado's men were much more numerous and they were primed for battle. Several minor skirmishes were fought with casualties to both sides. Eventually, General Wood decided to make the trip to Negros and personally arrest Intréncherado.

He found a tense situation awaiting him at the little barrio where Intréncherado had his headquarters. Two companies of constabulary, or about three hundred men, with machine-guns mounted and ready for action, faced several thousand followers of the ex-sergeant. The latter were

armed with bolos, pitchforks, Moro krises, and a sprinkling of firearms. Only the width of the narrow main street of the barrio separated the two lines, at the end of which stood Intrencherado, in full regalia, on the veranda of his home. A single shot would have started a general massacre.

But General Wood was equal to the occasion. With a worried staff at his heels and a group of frightened correspondents bringing up the rear, he marched between the two rows of belligerents to Intrencherado's shack and completed the mission that had brought him to Negros. The actual arrest was made with little difficulty. Despite the genius he had displayed in raising an army, Intrencherado proved rather gullible, and Wood's power of suggestion overwhelmed his native cunning.

He accepted the General's offer to come to Manila and "talk things over." Revolt in Negros was at an end, and soon the Governor General's private yacht, the *Apo*, was headed north. On board was the "King of the Philippines," enjoying the ride under the delusion that Wood intended to surrender the islands and the keys of Malacanan Palace. Given a court trial, the man who wanted to chase the Americans out of the Philippines was adjudged insane and confined to the mental hospital at San Lazaro.

From what I saw of him, there was no question about Intrencherado's insanity, yet it was also true that in two short years he had established a small monarchy and had collected tens of thousands of followers. Only the firm hand of General Leonard Wood, who knew what to do with madmen, had prevented him from increasing his power to a point where he might have proved dangerous to the security of the islands. Once they had been convinced that he was capable of stirring up a real turmoil, the Japanese would have found a way of supplying him with all the rifles he needed.

## Chapter 3

### MERCHANTS OF DEATH

MY SECOND run-in with Mr. Suzuki, like the first, took place in Manila. The little Jap never quite forgave me for my part in the *Praga* arms case, one of the biggest gun-running deals the China Coast had witnessed up to the year 1928. The transaction had its beginning in Prague and Berlin, where the guns were sold to Manchurian armies opposing Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek's efforts to unify his country. It struck an unexpected snag at Manila, but with Japanese assistance was pushed through to a successful conclusion at Newchwang, Manchuria.

My role in the affair was a minor one. At least I thought it was—Tokyo took a different view of the situation. The vessel carrying the arms, the *Praga*, was forced to put into Manila under difficult circumstances, and I merely gave the

miserable details (which appear later in this chapter) to the public. But the Japanese were so deeply involved that they regarded my probing in the interest of news as interference with their plans to keep China in turmoil.

As time went on, I learned that it wasn't healthy to know too much about arms transactions and shipments involving the Chinese and other Asiatics. Neither the buyers nor the dealers relished having their activities made public, as the gun salesmen in those days were operating outside the law. Nevertheless, it was impossible to spend much time in the Orient and not find out something about them.

Though a colorful character, the gun-runner was one of the most unscrupulous figures to be found east of Suez during the years before 1937. He also was an international problem of some magnitude, since he had a great deal to do with keeping the Orient in a state of turmoil.

On the other hand, he helped make it possible for the Chinese Revolution, started by Dr. Sun Yat-sen in 1911, to end in success. Without him, the armies of Generalissimo Chiang might never have been sufficiently armed to undertake the task of overthrowing the Yuan Shih-kai republic which had succeeded old Peking Imperial Government. True, the Cantonese armies were supplied with Soviet arms, but German-made weapons were also much in evidence. I saw Chiang's armies in action during their march against Peking in the summer of 1928, and they were using both Russian and German weapons. Chiang, of course, was grateful for anything he could get and the contraband dealer helped him considerably, but the latter would have been of much greater aid if he had kept some of his guns away from the enemy.

Despite the great cause for which they were fighting—that of unifying China under a single central government—Sun Yat-sen and Chiang Kai-shek were rebels in the eyes of

their main source of opposition, the old Peking Government. In April, 1919, this authority issued a decree placing an embargo on the importation of arms into the country. Since Peking, at that time, had the recognition of the leading foreign powers, anyone selling guns to the revolutionaries was outside the law. As a consequence, Sun and Chiang (in Chinese the first name is the family name) had to depend for their armament upon contraband or what they could manufacture themselves.

As long as Sun and his followers had the cash they could get guns. The Germans, Italians and Japanese were not too concerned with the Peking ruling and were selling to all hands in China who wanted rifles. The Japanese were still selling guns to the Chinese when the old Peking régime was overthrown in 1928. I saw plenty of Jap guns scattered about in North China that same year after the retreat of Manchu forces to the northern side of the Great Wall. The vanquished Peking armies had also been using a large amount of German equipment.

Germany was doing just about as she pleased, and obtained for herself a substantial slice of the contraband gun business in the Far East. Such large German companies as Siemens-Schukert and Krupp, through their agents in China, Carlowitz and Company and Siemens (China), were selling to all comers. Though she may not have realized it, Germany, through her double-dealing, was playing directly into the hands of Mr. Suzuki. And a grateful Tokyo, when it could discreetly do so, gave protection to German arms merchants and their cargoes. This was another revelation that came with the *Praga* case. Japan didn't care who sold guns to China as long as the turmoil in that country could be kept going.

Japan's reasons were plain. The more trouble the gun-runners could stir up with their merchandising, the better

for the Land of the Rising Sun. War in China was good for business—Japanese business. The wars of the Far East—conflict in China, disorders in India, upheaval in Burma, and the uprisings of the Sakdals in the Philippines—helped to screen from the rest of the world the gigantic expansionist plans of Japanese warlords.

Foreign correspondents and local newsmen in Shanghai, Hongkong, Harbin, Manila and Calcutta were kept too busy covering the trouble in their own back yards to pay much attention to what Japan was doing. Here, then, was another reason why Nipponese construction of formidable military and naval bases on the strategic islands of Formosa and the Truk, Palau and Pescadores groups went almost unnoticed until it was too late.

I knew many of the Orient's merchants of death. I encountered some of them in the Chinese courts, where they were on trial for double-dealing. I knew a few socially, dined with them, and, when they felt they could trust me to keep silent, I managed to obtain from their own lips the stories of some of their operations.

Only a very few could have been called honest. Though their trade does not make much allowance for ethics, a small minority with some conception of principle did exist. At least this little group had one commandment which it endeavored to follow. "Thou shalt not sell guns and bullets to the enemies of thy best customer."

But the great majority of those engaged in the business, no matter who they were working for, sold their wares to all sides. Their primary interest was profits, and any general, pirate, or bandit chieftain operating in Asia or on the China Seas could place an order if he had the cash. He had to take a chance on its being filled, however; the treaty ports of China were cluttered up with adventurers who would ac-

cept a huge down payment for a cargo of guns and then go into hiding or leave the Orient.

In this connection I well remember the case of Joseph Ionin, one of the most unusual criminals who ever appeared in the Far East to plague the Chinese and the British police of the foreign settlements. A White Russian exile from the Siberian town of Irkutsk, he was a man without a country. Hence he couldn't get out of China when one of his deals happened to backfire. His record was known to all the consular officials in the country and none of them would give him a visa. No one wanted him, and in time the scope of his operations was limited to Shanghai. Consequently Ionin spent many years in the International Settlement jail; but such interruptions in his strange career never stopped him from trying again.

During my thirteen years in China, I covered five trials in which Ionin was accused, and found guilty, of some sort of trickery. To me the man was a marvel in his line. He once swindled a group of wealthy Chinese out of \$100,000 by selling them a keg of wire nails for gold bullion. On another occasion, he hornswoggled the dignified British-controlled Hongkong and Shanghai Bank out of \$110,000 in a fake platinum brick deal. The bricks were coated with the genuine metal but their interiors were of lead.

Unlike some other White Russians in the Orient who turned to crime, Ionin did not go in for petty larceny. He was a big-timer and nothing under a lakh in dollars was of much interest to him. He was a versatile individual, and besides being a confidence man and a forger of great skill he had a nimble brain capable of directing his talents into other lines of criminal endeavor. Among other things, he frequently took orders for arms and munitions, collected a fat payment in advance, and then failed to deliver.

His outstanding achievement in this line was to nego-

tiate a fake sale of the Graf Zeppelin with a representative of the late General Liu Hsiang, a Szechwanese warlord. That was in 1934, while Liu was still holding out against the Central China Government. Anticipating a showdown fight with Nanking, the Szechwanese decided to establish an air force and sent an agent, a Colonel Wang, to Shanghai to buy some airplanes. The Colonel had the hard luck to run into Ionin, who, with nothing more than a fine collection of photographs and a two-room office, had set himself up in business as a dealer in aircraft.

Colonel Wang proved to be extremely gullible. Ionin said that he had just run out of fighter planes but had some fine dirigibles in his warehouses, all packed in cases and ready to be shipped. He sold Wang the idea of buying a dirigible from a picture of the Graf Zeppelin, and collected a down payment of fifty thousand dollars on a promise of delivery within a few days. He did deliver, but it wasn't the promised dirigible. A messenger appeared at the Metropole Hotel, where Wang was stopping, with a package for the officer. It contained a toy sausage balloon with instructions for inflating it!

Then there was the case of Jess Eli, an American gun-runner. Jess made so much money in a single transaction with the Cantonese armies during the early days of the Chinese Revolution that when he was paid off in silver bullion it took three wheelbarrows and six Chinese coolies to get it all to the bank.

This was one of Jess's last big deals. Soon after it he left China for the European Continent. When he returned a few years later, his bankroll of half a million dollars was down to forty thousand. Most of it had vanished over the tables at Monte Carlo.

Jess's passion for gambling was not just an idiosyncrasy,



it was a disease. I watched him lose the last of his roll in a three-day session of poker, after which he moved in on his friends. Being included among the latter, I enjoyed the distinction of putting him up in my Shanghai apartment for three months in 1934.

Jess was honest about his financial condition. "My credit is gone and I'm flat," he said, and then added: "I do not expect to ever return the favor." And he didn't, but just having him around was an education in itself.

A gourmet and wine connoisseur of some distinction, Jess spent much of his time planning my menus. This cut rather heavily into my liquor stocks and ran the grocery bill up to a tremendous figure, but it was worth it to listen to him reminisce. He had an immense fund of knowledge about the Orient and knew every adventurer on the China Coast. When I required a dossier on some figure of the underworld, I usually could get it from Jess.

Despite the low state of his finances, he managed to maintain a good appearance. My houseboy kept his only suit of clothes in good repair and well pressed, and there was a carnation in his coat lapel every time he left the house.

Only when Jess was unable to produce ten cents for a boutonnière did he remain indoors. When down to his last three or four coppers, he could nurse a carnation through two or three days of active service. One of his first acts after coming home at night was to place the flower he was wearing in a tumbler of water, to be removed the next morning for another day of duty.

Apparently he experienced no pangs of conscience over straining my credit at the grocery store, the liquor shop and the meat market, but he refused to let me supply the carnation. Nor would he read my copy of the morning newspaper.

"Those are two things that I cannot let anyone else buy for me, for it would destroy all the confidence I have left in myself," he explained.

I once asked him why it was necessary to wear a carnation, especially in China.

"It's the same in China as anywhere else," came the answer. "A carnation is the difference between a beachcomber and a man of importance. The Chinese have heard reports that I'm stony, but as long as I can display a boutonniere, I've got some front. And while I have that, my potential customers can't be sure that the stories of my financial condition are true. Some of them will still continue to do business with me—I hope."

Elly Widler was another of the same adventurous type. A renegade Swiss who made several fortunes selling guns, he first gained permanent notoriety when he allegedly supplied both sides with arms and ammunition during the Battle of Chungking in 1923. That was what the Chinese claimed, at least, and they almost killed him for it.

Widler had his arms warehouses inside General Yang Sen's lines, and he had promised the General that not one of his guns would be sold to the opposing forces. Yang Sen, however, lost the fight and took the only avenue of retreat left open to him, the Yangtse River and the narrow tracks along the gorges which rise almost vertically from the shores of the stream.

But before he started his withdrawal, the Chinese warlord had Widler in his custody. Barefoot, with a rope around his neck and his hands tied behind him, the Swiss was led at the head of the withdrawing army, to be spit upon and kicked by the soldiers, who claimed he had sold them out. Holding the rope was a powerful Chinese execu-

tioner, his broadsword for head-chopping slung over his back.

Forced to march two hundred miles over rocky and mountainous trails, Widler was almost dead when the remnants of Yang Sen's army reached Wanh sien, two hundred miles to the south. For almost two weeks he was subjected to all sorts of punishment, for it had been well advertised throughout the ranks of the retreating soldiers that he was responsible for their plight.

Kept in jail at Wanh sien for six months, Widler was frequently led out to the execution grounds and made to kneel and bend his head in preparation for the broadsword. The executioner would swing the sword—but not on the “foreign devil's” neck. The end of the big knife would slice down just in front of Widler's nose and dig its end into the earth.

Despite this routine and the mental torture it involved, Widler came out of the Wanh sien jail (thanks to the intervention of foreign consular officials) as hard and tough as when he went in. Marshal Wu Pei-fu later told me that Widler virtually took over operation of the jail and so terrorized the chief jailer and the wardens that they were glad to get rid of him. The northern warlords felt that they couldn't execute him because of his white skin and the trouble such action might cause with the foreign communities in China. But they also held the view that they would be justified in taking his life. Later they must have regretted their failure to do so, as Elly lived to become an intelligence agent for the Japanese. I saw much of him in later years—in fact, he was one of the agents engaged by Mr. Suzuki to drive me from the air in 1939.

Luckily for the city, we didn't have any of Widler's kind in Manila during the years I spent in the Philippine capital.

But we did have Dr. Francis Hardin for a few months early in 1928, and that in itself was something.

Hardin, an Irish-Australian adventurer, stopped off in his wanderings at "La Perla del Oriente," as the Spanish once called the old metropolis of Luzon. The squeaky-voiced, slightly built, seventy-year-old physician eventually helped Chiang Kai-shek organize a medical corps for the Chinese Nationalist Army, but in the early months of 1928 he was deeply concerned in the *Praga* case, a deal which involved five million dollars' worth of guns.

Before the outbreak of war in the Pacific most of the world's floating junkpiles sooner or later reached the Orient, to be bought and scrapped by the Japanese, who were constantly on a search for old iron to feed their expanding steel and munitions industries. But the *Praga*, a rusty tramp of three thousand tons flying the Czechoslovakian flag, was the ultimate that I had ever seen in that line when it reached Manila late in January, 1928.

Half of her single funnel had been blown away during a storm. Several lifeboats had been swept overboard, and the iron sides of the unpainted hull were so corroded that it was obvious that the old tramp was about ready to fall to pieces.

I was covering the arrival of a trans-Pacific liner at Manila's famous Pier Seven when the *Praga* dropped anchor just outside the breakwater. Together with customs officials and arriving tourists I stood for fifteen minutes gazing, more or less in awe, at the floating ruin. It was quite a sight. There were two large holes, each about six by ten feet, in the port side of the old steamer. At first glance they gave one the impression that the ship had been in battle. The closer examination which I was able to make later revealed that they had been caused by rust.

Our attention was suddenly diverted from the sides of

the vessel itself to events taking place on the forward deck. A fight of some sort appeared to be going on, but the boat was too far away for me to get an idea of what it might be about. All we saw was that a man was grabbed by his feet and arms and heaved overboard.

Luckily for him, a Filipino fishing banca happened to be close enough to the spot where he hit the water to save him from the sharks which infest Manila Bay. Fishermen hauled him aboard their craft and later set him ashore. Port officials were waiting for him.

The man's face was red with embarrassment when he was confronted by the authorities, but he insisted that his dunking was the result of an accident. He had slipped on a wet deck, lost his balance, and had fallen over the side, he said. The story didn't stand up against eyewitness accounts, including my own, but the officials ignored that angle and pressed the man for his identity.

He gave his name as Swartz and explained that he was the master of the *Praga*, the vessel anchored outside the breakwater. The cargo, he said, consisted of overshoes and other sundry items consigned to Newchwang. His ship was out of coal, and he had put into Manila for fuel. He was German and the crew was German, and to prove that everything was in order he promised to produce his manifest papers the following morning. But at the moment, he wanted to be excused from further interrogation. He was most anxious, he said, to get in touch with his consular officials. Calling a taxi, he ordered the driver to take him to the German Consulate.

The officer's nervousness and the obvious prevarication regarding his adventure in the water made it apparent that something was wrong. I was almost certain I had run into a case of mutiny and that the *Praga* was a hellship. Anxious to confirm these suspicions, I waited about the docks hop-

ing for further developments. The effort was worth the time involved. Shortly before dusk the crew hailed passing fishing boats and came ashore.

Thirty-two men, including the second engineer, made up the party and one glance at their haggard faces and lean bodies told me that my suspicions were correct. Evidence of scurvy was plainly visible. A few of the men were so weak that their stronger comrades had to help them into *carromatas*, the pony carts which provide the poor man with transportation in Manila. I followed the group, and the trail led to Tom's Dixie Kitchen. The second engineer and some of the older men proved quite willing to talk. I got most of the story from Gottlieb Franck, the boatswain.

The *Praga* carried a cargo of arms and munitions destined for delivery to the Manchurian warlord Marshal Chang Tso-lin. At the time, the old Marshal was the chief obstruction to Chiang Kai-shek's efforts to bring North China under the domination of his Nationalist government at Nanking.

Built about 1880, the *Praga* had long since seen her best days, and the gun-running trip to the Orient was to have been her last. She had been rotting at a Genoa dock for more than six years, her Italian owners having decided that she was no longer seaworthy. Then came the arms transaction, and she was picked up by the arms merchants for the price of old iron less the cost of scrapping her. The Japs agreed to take the ship off the hands of the gun dealers when she reached the Far East.

The *Praga's* boilers were put in a fair state of repair while a haphazard effort was made to close the two holes eaten in her side by corrosion. Before she reached the China Sea, the steel plates used for patchwork had been ripped loose from their rivets during rough weather and had fallen into the ocean. The storm had subsided soon enough to let the

ship survive, but she started shipping water and the men were so badly frightened that they approached the captain and demanded that he put into Ceylon, less than two hundred miles away. He drove the men back to their posts at the point of a gun.

In most respects, the trip to Manila had been a man-killer. The vessel was unable to make more than six or seven knots, with the result that the journey from Bremerhaven, where the guns were loaded, lasted almost three months. With the exception of the officers and a few veteran sailors, most of the men were green hands and had been shanghaied.

Not being too well informed about the political situation in China, the captain was afraid the nature of his cargo might be discovered and the arms and ammunition confiscated if he stopped long at way ports. So he tried to avoid them altogether, and shore leave was refused the men, even at Port Said. Their arrival in Manila marked the first time they had set foot on land in three months. They had attempted mutiny after Swartz had rejected their petition to stop at Haifa for fresh vegetables, fruit and water. Water was then being rationed at a pint per man every twenty-four hours. The mutiny was suppressed at the point of a pistol.

Two weeks away from Hongkong, the black gang started to sabotage the remaining coal supply by dumping fuel overboard from the open fireroom door. The captain was told of the coal shortage shortly before the *Praga* reached the Formosa Straits. It was ironic that his employers, a Berlin and Prague syndicate of arms dealers, had failed to inform him of Japan's interest in getting the guns to Chang Tso-lin; if he had known this aspect of his enterprise he might easily have entered the nearest Formosan port, which

happened to be Takao, for fuel. Instead, he turned the ship around and steamed for Manila. Still a day or two from that port the crew, which had been kept in ignorance of the nature of the cargo, discovered the guns buried in the holds under cases of overshoes and medical supplies. They armed themselves and mutinied. I had witnessed the culmination of the mutiny when the men pitched the captain overboard. Before the crew abandoned ship, the first and second mates were bound and gagged. The captain released them when he came aboard later in the evening.

Franck and the second engineer offered to take me to the ship that night and show me the guns. It sounded like a dangerous expedition, but I accepted the offer. As it turned out, we pulled it off rather neatly.

A simple ruse brought the captain back ashore and facilitated the handling of opposition on the ship. I telephoned the German Consulate and announced that I knew the nature of the *Praga's* cargo, but, being a fair-minded reporter, wanted to give the skipper a chance to talk before breaking the story. The Consulate got a message out to the ship and Swartz came back to town in a hurry, with an appointment to meet me at the Manila Hotel. Of course I wasn't there when he arrived. I was on my way to the *Praga*.

We had some trouble with the mates and the chief engineer, but it was not serious. I was the first to go aboard. One of the mates met me at the head of the gangway and demanded to know my business. I explained that I was a reporter, looking for the captain. I had heard "uncomplimentary" things about the *Praga*—hints of salt pork crawling with maggots, and scurvy, mutiny, and guns.

As I talked I worked my way toward the center of the deck. The mate turned his back on the rail just long enough to be grabbed from behind by Franck, the second engineer,



and a sailor we had brought along as a reserve. After trussing up the fellow, we went in search of the second mate and the chief engineer. We surprised the latter on the bridge and gave him the same treatment accorded the first officer. Then we found the second mate in the galley, and after a slight skirmish tied him up too.

The opposition out of the way, Franck took me below. After working our way through several layers of cases containing overshoes and various other items, we reached the guns. And what guns! Some of them had been used by the German Army during the Franco-Prussian War in 1871. They bore the stamps of the Essen and Berlin Arsenals. A few had been made shortly before the First World War and were in fair condition. Others carried the stamp of the Prague Arsenal and were of late nineteenth-century manufacture.

It was easy to figure out what had happened. The Berlin and Prague dealers had unloaded on Marshal Chang a motley assortment of old stocks, including a large number of practically worthless rifles. I learned later from Jess Eli that the guns had cost the syndicate less than three dollars each, while Chang had paid four times that figure. Those were the days of big money in Far Eastern gun-running.

It is a matter of cold fact that one of the reasons why the Chinese armies were so poorly equipped at the start of Japanese aggression in 1937 was that their country had been fleeced by the munition dealers of Europe. China was made a dumping-ground for old and discarded weapons of all kinds. The Germans, despite their professed deep friendship for the Chinese at that time, were the worst offenders.

One conspicuous instance of this sort of double-dealing involved the sale to the Chinese of the anti-aircraft guns

used in the defense of Shanghai. The flaks were of a 1933 vintage and had been discarded by the German High Command. Yet in the spring of 1937 they were sold to the Chinese by Carlowitz and Company as the most effective weapons of their kind made in Germany. The cost of about fifteen of the weapons was almost one million Chinese dollars, a wicked price for outmoded guns. They may have brought down two or three Jap warplanes, but I covered every aerial bombardment in the Shanghai area and I cannot recall that they did.

Most of them were useless in a few days, and not entirely because of artillery or aerial action by the Japs. I made a special trip across the Whangpoo River to Pootung and, under Japanese fire, took a look at the guns. What I saw gave me quite a shock. After three or four days' usage, the bore in several of the rifles had started to burn out and barrels were beginning to melt. The Nazis insisted that the Chinese were using ammunition of the wrong caliber, but I saw that too, and it was ammunition the Germans had provided with the guns.

This was not an isolated case of dirty work. In 1937—as in 1942, after five years of war—the Chinese did not possess a standard rifle, a standard hand grenade, or a standard weapon of any other kind. I have seen them go into battle with hand grenades made from empty cigarette tins, with secondhand and sometimes outmoded artillery which had been sold to them as new. Some of the guns had been used during the First World War.

It cannot be stated too plainly that munitions dealers responsible for this state of affairs were guilty of one of the most vicious international crimes of modern history. The existence of a nation was at stake, yet they sold that nation outmoded and cast-off weapons for the price of new guns.

In the light of this great handicap, China's long stand against Japanese aggression is all the more remarkable.

The publicity given the *Praga* affair had repercussions in unexpected quarters. A few hours after my story of the hell-ship appeared on the front page of the *Manila Daily Bulletin*, wealthy Chinese in the Philippines, supporters of the Revolution at home, were casting about for ways of diverting the cargo of guns to Canton for the use of Generalissimo Chiang's armies.

The adventurous old Irish doctor, Francis Hardin, was deep in this intrigue. He acted as the middleman between the Chinese and the German shipmaster. As Hardin later told the story to me, the captain was quite willing to sell out provided he was well paid for it. Two million dollars was his price, and the Chinese accepted. The *Praga* was to be run into a position off the coast of South China where it could be seized by a Cantonese gunboat. The Manila Chinese agreed to finance the entire affair on behalf of Canton. Hardin, in the middle of the deal, was taking commissions from both sides and was even promised that he would be made a colonel in Generalissimo Chiang's army.

Meanwhile, Mr. Suzuki appeared in the picture, and I unwittingly gave him some assistance. I broke the story of the plan to double-cross Chang Tso-lin. The captain of the *Praga* and his two mates had talked over the deal in Tom's Dixie Kitchen, were overheard, and I was tipped off. I thought it was too good a story to pass up. Hardin's gun deal was no concern of mine, but reporting was. Besides, the League of Nations had taken an interest in the case. Geneva wanted to know what the Czech flag was doing on a gun-running ship manned by Germans, and there was talk of an investigation.

If I had had any idea of how the information would af-

fect China and Japan, the story would never have been written. My knowledge of the situation in China at that time, however, was so limited that I had only a vague idea of the principles involved in the struggle there. I was not sure whether Generalissimo Chiang was right or wrong in his drive on Peking. Nor did I know that the Japanese, afraid of the power he might eventually obtain, were opposing him even then.

But Tokyo was quick to take action when guns for China were involved. It was not the thought of losing the scrap iron to be obtained from junking the *Praga* that caused the Japs to send two cruisers and a destroyer speeding from Formosa to Manila Bay; the ships arrived on the scene entirely too soon to allow any such conclusion. It was plain that the Japs were more interested in the guns than in the ship. Of course they had an explanation. Japanese officers told American authorities that they were on a training cruise and thought it would be in order to pay their respects to their good "Yankee friends."

Whether or not this explanation was believed is of no importance now. It was accepted, but those of us keeping watch on the *Praga* affair soon discovered how deeply Japan was concerned over the possibility that the guns might go to Canton. Officers of the *Praga* could not set foot ashore without being followed by Mr. Suzuki's minions. Jap businessmen in the city suddenly began to ask questions of their foreign customers about "Honorable Marshal Chang's guns." It became obvious that if the Japanese could prevent it, there would be no double-cross. Any Chinese gunboat attempting to interfere was almost certain to be sunk.

While the tension in Manila increased by the hour, the captain of the *Praga*, most of whose mutinous crew was in the hospital, recruited a handful of Filipino sailors and left town. His vessel had been at sea less than twelve hours

when officers of the Japanese flotilla ended their "courtesy call" and got their ships under way. They stopped the *Praga* less than two hundred miles at sea to send a party aboard. The skipper was kept under cabin arrest until the tramp reached Newchwang. Marshal Chang got his guns.

The weapons, however, proved of little aid in stopping Chiang Kai-shek's advance. The Generalissimo occupied Peking in July of that same year. Chang's private train was blown up and the old Marshal with it. For a short time Manchuria came under the control of the new National Government at Nanking. Tokyo, of course, was disappointed.

Though my reporting of the *Praga* case must have been of some help to Mr. Suzuki, he was far from pleased with my efforts, and said so one afternoon when I appeared at his barbershop for a haircut.

"It is better," he warned, "not to concern oneself with guns and where they are going."

He took the view that I was a dangerous meddler and, even before the *Praga* left Manila, sent his henchmen to photograph me for his file of such characters. It happened under circumstances of apparent innocence.

I was enjoying a morning round of golf on the municipal links which encircled Intramuros, the old walled section of Manila, when two Japanese chief petty officers started to follow me around. They were interested in the game, they said. But they were also interested in photography, and asked whether they could take my picture. They wanted it as a souvenir of a pleasant morning.

They seemed like rather nice chaps, and I innocently obliged.

Thirteen years later, fifteen hundred miles away, that same picture was to turn up under most unusual—and for me, dangerous—circumstances.

## Chapter 4

### COSMOPOLIS ON A RAFT

MY MANILA leave-taking in 1928 was unimpressive—I remember it chiefly because Mr. Suzuki sent a few of his ferrets around to sniff out my destination. They followed me for several days, making inquiries of my friends and the caddies on the municipal golf links where I spent my mornings. When the caddie-master told me what they were doing, I tried to save them some trouble by calling at the Japanese barbershop on Avenida Rizal, where I announced, rather loudly, that I was bound for China and possibly Japan. Apparently this failed to satisfy their curiosity, since two of their number followed me to the *Empress of Asia*, perhaps to make sure that I really was leaving.

It was the *Praga* affair that made me decide to quit the Philippines in favor of China. The ramifications of the gun

deal had indicated, at least to my mind, that important events were taking place within ancient Cathay—civil war, Communist uprisings, and intrigue. It was obvious that any newspaperman seeking knowledge of the Orient would have to tour the East Asian mainland. I miscalculated, however, the length of time it would require to obtain a fair picture of what was going on.

Originally I had planned to stay a few weeks in Shanghai, spend a month or two touring China, and then return to the United States to write and talk about what I had seen. Instead, I made the trip and saw so much that I remained almost fourteen years. Old residents of the great metropolis will be able to understand why I did not go home. Others may not. It is enough to say that Shanghai, in the days when I first set foot on that city's waterfront, was different from any other section of time or space.

It was the most cosmopolitan city on earth. More than sixty nationalities were represented in its population of five million people. Concentrated in an area of less than one hundred square miles was all the adventure, intrigue and novelty a newsman needed to make living a delight. Besides, living was cheap. Even a family in moderate circumstances could and did employ a retinue of servants for the wages of a single maid in New York or London, and perhaps less. During my last few years in the city, for instance, I kept a cook, a chauffeur, a houseboy, and an amah for the equivalent of less than thirty American dollars, and I paid as good wages as any other foreigner there.

But it was not by any means the attraction of cheap living, the idea of being waited upon by cooks, amahs, houseboys and coolies, that caused many of us to miss a lot of homeward-bound boats. It was the city itself.

Many volumes have already been written about Shanghai. Many more thousands of words on the same subject

will be written in years to come. Much of this material will be new to the Occident, and all of it will be interesting, for no one man can adequately present in a single book, or even a dozen books, the story of Cosmopolis on the Whangpoo. Many writers have tried, and I think they have all failed.

The best I can hope to do in a few chapters is to offer a handful of impressions.

To begin with, the scene in Shanghai changed from day to day, and though there were times when I found the city depressing, and even boring, that was because of my own mental condition. It wasn't Shanghai's fault. The very constitution of its people—its thousands of exiles from all parts of the world—the complex variations of its structure—the foreign and Chinese courts; crime and political terrorism; British, French, Japanese, Annamite, Indian and Chinese policemen; great wealth and extreme poverty; gaiety and hunger—presented an almost endless stream of human-interest stories and new aspects to the business of living. Here you could see the struggle for existence stripped of all pretense and social niceties. Hunger dispenses with such matters, and there was always hunger in Shanghai. Yet there was a life of pretense, too, and great display of riches. This contrast was forever present. It was impossible to walk a block without seeing it.

My first day ashore in the city drove home to my mind the great importance of the rice bowl in Asia. I learned during the course of a few hours' stroll that *all* the other problems of the Orient, even war, floods, earthquakes and every other calamity, fade into insignificance beside the business of eating. This fundamental human condition was not so apparent in the Philippines, where the natives' standard of living has been raised as one result of the American occupa-



tion. The Filipinos drew larger wages and lived better than other Orientals. You had to visit the mainland of Asia to find out what real hunger meant.

On that memorable June day of my arrival, I paused on the sidewalk for a moment to enjoy my first sight of crowded Shanghai going home from work. It was a study in traffic jams, labor and ease, rags and fine silks. The streets were congested with all sorts of vehicles: automobiles, wheelbarrows, rickshaws, handcarts, bicycles, motorcycles, buses, trams, and ancient Victorian carriages drawn by Mongolian ponies. The latter conveyances were called "brokers' hacks," a nickname derived from the fact that they were used largely by the foreign financial leaders of the city. To ride about in such a contraption was a sign of affluence.

As Shanghai was a city of jaywalkers, native pedestrians gave scant attention to the crowded pavements and left the sidewalks to cross the streets at any point that suited their fancy. Old men and women, schoolgirls and children, darted in and out of traffic, crossing in front of automobiles and speeding bicycles. They blocked the way of handcarts and wheelbarrows and shouted curses at sweating coolies who refused to stop for them.

Because of this disregard for traffic regulations, casualty lists in street accidents in the larger cities of China mounted to terrific levels when automobiles appeared in the Orient. But even this fact failed to make much of an impression on the peasant and coolie classes. At least, I could notice little improvement even at the end of my fourteen years in the country. There were few days during that long period when I did not personally witness some accident in which a Chinese man or woman was killed by a truck or automobile. And such incidents were seldom the fault of the drivers.

The first of these tragedies that I saw was at the corner of Peking Road and the Bund, on my first day in the city. An aged Chinese woman was the victim. Carrying a large bowl of rice sprinkled with slices of pork, probably her evening meal, she stumbled and fell. The bowl broke and its contents were spilled on the pavement. Crying as though she had lost everything she owned in this world (and that might well have been the case), she struggled to her hands and knees. Then followed a sight I shall never forget, though I have seen it repeated many times since.

Using her cupped hands, the old woman proceeded to scoop up from the macadam pavement all she could salvage of the rice and pork, and with it came a good deal of coal dust, horse dung, and other filth. The whole of this foul mess she placed in a dirty cap removed from her head.

This was the first time I had ever seen real hunger, hunger so intense that it caused a human being to scrape up the filth of the pavement for a dinner. Giving no heed to the big limousine bearing down upon her, the old woman carried on with her task, tears streaming down her face. The meal had been ruined but she would eat it anyway. She wouldn't go to bed hungry.

She was destined not to go to bed at all. The driver of the limousine saw her too late to stop. He shoved on the brakes, but the car slid ahead and over the body of the woman on the street. She was dead when they picked her up. Her back had been broken.

At the time, I thought it was one of the most horrible accidents I had ever seen. To my fellow witnesses, however, it seemed to bring no unusual amount of excitement or pity. I did not know then that such tragedies were commonplace in Shanghai, and I rather expected to see a reporter and photographer appear. I could picture the headline: "MILLIONAIRE'S CAR KILLS AGED WOMAN AS SHE

SCOOPS DINNER FROM THE STREET." Later I learned that Shanghai newspapers were not deeply interested in events of that sort. They had a dozen or more traffic accidents to cover every day, and unless the victims were people of prominence, a small roundup story stating the number of persons killed and injured was about all that got into print.

After several minutes a Chinese constable appeared on the scene, took the number of the car and the name of the chauffeur. Another Chinese, apparently the owner of the limousine, poked his head out of a rear-door window and wanted to know what had happened. Upon being told, he identified himself and settled back on the cushions. Neither his face nor his manner betrayed any evidence of concern. A few minutes later, not a sign of what had happened remained in the street. The body of the old woman had been removed to the morgue, and the limousine had disappeared into traffic.

In the moments following that accident, I was not sure that I was going to like Shanghai. You have to be callous, and perhaps just a trifle cruel, to stand the sort of thing I had just witnessed. I wondered whether I was tough enough to become accustomed to such incidents and take them in my stride. I found the answer to that query the same afternoon, only a few minutes later.

With my appetite for dinner completely gone, I continued my stroll, turned down the Bund, and walked across that picturesque thoroughfare to the customs jetty. I wanted a leisurely look at the Whangpoo River. It might, I thought, help to erase from my mind the picture of the old woman and her ruined dinner.

There was much to see on the river. Battleship Row with its warships of all nations was directly to the right. The men-of-war were there to protect foreign trade and ship-

ping, by right of treaty with the Chinese Government of another day. Across the stream was Pootung, with its British cotton mills and busy docks. Downstream, the waterfront was lined with more docks, British, Japanese and American. The German, American and Japanese Consulates stood back from the foreshore just beyond the bend in the river.

The stream itself was crowded with traffic. Chugging tugboats hauled an almost endless procession of heavily laden barges. Big ocean-going liners and freighters, some headed out to sea, others just coming into port, gave evidence of the great importance of Shanghai as a commercial center. Here was industry and trade on a scale almost unparalleled elsewhere in the Orient. In the great activity of the waterfront and the river, the pitiful traffic accident that I had just seen lost its importance. I was beginning to feel hungry. My appetite had returned.

While I was pondering over the greatness of this metropolis in which I had just arrived, my attention was suddenly diverted to an old woman squatting on the river bank at the edge of the jetty. She seemed to be washing something, and it wasn't clothing. It appeared to be some sort of stringy substance. Curious, I walked forward for a better look.

At her side was a small basket filled with what at first glance looked like small cords covered with coal dust. In front of her was a large bowl. Dipping a hand into the basket, she removed some strings and washed them in the dirty water of the Whangpoo. Then she placed them in the bowl. I noticed that when she had finished each operation the strings were a sort of muddy yellow color.

But they were not strings. Closer examination revealed that the old woman was scrubbing her dinner. The strings

were noodles, covered with coal dust and filth. An American member of the Whangpoo River Police was standing nearby and I approached him for an explanation.

"The old girl is washing noodles she picked up from the streets and alleys," came the casual reply. "Don't let it turn your stomach, mister. She does it every day. That's the way she lives. What she doesn't eat she sells to street urchins for a few coppers."

I wanted to know if such practice was general in the city, or elsewhere in China.

"I don't know about the rest of the country," he said, "but you'll find many more along the Whangpoo about this time doing the same thing. Food hawkers drop the noodles in the streets while they're hustling for business, and they get black because the coal trucks run over them. Not very good eating, I suppose, but in this country lots of folks eat what they can get and like it."

I thanked the officer and started to walk away. He stopped me to volunteer a bit of added information:

"We pulled a corpse out of the river just a few yards from where the hag is washing her chow," he said. "That was about an hour ago. We get about seven or eight dead bodies from this stream every day and the sewage and refuse of the whole area is dumped into it. Not a clean place to wash a meal."

I took another look at the Whangpoo. It was a dirty stream; filthy, as a matter of fact. A few feet from shore a sampan coolie, squatting on the stern platform of his bobbing little boat, was brushing his teeth. Some missionary, perhaps, had taught him the habit, but it was difficult to understand how Whangpoo River water could be much of a cleansing agent.

I left the jetty and returned to the sidewalks of the Bund.

To my surprise, I was still hungry. It was then that I knew I was going to like Shanghai.

Despite the old lady and the dirty noodles, the dead woman in the street, and the hunger and poverty they represented, there were other, less depressing sides to Shanghai.

One of its most impressive facets was that of a modern Babylon. The setting was ideal—the banks of the Whangpoo just a few miles inland from the mouth of the great Yangtse-kiang. Here, Rudyard Kipling notwithstanding, the West actually met the East. My first glimpse of the Shanghai Bund, with its skyscrapers standing out in strong contrast to the temples and pagodas downstream, told me that much. Here were the tallest buildings in the world outside the United States.

Those same buildings had much to do with my remaining in the city. I never ceased to marvel at the engineering skill which made their construction possible, for Shanghai is a city built on a raft in the middle of a gigantic mud flat.

Necessity dictated such construction. The end of the First World War found housing space within the forty square miles of the two foreign concessions, the International Settlement and the French Concession, at a premium. The population of these zones had neared the three million mark, while another two million were living in the Chinese-governed districts of the metropolis. In the concessions, a saturation point was in sight.

There was plenty of room in Chapei, Hungjao, and Kiangwan, but at that time those natives who could afford it preferred to live under the protection of the foreigners. China was in turmoil. Chinese lives and money were safer inside the settlements where the British, Americans and French were in almost complete control.

As a consequence of the influx of population from the

hinterlands torn by civil war, the old two-, three- and four-story Victorian homes and office buildings no longer were adequate. And since the boundaries of the concessions could not very well be extended without the framing of new treaties with China, a serious problem developed.

Shanghai architects could find only one answer—the modern skyscraper. But building a skyscraper is one thing, and finding a foundation, or anchor, for it is quite another.

Shanghai is situated on the Yangtse River Delta, and as recently as fifty years ago most of the area now within the city limits was marshland and mud. Bedrock is several hundred feet below the topsoil. Two decades ago, Chinese contractors regarded as mad anyone who thought he could erect tall buildings of concrete and steel on such ground. And not a few foreign builders agreed with them. But the housing shortage and the need for more office space were becoming serious matters. Something had to be done. American and British architects solved the problem by sinking huge rafts in the mud and using them as foundations.

It was an engineering achievement of the first magnitude, and it was accomplished by driving piles to a depth of eighty feet or more. Every piece of piling, usually Oregon pine, stood against its neighbor, and when the sinking process was completed, the builders had what amounted to a raft in the delta muck, a raft as thick as the piles were long. Its top dimensions were those of the base of the planned building.

At the beginning of this new construction era, only structures of eight and nine stories were attempted. Architects were not overlooking the possibility that the buildings might sink. Some of the skeptics even expected them to disappear from sight. But nothing like that happened. The new apartment houses endured, whereupon piles were driven deeper and more floors were added until a peak of

twenty-two was reached with the completion of the city's fashionable Park Hotel in 1932.

Considering the results obtained for the money expended, the cost of building modern Shanghai was vastly less than the sums which would have been required to build a metropolis of similar size in the countries of the Occident. The low cost of Chinese labor and of some of the building materials used made this possible.

With the exception of structural steel and lumber, most of the materials, such as cement, plaster, tile and stone, could be obtained in China at costs ranging from 30 to 70 per cent less than the cost of imported goods. Also, in China, the maximum sum that brick masons, stone and steel workers and carpenters are paid for a day's work is the equivalent of seventy cents in American currency. And these men do creditable work, comparable to that of workers in the building trades in America and Europe.

The element of manpower is the dominating factor in dictating wages in the Orient. It is one of the reasons why the modern industrialization of China has been almost impossible to achieve. Labor surpluses are too great, and this was as apparent in the building trades as it was everywhere else. In consequence, the use of modern labor-saving machinery in China has not been widespread, and most of the Chinese of the middle and lower classes fear its introduction on a large scale.

Much of the thinking of the Chinese in this respect was made clear to me one afternoon while I watched a hundred or more coolies sinking a foundation of piling for a new French Concession apartment house. They were driving pine poles, one on top of the other, to a depth of eighty feet, quite an achievement for men without the aid of real machinery.

To speed up construction work, foreigners had intro-



duced steam pile-drivers into Shanghai construction work, but many of the Chinese, though they were erecting similar buildings, continued to employ manpower. Ropes were attached to the huge five-hundred-pound hammers, and from raised platforms coolies lifted the weights and let them drop onto the pilings. It was a slow method, but in time the work was accomplished.

The splendid timing, the great muscular effort involved, and the rhythmic singing of the coolies, made the process much more interesting to watch than the steam pile-drivers. I found myself spending more time around Chinese construction jobs than I did watching buildings being erected by modern methods.

Being a newcomer and curious, I was seeking the answers to a lot of puzzles, and the Chinese provided me with most of them. In fact, it was in order to get some of the answers concerning the Shanghai building boom that I missed my first boat from Shanghai. I was more than rewarded, though, for I found the answers to many of the so-called mysteries of the Orient. Or rather, I discovered that what the fictionists had labeled as mysteries were not mysteries at all. What the writers of glamor and romance had failed to understand about the Oriental, they had passed off as a mystery. But once an effort toward understanding was made, the mystery vanished and the Oriental appeared as a human being possessed of the same emotions, ambitions and needs as his brother of the Occident.

It seemed rather odd to me, at first, that a building contractor would use manpower to sink an eighty-foot raft in the mud when he could save a lot of time by using a power-operated pile-driver. My curiosity got the better of me that afternoon in Frenchtown and I approached the man in charge of the work. He was a Chinese who had been educated in the British schools of Shanghai.

"Why not get a donkey engine and a derrick and save yourself a lot of trouble and perhaps some money?" I asked him.

His answer was a question. He had a much greater problem to consider than saving time and trouble, and it covered considerable territory not connected with the construction business. It explained much that is back of the reasoning of the peoples of all Asia, and laid bare their major concern, the business of getting food.

"And what would I do with my men, let them and their families go hungry?" he asked me. I didn't have the answer to his query, but I had the answer to my own. China had too many mouths to feed, and machinery that threw men out of work was definitely not wanted when it was possible to get along without it. In this age of great international trade competition, no nation can eliminate the machine tool altogether, but in Asia, when a product or job can be completed by hand, that is the way the Asiatic wants to do it.

Japanese warlords and syndicates, while they looked upon the construction of modern Shanghai with a great deal of envy, took very little part in it. Viewed in the light of what happened after Pearl Harbor, their reasons for remaining on the sidelines are clear. It was the old story of the pirate not worrying about building vessels of his own.

The Briton or American in China should have expected nothing else from the Japs, for their history has been that of a pirate race. Though the Occident, because of its lack of knowledge of the Japanese, has regarded them as a hermit people, satisfied to live in isolation on their own little islands, the chronicles of Japan tell a different story. In the past the Japanese have conducted periodical raids on the China Coast, and on two different occasions, six and eleven

centuries ago, they penetrated China's interior. These incursions can only be classified as pirate raids. When the Japs went home, they took with them the Chinese culture of the period and adjusted it to suit their own manner of living. This fact is apparent even today. It is to be seen in the similarity of Chinese and Japanese temple architecture and in their calligraphy, art and handicraft.

Today, the experiences of the Western World with the Japanese are following the same pattern. Germany gave Japan her first modern army and taught her how to use it, and the Japanese, being a warlike people, added a few tricks of their own. Great Britain played the major role in developing Japan's navy, while the United States taught the Japanese most of what they know about modern industrial methods. These facts are matters of recorded history and require no amplification. The point is that the Japanese, after having acquired these benefits from the Occident, by both fair and foul means, turned and used them against two or their original sources, the British and the Americans.

The same piratical procedure has characterized every Japanese invasion that has taken place in Asia and the Pacific since December 7, 1941. The Japs made their territorial conquests after the white man had started development work; after he had built up the Philippines, Malaya and the Dutch East Indies to the point where these areas were either potentially paying properties or already in the big-dividend class.

True, the European conflict gave the Japs their chance to grab, but it was a chance for which they had long been waiting and preparing. This was never more vividly revealed than in the case of Shanghai, one of the world's great ports and manufacturing centers. There, the Japs had the right to build inside the foreign concessions wherever they chose. They enjoyed the same extraterritorial privileges as other

foreign nationals living in those areas, and building sites could be purchased by anyone who had the necessary cash or credit. The big Japanese companies had both.

Americans and Britons, although they had made excellent profits from control of Shanghai's utilities, trade, and portions of its industry, returned a substantial amount of these dividends into the building of a modern city. Not only did they set an example for the rest of the Orient, but they built for permanence in the hope that the city would continue to grow.

Americans invested \$100,000,000 in the purchase and development of the city's power plant, and nearly all of the profits derived from its operation were returned to Shanghai, either in plant improvements or in the payment of dividends to stockholders living in the city. Stockholders in the United States received little or nothing from their investments, but Shanghai itself benefited greatly.

American interests also developed the city's telephone system, and the British controlled the public transport, the waterworks, and the gas company. British stockholders at home may have been more mercenary than the Americans, insisting on regular dividends, but at the same time these companies played an important role in the building of the metropolis.

The British and the Americans did not stop the Chinese who lived and did business in the International Settlement from taking part in the building and industrial expansion of the two decades starting in the early 1920's. Germans, French, Italians, Portuguese, Dutch and others were also permitted to share in the progress being made, and the Japanese had the same privilege.

The Settlement was an international city and no one was barred from living and building there. If the Japanese had decided to contribute to the modernization of the

place by erecting a few up-to-date apartment houses and office buildings, no one would have interfered with them. But they had another plan—to let the Occidentals and the Chinese do all the work and invest the required money, and then seize the results of this labor and investment at the point of a bayonet. That is precisely what they did.

I am not overlooking the fact that the Japanese did take part in the development of the cotton textile industry of Shanghai, and thereby helped make that city one of the largest piece-goods manufacturing centers in the world. But only half the mills they owned there at the end of 1941 had been built with Japanese capital. The other half were seized from the Chinese after the Battle of Shanghai in 1937. Even in the case of the Japanese-financed mills, very little, if any, of the profits remained in the city. They went home to Japan.

Of the scores of fine buildings and development projects in Shanghai at the end of 1941, the Japanese had not been responsible for the creation of a single one. Yet they should have contributed as much as anyone else, for they claimed the largest foreign population in the place, a total of forty thousand persons, or three times the combined British and American population. It is true that most of these Japanese were small fry—curio dealers, barbers, small merchants and a few professional men—but their big syndicates, the great houses of Mitsui and Mitsubishi and the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, also were represented. On the whole, there was an abundance of Japanese wealth in the city.

The Japs' lack of civic pride was also reflected in the activities of the Shanghai Municipal Council, the governing body of the Settlement. The Council was dominated by the British, but the Americans, Japanese and Chinese had a voice in all of its functions. Traditional membership was five Britons, two Americans, two Japanese and five Chinese.

Occidental members of the Council, through their control, built several new parks in Shanghai. They established schools for both foreign and Chinese children and the Japanese were cut in on these educational benefits. The Council also supported a symphony orchestra which gave employment to a number of fine musicians, mostly White Russian exiles. These were civic developments needed by any large city, but when the time came to arrange the budgets, the Japanese were always in the vanguard of the opposition.

They fought the maintenance of the orchestra, opposed any raise in taxation although inflation made increases necessary, and attempted to wheedle from the Council more than their rightful share of the school appropriations. After the Battle of Shanghai the Japanese invariably got the appropriations they requested for their schools, because in those days the British and the Americans were appeasing the Japs. As a result, the Chinese and foreign schools of the city suffered; their appropriations had to be reduced in order to give the Japanese what they demanded.

It was an incongruous situation. The British, Americans and Chinese paid 65 per cent of the taxes required to run the International Settlement; the Jap contribution was about 22 per cent; and other nationalities paid the balance. Yet when civic benefits were handed out the Japanese demanded the lion's share and got it, because they had a ring of bayonets around the area. In short, we were supporting Japanese institutions.

With the exception of the attacks on Pearl Harbor and China's Marco Polo Bridge, the case of Shanghai is the most damning indictment of Japanese character and policy on record. Here was a city built under unusual circumstances and conditions. Its International Settlement, itself a metropolis of more than two million people, was an area

which gave refuge and homes to all nationalities, including the Japs. It was originally established by the British and Americans through the merging of their respective concessions, which had been obtained by treaty with the Chinese Government following the Opium Wars of 1840-44.

Before the merger, which took place almost ninety years ago, the British and Americans could to some degree decide who, among foreigners, would be permitted to live inside their boundaries. After the union, they opened the gates and let in all comers. After the turn of the last century the Japanese started moving in from their home islands in large numbers, to settle in that part of the Settlement which was once the American Concession. In time, they made a "Little Tokyo" out of the area. That was all right with everyone else in the city as long as the Japs held up their end in the maintenance of the Settlement.

For a time the Japanese community obeyed the rules, but as Tokyo's power increased so did the arrogance of its nationals in Shanghai. They opposed civic improvements for others, but demanded benefits for themselves. They sat on the sidelines while the British and Americans built a modern metropolitan center; then they grabbed it with a gun. They would not even improve the zone in which they themselves lived. When I first saw it in June, 1928, Shanghai's Little Tokyo was not much more than a rabbit warren, yet forty thousand Japanese lived in the district. It was the same rabbit warren when I left the city almost fourteen years later.

Early in 1941, when continued inflation of Chinese currency made increased taxation necessary, the Japs protested violently. Maybe it is natural for human beings, no matter how legitimate the reasons involved, to growl about an increase in taxation. By stretching a point the Japanese complaints against the boosting of Shanghai taxes might per-

haps be overlooked; that is, if the Japanese had paid the tax. But not all of them were doing so.

In the summer of 1940 the Shanghai Municipal Council had five hundred civil suits against Japanese individuals for nonpayment of taxes pending in the Japanese Consular Court! I saw the records of most of these actions and they involved the rank and file of Japs living in the city: shopkeepers, importers, tailors, shoemakers and a sprinkling of professional people. Whenever I attempted to obtain a commitment from Japanese court officials as to when the cases would be tried, I received the same answer: "Sometime." Many of them never were settled, at least while the British and Americans were still a dominating influence in the Settlement.

Court action against five hundred individuals out of a total of forty thousand, though a high percentage, might not have reflected against the community as a whole in any Occidental country where every adult individual is subject to taxation; but it did in Shanghai's International Settlement. There the system of collecting taxes was unique and did not involve the masses. Only the tenants of apartments, houses and office buildings, and owners of property, including factories and factory sites, paid the tax. Hence, if a man paid the taxes on an office and a house, he was entitled to two votes at the annual Council elections. Or, if he was the head of several companies and owned much property, he might have a hundred votes. There was no income tax except that payable to the Chinese Government, and many foreigners, because of extraterritorial privileges, didn't pay it.

On the other hand, if an individual rented a large house or apartment, lived in only part of it himself and rented out the remaining rooms to others, not one of his roomers



would be under obligation to pay the municipal tax. That was the responsibility of the original tenant.

Since that was the way most of Shanghai's millions lived, the number of taxpayers was small compared to the total population. The Japanese had less than one thousand taxpayers; thus one-half of their total number had to be taken to court in an effort to force payment.

Obviously, it was an organized attempt to embarrass the Anglo-American effort to maintain municipal government inside the Settlement. It also meant that the Japanese community as a whole knew that the time was near when the great foreign concession was going to be seized.

## Chapter 5

### OPIUM AND BIBLES

NOT LONG after I missed my first boat out of Shanghai to investigate the city's skyscrapers, my plans abruptly changed again and I skipped the second boat on which I had decided to leave. This time it was in order to dig into the records of an almost forgotten partnership that had flourished one hundred years before.

In 1833, the Reverend Charles Gutzlaff, German missionary extraordinary, went ashore from a British sailing vessel to distribute some Bible tracts to the natives. With him was Captain Robert Wallace, master of the ship, which was a clipper called the *Sylph*. The captain's mission was to sell a cargo of narcotics—Persian opium, to be exact.

Gutzlaff was working with Wallace, and before the missionary could begin distributing religious pamphlets, he had another task to carry out. He was under obligation to his

employer to meet the Chinese *taotai*, the officials designated by the ruling mandarin to deal with visitors. The prime purpose of this meeting was to sell opium.

Captain Wallace accompanied Gutzlaff to the *shameen*, or city hall of the town. The shipmaster stated his proposition to the assembled authorities, quoting prices on his chests of black gold, as the Chinese called the drug. The missionary's job was that of interpreter.

Only after the opium had been sold did the business of spreading Christianity get under way. But the story goes that Captain Wallace, after his own job had been done, actually assisted Gutzlaff in circulating several thousand Bible tracts, translated into Chinese, among the fishermen and their families.

Though it may sound like fiction, this story is a true one. The two principal characters, the missionary and the opium runner, were employees of Jardine, Matheson and Company, for more than a century one of the leading British merchandising, manufacturing, and shipping companies in the Far East. The records of that firm clearly reveal the association of the two men.

The fishing village was Nantao, today better known to Old China hands as the Chinese City, or old native quarter of Shanghai. Captain Wallace and his missionary friend Charles Gutzlaff, though they distributed both opium and religion, had still other claims to distinction. They were pioneers in opening the China Coast to commerce.

When they went ashore in Nantao that day in 1833, they opened another China port to trade. It was a place destined to become the greatest city of the East, a metropolis of more than five million people. In effect, their visit broke the ground for the building of Shanghai.

A missionary involved in the sale of opium was, of course, unusual, but then Charles Gutzlaff was an unusual

man, not the common variety of mission worker. He was an explorer, a linguist, and a person with an overwhelming obsession. He was convinced that he could convert 400,000,000 Chinese to Christianity, and apparently he was willing to make a few concessions to the Devil in order to attain that end.

But there was nothing out of the ordinary about the Briton's part in the transaction. In those days British, Americans, French, Portuguese and other Occidentals were engaged in the opium trade in China and thought little of it. Some of the most respectable British and American trading firms of the period ran their clipper ships, laden with opium, woollens, and cotton piece goods, up and down the China Coast, doing business at any port that the Chinese mandarins allowed them to enter.

The old East India Company and Jardine's were two of the big British concerns dealing in the drug. Russell and Company was an American firm with opium ships in Chinese waters. It is to the credit of the latter company, however, that it was the first of the big *hongs*, or corporations, to give up the sale of opium. From the middle of the last century to the end of its existence three or four decades later, the Russell firm refused to handle the drug.

Jardine's remained in the business longer than most of the others; under pressure from British church people at home and their missionaries in China, almost all English concerns of prominence in the Orient abandoned the trade. Americans, French, Portuguese and others followed suit, and by the end of the first decade of the present century, the only foreigners still selling opium in the Orient were renegades, and they were liable to arrest and heavy prison terms.

While it is impossible to condone the wholesaling of opium by anyone, nevertheless one can condemn the Occidental too severely for the part he played in its distribution

a century ago in China. There were certain extenuating circumstances.

The drug was not then regarded as the curse that we of today know it to be. Most Orientals of the period considered smoking a pipe of opium not much worse than taking a drink of whiskey. Many native physicians looked upon opium as a cure-all and prescribed it for most human ailments. This was still the practice among some old-style doctors when I first went to China in 1928.

On the other hand, even at the beginning of the eighteenth century enlightened Chinese recognized the real character of opium. Although these were a small minority, they included a few government officials. They placed local and provincial embargoes on importation of the drug, and the Imperial Government followed suit, but the opposition was so intense that progress was not very marked. Efforts of the British Navy to suppress opium smuggling also failed to stop the trade. Some of the early missionaries tried to do something to eradicate opium, but almost seventy-five years elapsed before they and their constituents at home finally forced the Occidentals to stop selling it.

China was opened to foreign trade from Victoria, later the capital of Hongkong. Here the British had established a colony by the simple process of chasing a nest of pirates around the corner to Bias Bay and occupying the rocky island of Hongkong, off the coast of South China. This was at the beginning of the last century.

The next step was to open South China's capital, Canton, to foreign commerce. This was easy. The Chinese there were friendly and trade flourished. In fact, it was there that many of the big British and American companies in the Orient got their start.

Trade in the Canton area, however, reached a saturation point within a few years and the British and Americans,

seeking new markets, started sending their clipper ships north. They encountered immediate difficulty.

Almost from the very beginning of their efforts to establish trading posts on the North China Coast, they found opium more in demand than anything else they had to sell. Not only was the presence of a few chests on board a trading vessel an open sesame to many Chinese ports, but the skipper who tried to do business without it was likely to run into trouble.

The records of the East India Company, which is representative of all such Far Eastern concerns, show that in 1832, because of pressure from the home office at London, the firm attempted to get out of the opium trade. It sent the *Lord Amherst*, a frigate of five hundred tons, to North China ports with a cargo of woollens and calicoes but without a single chest of opium. The venture ended in a heavy financial loss: the ship returned to Hongkong in the autumn without having disposed of a single bolt of cloth.

The reason for this state of affairs was a simple one. The Chinese had native cotton and silk textile industries which took care of most of their needs, so they were not deeply interested in British woollens or American denims. But they could use a large quantity of opium.

Though China has grown the poppy plant for several hundred years, the quality of the opium produced there is poor. The best smoking grades are obtained by mixing the Chinese product with Persian and Indian opiums, and because of this fact the latter have been in demand in China for scores of years—actually, since long before the British and others started to trade in that part of the world. It was these two foreign types of opium that the Occidental traders were selling to the Chinese.

Calcutta was the center of the Persian and Indian opium markets in those early times. Every autumn, after the end

of the monsoon season, the dope clippers would run up the Bay of Bengal, anchor off the Indian metropolis, and take aboard several fortunes in opium. Their next job was to run the gantlet of British sloops and corvettes scattered between the Indian coast and Hongkong. A few were caught; the majority got through.

Since speed was essential, the "three piecey bamboo," as the Chinese called the clippers because of their three masts, were built to outrun the fastest British war vessels of the time. Some of the most famous of these ships were the *Sylph*, the *Waterwitch*, the *Red Rover* and the *Ann*. Though there is no one alive today who has actually seen them, stories of their exploits still can be heard on the China Coast. The *Sylph's* trip from Hongkong to North China in 1833 was one of the most historic. The Reverend Charles Gutzlaff was aboard, and because of his assistance and her cargo of opium, the *Sylph* accomplished what the *Lord Amherst* had tried and failed to do in the previous year. She opened the North China Coast to foreign trade.

I first heard of Gutzlaff late in the summer of 1928, and some of the sketchy tales of his unusual career increased my desire to know more about him.

I had returned to the city after three weeks in the north, where I had seen what was virtually the end of the Chinese Revolution against the Yuan Shih-kai régime. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, in a brilliant and historic march from Canton, had occupied Nanking and Shanghai the year before. These two occupations practically ended the campaign. Bringing North China under the new central authority met with little armed opposition, and aside from minor local actions there had been no heavy fighting.

Marshal Chang Tso-lin had planned a major stand, but it failed to materialize. When the old Marshal was killed

in an explosion, his army wilted and fled into Manchuria. Assumption of control in the north by Generalissimo Chiang's government and the ruling political party, the Kuomintang, then became largely a matter of negotiation. Manchuria subsequently came under Nanking's domination by arrangement with Chang Tso-lin's son, the young Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang. Consequently the excitement in North China was not sufficient to hold me in that area any longer.

I came back to Shanghai with the idea of sailing up the Yangtse through the famous gorges which line the river from near Ichang to a point beyond Chungking. By that time, however, I had developed a great interest in the opium problem, and I tarried in Shanghai to find out more about the subject. Not until two years later did I finally manage to get into West China.

It was Brodie Clark, one of the oldest and most colorful British residents of China in 1928, who first mentioned dope and the name of Charles Gutzlaff in the same breath. We were talking about Shanghai's new building boom. Brodie had witnessed the development of the city for more than sixty-five years and perhaps was more competent to discuss it than any other person in town.

When I asked him for some of Shanghai's early historical background, Brodie snorted: "A city built on opium and Bibles, *founded* on opium and Bibles!"

"But to get the real story of how this place was started," he added, "you'll make a lot more progress if you start digging around in some of the records of the old hong's. Go down to Jardine's and ask them about a missionary named Gutzlaff."

He explained some of Gutzlaff's past to me, and that was enough to send me hustling around to find out more.

Merely mentioning Gutzlaff's name around Jardine's was



like waving a red flag in front of a bull. Though Basil Lubbock, the noted British authority on the old clipper ships of the China Seas, later based much of his book, *The Opium Clippers*, on Jardine records, his influence then was considerably greater than mine. It was not until years later that I became well enough known to be given some access to the company's great library.

Before the last outbreak of war in the Pacific, Jardine's was the biggest British export house in the Far East. It employed more than 100,000 workers of many categories, and owned cotton mills and a fleet of thirty or forty ships, both freighters and passenger vessels. The house's Chinese name, Ewo, stood for fair dealing and honest merchandise. If something was handled or made by Jardine's, one could be sure that it was a good product.

The old days of opium selling had been forgotten, and the records of early activities in this field gathered dust in the firm's archives. But large scrapbooks containing opium *huchows*, or Chinese permits for the importation of opium, issued decades ago, were kept in the company's board room, and these were shown to some special visitors. They were made available to officials of the League of Nations engaged in investigating the opium problem, and I also saw them on several occasions in recent years. As collectors' items they were extremely valuable, and were never displayed to visitors unless some company official was around to keep a protective eye on them.

Though Jardine people made no effort to hide the early operations of the firm, they didn't go about advertising the colorful and exciting days of the opium clippers. They enjoyed talking about their tea clippers and trade in textiles, and took great pride in the fact that they were the first traders to do business in Shanghai; but like all the old British and American companies that had dealt in opium years

before, they took their skeletons out for an airing only on special occasions and before very special company.

The church mission people were no more willing to talk about Charles Gutzlaff and his activities in the field of narcotics than were the hongos. This could be understood were it not for the fact that Gutzlaff was one of the pioneers in Protestant mission work in the Far East. He also did more, perhaps, than any other individual to pave the way for Occidental trade in East Asia. Yet very little mention of him can be found in missionary chronicles of the early eighteenth century; obviously church missions in China wanted to forget him.

Though a prolific writer himself, Gutzlaff confined most of his own works to Chinese histories and detailed accounts of his exploratory activities. He traveled so extensively in Asia that the first English-language newspaper in China, the *Chinese Repository*, was founded at Canton in 1832 mainly for the purpose of reporting his trips. Extracts of his daily diaries were made, and for months on end the *Repository* printed little else. But it was a good paper, even with nothing but Gutzlaff in it.

Although he traveled aboard opium clippers on many occasions and Chinese junks on others, Gutzlaff presented himself as a peacemaker between the Chinese and the British rather than as a go-between in matters of opium barter. He was right in one respect. Many Chinese officials at ports visited by the dope runners were hostile, and it was only through Gutzlaff's mediation that the British were able to do business. One can go further and say that the opening of China to British and American trade was spearheaded by opium and that Gutzlaff led the advance.

C. A. Montalto de Jesús, a Portuguese historian and the author of a number of works on Shanghai and Portugal's South China colony of Macao, once said of Gutzlaff: "He

knew more about China than any other foreigner of his time and without him, the development of foreign relations and trade with China would have been most difficult. The coming of these benefits would have been delayed many years."

In *The Opium Clippers*, Basil Lubbock casts a slightly different light on the man: "The Chinese certainly relied on him to stand their friend in all dealings with the . . . red-bristled nation [the British]. But the latter were wont to declare that it needed only time to discover that Gutzlaff was just a bubble of self-glorification."

Since Gutzlaff died in 1851, neither Lubbock nor de Jesús, both of whom were born years later, knew the man. And it may be that they did not delve any deeper into the subject of his life than I have. Thus my own impressions of the pioneer, based on old hong records finally made accessible to me, may be worth reporting.

Born in Pomerania in 1803, Karl Friedrich August Gutzlaff was inclined toward religious study at a rather early age, and before he was twenty he had become interested in the idea of spreading Christianity among the natives of the Orient. He impressed this idea on the German church folk of his home town of Pyritz, and soon left for the East with their blessing and their financial backing. He was only twenty-four at the time of his departure.

Karl Friedrich, known as Charles to his British and American friends, spent his early years in the Orient among the natives of the Dutch East Indies. In 1827 he was made the agent in China for the Netherlands and German Missionary Societies. He arrived in China that same year, one of the first dozen Occidental missionaries of the Protestant Church in that country.

Besides being a religious man, Gutzlaff had what might

be called a Daniel Boone complex, and spent much of his time exploring China's interior or traveling up and down its coastline. He saw more of the country than any other foreigner of the day and was the first white man to set foot in many parts of the land. His explorations were facilitated by his unusual talent for Oriental languages. Within two years of his arrival in the country he had learned several Chinese dialects, and later became so proficient in them that he spoke without a trace of foreign accent. Since he had narrow eyes, a yellowish complexion, and went about the country wearing native clothes, it is small wonder that many Chinese actually made the mistake of accepting him for one of their own race.

In the fourth year of his residence in China, young Gutzlaff explored the coast from Hongkong to Tientsin, traveling aboard a junk. It was on that trip that he discovered the fishing communities of Nantao and Shanghai, and saw their possibilities as a trading port and mission center. He returned to Hongkong and Canton and made an effort to sell the foreign trading firms there the idea of expanding to the north.

Gutzlaff must have had a keen commercial mind as well as an understanding of trade parlance, for he convinced the East India Company that Nantao could be developed. The unprofitable trip of the *Lord Amherst* failed to prove his point, but the voyage of the *Sylph*, with her cargo of opium, did prove it.

Though the British hongts had little use for the missionaries of the period, they found Gutzlaff a great assistance. He knew every port on the coast where a yard of broadcloth or a pound of opium might be sold, and he was willing to barter this knowledge for passage on the opium clippers, food, and some assistance in the financing of his printing bills. Hence it happened, in Gutzlaff's case at least, that

the printed Christian word in China was paid for out of profits derived from the sale of opium. As his home mission was not very free with its money, Gutzlaff probably felt that he was entitled to accept what help the merchants of Hongkong and Canton were willing to give him.

Gutzlaff's real value to the trader lay in the fact that the Chinese thought highly of him. He treated them with great kindness, tended their sick and helped to deliver their babies. And he lived as they did. Though he was not a professional physician, it might well be said that he was one of the first medical missionaries in the country.

No doubt his knowledge, even of contemporary medicine, was meager, but he did have a lot of simple home remedies in his bag and he dispensed them widely and without charge. Wherever he went, his pills and syrups were more welcome than his religious pamphlets. He cured aches and pains where the old-style native doctors failed, and that meant more to the Chinese than all the utterances of the Apostles.

Adding his efforts in the medical field to his other activities, we see Gutzlaff as a man of diversified talents. He was not only a psalm-singer and a saver of souls but an explorer, a pioneer in commercial development, and a warrior against ancient Chinese superstition. He also was something of a diplomat.

When trouble arose between the foreign merchants and the taotai, it was usually Gutzlaff who was called in to straighten it out. He could translate the Chinese proclamations concerning foreign trade, and other native documents of interest to the hongts. He could, and frequently did, write counterproclamations for employers not as skilled as he was in the use of diplomatic language.

In a general way he made himself so valuable that he was named Chinese secretary to the British Commission to

China in 1835. His popularity with the Chinese also made him extremely useful as secretary and interpreter during the peace negotiations following the Opium Wars. These negotiations ended in the Treaty of Nanking, which made treaty ports of leading cities on the China Coast. Thus it happened that the man who played a major role in opening Shanghai to commerce was also an important influence in establishing the foreign concessions of China. While the Nanking document treated the question of foreign residents in China rather sparingly, it paved the way for the establishment of settlements and concessions and gave Occidentals the beginning of their extraterritorial privileges in that country.

Despite his endeavors in many fields, Gutzlaff imagined that he had failed as a missionary. In reality he did nothing of the sort, for he helped to lay the foundation, at least among the Chinese, for greater mission work in China during the years to come. The Chinese liked him, and some of them believed his teachings and were converted to Christianity. Others simply liked him as a man, but the goodwill he was able to spread aided mission work as a whole.

Nevertheless, Gutzlaff died an unhappy man. Some of his converts had let him down. In 1844 he had founded at Hongkong an institute for training Chinese pastors and missionaries in the Christian faith. For a time it was quite a success, and several of the graduates later became prominent native pastors and field workers. Gutzlaff returned to Germany a few years later to raise funds for the expansion of his mission activities and the building of a large theological school. When he came back to China in 1850, he received the greatest disappointment of his career. Some of his students were leading a most unchristian life. They had sold nearly all of his stocks of religious publications for

wastepaper, and were spending the returns of the sale in brothels and on opium.

Gutzlaff's critics claimed that remorse over his part in the opium trade was the cause of his death. Perhaps it was; or it might have been the discovery that his students were thieves. The fact remains that he was unable to survive the shock and died in 1851. Today, about all that remains in memory of him is a little island bearing his name off the China Coast, some of his old Chinese writings in the library of Munich, and a few old British hong records.

But he left his mark on Shanghai. After Gutzlaff and Wallace came the great hong from Hongkong and Canton to establish factories and offices and to build warehouses. Jardine, Matheson and Company, employers of both Gutzlaff and Wallace, bought the first land and built Shanghai's first docks.

Missionaries arrived on the boats with the traders and established Christian Church headquarters for China in the new city. They built cathedrals, colleges, hospitals, and homes for the underprivileged.

Here were the extremes of both evil and good. Legitimate trade developed, but also in the foreground, and rubbing shoulders with each other, were the missionaries and the opium dealers, gun-runners and pacifists, palaces and bamboo huts, loafers and men doing the work of horses, war and peace. No wonder my research into Shanghai's past made me miss that second boat—and so many others by which I could have left Shanghai.

## Chapter 6

### CRIME AND COURT REPORTING

IT WAS late in the summer of 1928 that I stopped making reservations on boats leaving Shanghai, and settled down to the idea of a long stay in China. Roving newsmen were in demand and I was seeking experience. Though not typical of China as a whole, Shanghai, with its paradoxes, complexities, and great cosmopolitan population, was too colorful and intriguing for a person of my inquisitive nature to leave casually after a few weeks. I had seen just enough of the place, and had learned just enough of its history, to increase my desire to know more. So when Alfred Meyer, the managing editor of the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*, suggested that I take over the court and police runs and write a few headlines for that paper, I was in the right frame of mind to agree.

Here, it seemed to me, were all the excitement and pros-



pect of adventure a cruising reporter could want. The mark of the opium runner and the trader was still visible in almost every district. So was that of the missionary. For every night club and gambling den there was a Christian church. Every opium peddler was matched by a policeman.

True, you had to take great doses of the hideous and frightful. Lepers used the streets like other men. The homeless and penniless crawled off into dark alleys to die. Beggars were on every street corner. Some of the great crowd of beggars were normal human beings, but others, when they were infants, had been deliberately maimed so they might be more successful as mendicants.

The beggars had a "king" who received a portion of every cent they collected. Though no one knew his real wealth, he was reputed to have millions of dollars. But even he was not permitted to keep all the money his thousands of minions gathered daily. He paid tribute to Tseh Yueh-tsen, China's counterpart of Al Capone. In turn, Tseh posed as a philanthropist. In many respects he was all of that. He has given freely of his millions, gained through control of opium monopolies, beggar mobs and protection rackets, to China's war effort.

It was interesting to watch not only the beggars but the men assigned to ride herd on them and collect tribute. I have spent many hours on the numerous bridges crossing Soochow Creek, which flows through the center of Shanghai, observing the mendicants and their masters. The Chinese beggar was never given a chance to make off with all he collected. A few minutes after a passer-by had given him some alms, the spotter across the street had him by the collar and was shaking him down for a portion of all he had received.

The paradox of extreme poverty and great wealth was everywhere. Outside the main business district, modern and

attractive apartment buildings were to be found next to rows of hovels where as many as twenty persons lived in a single room. These were the coolies and their families, trying to support themselves on less than thirty cents a day, the average wage of the individual worker.

It was no wonder the French Concession and International Settlement health officials were overworked. There was no end to their battle against epidemics, contagions, plague, cholera, smallpox, malaria, and tuberculosis. The latter disease was the greatest cause of death, and cholera was the next.

No one knows how many Chinese die of tuberculosis every year, but the toll must be tremendous. In Shanghai alone as many as sixty deaths from this disease were reported to the health authorities every week. But this was not a standard that could be used in determining even an approximate figure. Deaths were supposed to be reported by the families of the deceased, but this responsibility was usually overlooked. It was difficult to convince a coolie that reporting the deaths and births in his family was an obligation to the community.

Disease, like hunger, is one of the great problems of the Orient, and as long as hundreds of millions in that part of the world continue to live in a state of poverty and the resulting crowded conditions, it will never be solved. Even in Shanghai, where French and British health workers engaged in more disease suppression and control than was undertaken in other cities of China, the task was too overwhelming to allow for much success.

Health officials of the two foreign concessions, and their hundreds of assistants, worked harder than any of the other municipal services except the police. They worked in shifts and were on the job twenty-four hours a day, removing the sick and dead from the streets and alleys, entering the

homes of the poor to do educational work and take care of the sick. But they merely scratched the surface of the work that needed to be done.

Hospitals, even in peacetime, were always crowded to the limit. In times of war, thousands of refugees needing hospitalization were never taken care of, though every available building was converted into a temporary hospital. Schools turned their rooms and dormitories over to the doctors and nurses; cabarets contributed their dance floors. Pesthouses were filled to overflowing, and often there was a shortage of lumber for caskets.

But disease, like its companions, hunger and poverty, was commonplace. When I first went to work for the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*, I wrote any number of lengthy stories about the two hundred homeless and hungry people who died in the streets and alleyways every week. Meyer, who had the final authority regarding the ordinary news material that went into the paper, ran my pieces for three or four weeks and then pared them down to a paragraph or two.

"I printed the stories just to encourage you," he said. "We can afford to do that with new reporters, but you probably realize by this time that it's a waste of space and paper to publish what amounts to the same yarn week after week."

There was nothing hard about Meyer. He was merely pointing out what I already had begun to realize—that human life in the Orient was so cheap that the news value of the very high death rate justified no more than a single sentence. Every week I received statistical reports from the health authorities, and though they revealed large numbers of deaths from various causes, it would have been repetitious and boring to our readers to have described them in detail.

"When a new angle develops, say a heavy rise above the ordinary death rate level, that's a story," Meyer told me. "If a disease reaches what we in this country consider epidemic proportions, write it up." It seemed to me then that most of the ailments current in China were in the epidemic class, but I found out later that to rate as an epidemic a disease must cause at least one hundred deaths weekly in the Shanghai area alone.

I did scrape up one new angle on health work, however, and managed to keep it in print to some extent for several years. Shanghai health officials did a grand job of fighting malaria, and toward the end of the last decade reduced the incidence of that disease to a few cases weekly. It was one of the few partially successful efforts at disease suppression ever made by the health workers of the city, and it deserved more than passing mention. Several units of workers devoted their full time to spraying stagnant creeks and water-holes, and in a few years the hunt for the malarial mosquito dwindled down to a house to house search of the huts located on the outskirts of Shanghai near marshes.

Though there was death, hunger and poverty in every block of the city, there also was much wealth, for Shanghai was a great commercial and industrial center. In less than ninety years the city had become one of the most important ports on earth. It was the hub of all Far Eastern trade, and between six and seven million tons of ocean-going shipping passed through its harbor annually.

Most of the exportable products of the great Yangtse River Valley, and of the maritime provinces of North and South China, were funneled into the city for transshipment to all parts of the Orient and the Occident. No waterfront in the Western Hemisphere was any busier. Thousands of coolies worked around the clock handling great quantities

of cargo. They loaded tons of frozen and powdered eggs for the bakers of the world; tung oil for the paints and varnishes of Europe and America; tungsten from Anhwei, Chekiang, Kiangsu and Hunan Provinces; hides and furs from North China, Manchuria and Siberia; chests of tea and cases of silk and cotton textiles from the interior of China.

Just as the sordid side of Shanghai was exposed to public view, so the great commercial and big-business life of the city was always visible to the onlooker. It was there in the harbor, the textile mills, the hundreds of small native factories, and in the modern office buildings, hotels and apartment houses. It was tangible evidence of great wealth, and men of all nations had a share in it.

Ships flying the flags of all countries, either riding at their buoys in midstream or tied up at the docks, made this richness all the more obvious. Sweating coolies presented a vivid picture of poverty, but the endless stream of merchandise and raw materials that they stored in waiting holds or unloaded onto the wharves left no doubt as to Shanghai's actual opulence.

There was more than opulence in this part of the Shanghai scene, too; there was enough beauty to satisfy the most discriminating person. During a single shopping tour one could find the finest laces, brocades, satins and silks; the most exquisite jade and wood carvings, and the best examples of the potter's art; furniture fit for royalty but priced so that any American on an average salary could buy it; gorgeous Oriental rugs and the finest grades and kinds of furs, including sable and kolinsky from Russia.

A trip through the city revealed elaborate modern homes standing out in sharp contrast to the ancient Chinese architecture of old buildings nearby. And though Shanghai had its dirty alleys and sidestreets, it also had winding and well-

shaded avenues. There were a number of fine parks, too, and in these, during the days of Occidental domination, both Chinese and foreigners could spend a pleasant evening listening to a symphony orchestra or band concert. In the concert hall and the theater as well as in the city's architecture, Eastern and Western culture rubbed shoulders: we had the music and drama of Old China and the music and movies of the Western World.

Although I have an average appreciation of beauty, I must confess that my greater interests are in the side of life that is found in the underworld, in the courts, and along the waterfront. I would rather watch a group of ragged Chinese orphans, in their struggle for life, pilfer coal or cotton from the back end of a truck and then thumb their noses at the police, than look at a piece of jade or a peach bloom vase. The business of living, especially in the crowded East, is always changing, and the earnest student never wearies of it.

It is also true that a great deal of what we consider beautiful is sham designed to cover a hideous interior, and the traveler sees more of this sort of sham than the person who remains at home. By the time I reached Shanghai, I had become suspicious of many of the charming places and individuals I had come across, so it was almost second nature for me to look for the frightful and the unpleasant behind the scenes. From a distance, there is much to admire in the beauty of an Oriental temple or a pagoda, but more often than not its interior is filthy and disappointing.

There was no sham about Shanghai, however, and this was another of the many reasons why I liked the place. Both the beautiful and ugly were exposed to view. Though the city made proud display of its riches and glories, it made no effort to hide its vices and the hideous side of its character. Its honesty in this respect was refreshing. One can learn

more about life in a Chinese courtroom or police station than in all the fine ballrooms and clubs east of Suez.

There was more crime in Shanghai than in an average city of the Occident, but I do not believe that the Chinese are any more criminally inclined than Americans, Britons, or others of the white race. The fact that the International Settlement was forced to maintain one of the largest municipal prisons in the world, Ward Road Jail, was largely due to war and hunger. The place had an average convict population of seven thousand, but at least 50 per cent of those incarcerated were victims of circumstance. With them it had been a case of steal or starve.

The same was true of the French Concession, which had a prison with a capacity of three thousand. It was usually crowded. And before the Japanese moved into the area in 1937, the convicts in the jails of the Chinese-controlled districts numbered about four thousand, making a total of fourteen thousand prisoners in the city's three municipalities.

The city had its rich gang leaders, men who seldom were caught and made to pay for their crimes. Their gunmen, musclemen, and dope peddlers, scattered all over China, numbered thousands, and many of these eventually found themselves in the hands of the law. But the majority of those who went to prison were petty thieves who stole primarily to get something to eat.

The gang bosses, while they seemed to take a certain pride in being publicized and pointed out as men who controlled vast underworld organizations, never let themselves be trapped. They were so well organized that only a few trusted lieutenants knew enough of their operations to accuse them point-blank. And their lieutenants never squealed, usually because they were paid enough to keep

them silent. If money did not prevent them from testifying against their masters, the fear of sudden death did. A squealer, if he knew much about the affairs of a gang, never lived long enough to do much talking.

On one occasion early in 1929, Detective Inspector Alexander Telfer, of the Settlement police force, tried to trace the orders that had been given to a gang of kidnapers. He followed their lead through nine stages of intermediaries and then ran into a barrier of silence which separated his investigation from one of the best-known Chinese figures in the city.

Telfer had assumed from the very beginning that he was on the right track, and undoubtedly he was. It was common gossip that the man in question was the leader of a vast kidnaping ring. Chinese office boys and clerks mentioned his name every time someone was kidnaped—but gossip and evidence are two different things. This man enjoyed considerable prestige and was high in official circles, and he always escaped arrest.

I once made an effort to run down the same individual, and experienced exactly the difficulty that Telfer had. That was also in 1929, and an organization known as the Anti-Kidnaping Society had made its appearance in Shanghai and established headquarters just north of Soochow Creek, not far from the Chinese courts.

The Society boasted that it could give protection to wealthy men who feared that they might be marked for an early shakedown. The real reason for its existence, however, was quite the opposite. So many rich men had been abducted that year and the year before that most of their class had moved out of their fine homes to live in hovels like coolies. When they ventured out of doors they wore workmen's clothes and kept themselves so smeared with dirt



that it was difficult to recognize them. Thus the kidnaping mobs started to lose a lot of easy money.

To ferret out the identities of the wealthy, the Anti-Kidnaping Society was formed and given much publicity. Some of the gullible rich, without bothering to investigate, started to emerge from their hideouts to take advantage of the Society's protection offer. That was the tip-off to the gangs, and a new wave of kidnaping resulted. By interviewing one of the victims who had been released by his abductors after paying a large ransom, I picked up enough information to satisfy me that the society was a complete hoax, and I reported my suspicions to Detective Superintendent Tommy Robertson.

Tommy was thinking along the same lines, and though the British police of Shanghai seldom welcomed the presence of a nosy reporter in town, they gave me a free hand, as well as some assistance in my efforts to dig up the real story of the Anti-Kidnaping Society's operations. I questioned half a dozen victims and some suspected kidnapers, but without the results I sought. I ran into one intermediary after another. Finally I reached a person named Ma, who had played a leading role in establishing the organization though his name was never publicly connected with it. The trail stopped there. Enough evidence was obtained along the way, however, to expose the real activities of the Anti-Kidnaping Society, and it was suppressed.

Like Tseh Yueh-tsen, most of Shanghai's crime chiefs were of some benefit to society: they basked in the spotlight of prominence by contributing heavily to charities. For the same reason, they were given to making themselves and their large corps of bodyguards conspicuous in the night clubs and leading hotels. Some of them would spend thousands of dollars on a single party, and I knew

several Chinese taxi dancers each of whom was receiving as much as five thousand dollars a month merely to appear at the table of some gang leader.

I myself was closely connected with the case of one taxi dancer who rose to prominence—an orphaned Chinese flower girl, who in 1928 was known along the waterfront as Mary. How she got that name is something I never found out; but it must have been given to her by American and British sailors. She was a dirty, ragged, wisecracking little tramp of about fifteen when James Shelton, one-time member of the United States Navy's patrol on the Yangtse River, and I hit upon the idea of using her as a guinea pig in a sociological experiment.

It was my contention that, despite her shabby appearance and the rough vocabulary she had acquired from American seamen, Mary could be turned into a very presentable young woman. Penetrating through her rags and the mask of Shanghai grease and grime was a trace of intelligence superior to that of the other flower girls of the district, while there was a certain beauty about her features which gave promise of development.

Shelton and I could have been really charitable and sent her to school, and we actually suggested doing so. But she refused to consider that plan. Her ambition was to become a taxi dancer in one of the better Chinese cabarets. This was not difficult to understand, for she had spent most of her life living in an empty box in some alley and wearing clothes made of heavy burlap or padded blue denim. She had sold flowers outside some of the night clubs just long enough to know what a job in one of those places meant.

She got what she was after: a chance to dance, wear pretty clothes, and meet the taipans among her own people who frequented the night clubs to drink green tea, look at the girls, and spend money on their favorites. We turned

Mary over to an amah at a Chinese bathhouse, and several sessions in a steam cabinet produced wonderful results. She was even prettier than we imagined she would be.

After taking her on a short shopping tour along Nanking Road, we had a potential ballroom hostess who could hold her own with the best of them. The clothes we had bought for her were extremely becoming. The transformation from a dirty flower girl to a beauty was so complete that it was hard to believe that until now the girl in front of us had never worn anything but gunnysack and denim overalls. It was another Cinderella story, but in this case the heroine was not losing her slipper.

Mary made her initial appearance at the Ritz, a second-class café and night club. It was a great success. Her dancing was bad, but she was the most attractive girl on the floor and her earnings for the evening were twelve dollars, more than she had made in a week selling flowers.

Shelton and I began to lose sight of Mary within a few weeks. Her fame as a beauty spread so far that she soon moved from the Ritz to one after another of the best night clubs in the city. Her progress was so rapid that eventually a Chinese producer billed her as a famous beauty from Ningpo and took her on a tour of the Dutch East Indies and Malaya, where she made quite a hit and a good deal of cash. Before leaving, she sent Shelton and me a farewell note, and that was the last we heard of her for about six years.

Then one evening in 1936, Shelton telephoned to announce that Mary was in town and enjoying the spotlight as the queen of the Lido, one of the most elaborate night clubs in the Orient. We had dinner there that evening, and again I received a surprise.

The once dirty, ragged little flower girl was like a magnificent dream, and she had a dozen Chinese bankers, gang

leaders, and other moguls paying her tribute, in both cash and time. She was spending the evening at Tueh Yueh-tsen's table. For that one appearance in his party, where all she was asked to do was drink tea and look pretty, Mary received a check for three thousand dollars. After Tueh had gone she brought it to our table and showed it to us.

Strangely enough, Mary remembered her past and seemed rather proud of it. She introduced us to several of her friends among the taxi dancers and, at each introduction, did not hesitate to mention her early days as a flower girl. We were presented as the two nice men who had provided her with her first bath and evening dress.

Her frankness in talking about the past was definite evidence of China's march toward democracy. Only a few years before, a Chinese girl of her standing and with her wealthy following could hardly have expected to prosper by admitting such lowly beginnings, even if she was only a cabaret girl. But Mary not only advertised her street-urchin days, she bragged about them.

By this time, my former protégée had contrived to save more than \$100,000, her garage contained two cars, and she was engaged to marry the son of a wealthy banker. Though the boy's parents, being old-fashioned Chinese, made a few objections, the wedding was held as scheduled and Mary became a minor social figure. When I last saw her, in 1938, she was doing welfare work among the children of Shanghai's war refugees.

Organized crime in Shanghai was conducted on a scale which surpassed even the criminal activity of Chicago during the Capone era, but fundamentally it was no worse than the American variety. It was simply that the gangs of China were larger and their activities, instead of being confined to a single city, were national. For instance, the Chinese

opium kings of Shanghai, before the Japanese muscled in on their business, maintained an army of 100,000 men to protect their interests in all parts of the country. From a financial point of view, too, the crime bosses of Shanghai made American gangsters look like pikers.

Tueh Yueh-tsen once told me during one of his rare conversational moods that he was opposed to an impending rise in rents in Shanghai. As the head of the protection racket, he had good reasons for his opposition. Protection rackets have flourished in China for hundreds of years, and their annual revenues run into millions of dollars. They are strikingly like the type of underworld activity which appeared in the United States during the Capone period, even in the methods used to force the payment of protection money.

Chinese merchants who refused to pay monthly tribute to gangsters ran the risk of having their shops entered and wrecked. As a rule, it took only one treatment of this sort to convince the holdout that it would be cheaper to contribute to the mob than to try to oppose it.

Picketing a shop with ragged, stinking, and deformed beggars was another favorite method employed by the Chinese gangster to collect payment. It invariably worked, because few customers cared to elbow their way through such a scurvy collection of humans to buy a few beans.

According to estimates I obtained from International Settlement police officials, protection money collected by the mob in Shanghai alone amounted to about five million dollars a month. Hawkers and peddlers contributed a dollar apiece, small shopkeepers paid five dollars, cigarette and exchange shops each contributed ten dollars, and large firms were forced to make payments which sometimes ran into thousands of dollars.

Tueh, in opposing the threatened increase in rentals, was

merely looking after his own interests. He calculated that if the raise went into effect, hundreds of small merchants would find it difficult to pay their monthly protection money.

Covering crime in Shanghai was not easy—there was so much of it. My job on the *Post and Mercury* usually started early in the morning with a tour of the courts, and it ended late in the evening with visits to police headquarters and some of the more important stations. The business people, importers, exporters, and the like, had short hours, going to work at nine o'clock in the morning, taking two hours off for lunch, and going home at five in the afternoon. But the work of the crime reporter was never finished.

I worked harder in Shanghai than I ever did on a newspaper in the United States. In a single day, I covered as many as three murder trials, a gang shooting, half a dozen armed robberies, a jewel theft, and a couple of kidnappings. Such days were not the rule, but neither were they the exception.

It was hard work primarily because I had so much territory to cover. Instead of one, there were three police headquarters to contact, the Chinese, the French, and the British. This confused state of affairs was due to the jurisdictional organization of the city. Though they cooperated with each other, the three municipalities which made up Shanghai had no central or unified control of police work.

The French Concession and its police force of three thousand men were completely independent of the British in the International Settlement. The British themselves maintained a force of more than five thousand constables and officers, six hundred of them British and the rest Chinese, Sikhs, Japanese, and Russians. The Chinese, who had a police force of about five thousand officers and men, also

operated independently. Imagine Chicago being run the same way and you have the picture.

When I started reporting in Shanghai, the problem of crime suppression was especially difficult because all a criminal had to do to escape from the Settlement was to flee across the borderline into Chinese-controlled areas or the French Concession. The British constables were required to stop at the boundary, while the French or Chinese policemen, if there were any about, took up the chase. If the criminal was finally captured, extradition proceedings were necessary before he could be brought back to the Settlement for trial.

It was a strange condition, and it resulted in many ridiculous situations. I know of one case in which a bandit held up and robbed a pedestrian on the International Settlement side of Avenue Edward VII and then fled across the street to the French Concession, where he stood laughing and thumbing his nose at a British constable who was afraid to open fire on him for fear of running into trouble with the French.

Plainclothesmen, it is true, had more freedom of movement than uniformed policemen, and they operated with comparative impunity in all three municipalities. But they found themselves entangled in endless red tape when they sought to make an arrest outside their own territory.

When a British detective found in the French Concession the hideout of a man wanted in the Settlement, he was unable to raid the place without first asking permission of the French officials. The latter were required to observe the same formality when they sought to arrest a wanted man in the Settlement. Permission was always granted, but often the delay was sufficient to give the gangster time to escape into Chinese territory. This necessitated going through the same procedure a second time. As a result of the confusion

toter until 1941, when he left China to join the Norwegian Air Force at Toronto.

Though it was quite a task, and meant considerable leg-work, the life of a reporter in Shanghai had its compensations. There was much to learn about many things—not the least of which were the Japanese.

On their own islands, the Nipponese masses live much as they did a few centuries ago. At home, they appear to be a simple and often friendly people, seemingly incapable of planning the great war which started in the Pacific on December 7, 1941. One must live in the countries they have invaded and enslaved to grasp the real magnitude of their ambitions, their swashbuckling and warlike character, their lust for world domination, and their ruthlessness.

We who lived in Shanghai had this opportunity. We could see the Japs at their worst. And though we knew it was their worst, many of us nevertheless underestimated their strength and their ability.



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## Chapter 7

### JUSTICE—JAPANESE AND CHINESE

AS USUAL where the Japanese were concerned, there was unpleasantness in the court situation in Shanghai. The proceedings of all except one of the Shanghai courts were open to newspaper reporters and the public. Just as they refused to allow foreign travelers to visit the mandated and other islands which they were fortifying, the Japanese seldom permitted us to see what was going on inside their tribunals. For that reason we never knew for certain whether the Nipponese arrested in the city for crime or misdemeanor were given the punishment they deserved. There was much evidence to indicate that they were not.

I have in mind especially the affair of a Japanese subject named Hirata, who was detained by the British police in the Settlement in 1929 on a charge of passing counterfeit Chinese currency. It was an open-and-shut case. The man

had been caught while presenting a bogus five-yuan bank-note at a native bank. A search of his pockets produced twenty similar notes, which made it quite obvious that he was in the business of circulating fake money. He was handed over to the Nipponese consular authorities for trial.

The latter, when they were notified of the arrest, expressed great indignation over what they described as the disgrace brought upon the Japanese nation and people by the activities of such a rogue. He would be dealt with drastically, they promised. Subsequent developments revealed that what they really meant was that Hirata had brought shame to his countrymen by getting caught, not by committing a crime.

Japanese consular police who called at Settlement headquarters to take charge of Hirata gave an excellent demonstration of their displeasure. In the presence of British officers they kicked the man on the shins, slapped him, and struck him with their sticks. The British protested against this display of brutality, but it continued. The Jap officials were still beating the prisoner when I saw him being led out of the Central Station compound, presumably on his way to the Japanese jail.

Cases of this kind, though not uncommon in Shanghai, were new to me, and because I had seen Hirata cuffed about by his own countrymen, my curiosity was aroused enough so that I tried to follow the case through to a conclusion. But about all I learned from Japanese officials was that they told us only what they wanted us to know and that they were definitely trying to suppress all information that might link them with the counterfeiting rings of the Orient.

After applying to the Japanese Embassy for permission to attend the hearings on the case, I waited a few days for something to happen. Beyond a polite refusal to consider my request, I heard nothing more. There was no need for

me to trouble myself, since the authorities would keep me informed of any developments in the case, said the note of rejection.

Several weeks went by and still nothing happened. As I learned later, the Japanese had good reason to keep silent. Police investigation in Shanghai and other Chinese coastal cities had revealed that much of the counterfeit money pouring into the country originated in Japan. It was true that many Chinese were also involved, but the subjects of the Mikado, though they were careful to keep their part in the business hidden, had the biggest hand in it. This was revealed in the native tribunals of China on the frequent occasions when Chinese caught for passing counterfeit notes were brought up for trial. I have heard the story, produced in evidence before Chinese judges, time and again. It was always the same.

The Japanese manufactured at least 65 per cent of all the fake banknotes that appeared in China, reaped the greatest profits, and took the least risk. Japs posing as tourists smuggled the money into the country and sold it at manufacturers' prices to another group of their countrymen who acted as jobbers. The latter peddled it wholesale to individual Chinese and some renegade whites who took the risks involved in spreading it around.

Anxious to keep their own skirts clean, Nipponese officials attempted to prevent their nationals from circulating spurious money, but it did happen now and then that some careless individual like Hirata was caught outright.

Not infrequently the Japs sought to save face by their favorite trick of passing the buck to some of their colonials. Men arrested for counterfeiting, though they told the British police who arrested them that they were Japanese, would be brushed off by their officials as "those wicked Koreans," or "those evil Formosans."

"We find it very hard to control such people," Dr. Inoue, liaison man attached to the Japanese Embassy in Shanghai, told me when I sought to get some information concerning the Hirata case. I often heard the same alibi from other official Japanese spokesmen during the years to come.

Hirata, who claimed to have been born at Nagasaki, was given this sort of a brush-off. But even that was several months in coming. Two months after his arrest a Japanese consular police officer telephoned me to announce that the Hirata affair had been settled. The "evil person," he said, had been sent to jail at Nagasaki for six months in order to make a better man out of him.

No mention was made of the charge of passing spurious money, nor was there even an attempt to deny that Hirata was a native-born Japanese. Considering the seriousness of the charge, the sentence itself was ridiculous. Any American, Briton, or Chinese convicted of the same offense would have faced several years in prison, but if the Japanese official report was to be accepted at face value, Hirata wasn't even tried for counterfeiting. He was given a hearing, apparently, for being a worthless character—that is, for having been caught.

The Hirata case was a damning indictment of Japanese legal procedure as it was applied in China. But it wouldn't have been so bad if the guilty man had at least served his full sentence. The fact remains, however, that he was back in Shanghai, and again circulating bogus currency, three months after his consular officials announced that he had been shipped to Nagasaki.

The Hirata case was not an exception. After the Japanese occupied the Chinese areas of Shanghai, it became the rule. British police of the International Settlement found it useless to arrest Japanese, Koreans, or Formosans for any form of wrongdoing. The criminals were turned over to the Nip-

ponese authorities, but about all the punishment they received was a cuffing. A few days after their arrests they were back on the streets again, selling opium, passing counterfeit notes, or soliciting for houses of prostitution.

Here, then, was definite proof that Japanese officials either were in league with the opium, counterfeiting and brothel monopolies controlled by their armed forces and syndicates, or were powerless to take repressive measures. There is no other way to interpret their failure to take action against their own criminals.

Typical of their attitude was an incident that occurred in the early period of Japanese occupation, in 1937. Settlement police arrested four Chinese and three Japanese subjects on charges of counterfeiting. I attended the hearings involving the Chinese, and their own judges handed down sentences ranging from two to four years. It was disheartening to the Chinese and other nationals when the Japs were given light sentences of a few months, which, in the end, they didn't serve. They were free in a day or two.

Like the British and the Americans, the Japanese in China were under obligation to help prevent all forms of crime, but it was an obligation which for the most part they ignored. The situation was unique because of the jurisdictional complexities caused by extraterritoriality. This arrangement provided foreigners with certain special privileges, including the right to establish and maintain courts. A foreign national in China was under the jurisdiction of his own consular authorities and subject to the laws of his own country.

An American living in China was not subject to Chinese law. He could be arrested only on a warrant issued by the United States Court for China, and he had to be tried before that same tribunal. The Chinese had no jurisdiction

over him, nor could they hold him for wrongdoing. Chinese police could seize an American if he had become involved in a serious crime in their territory, but they had to hand him over to the American officials for trial and punishment.

The same system prevailed in the case of the British and most other foreigners living in the country. Noteworthy exceptions were the Germans, who lost their special rights during the First World War and were subject to Chinese law. Soviet citizens were in the same category, Russia having voluntarily abrogated her special privileges.

Perhaps the best way of showing how extraterritoriality (an abbreviation of the term extraterritoriality) worked is to tell the story of Jay Martin, a young American arrested in Shanghai in 1936 on the charge of murdering a Chinese rickshaw coolie.

Though he was only nineteen at the time, Martin was a veteran vagabond. He had drifted to China as a seaman on a tramp freighter, had jumped ship, and was living largely by panhandling. I first encountered him on the Bund one afternoon when he approached me for the price of a bed. His speech and clothing made his nationality apparent, and I, surprised that an American of his age should be begging on the streets of an Oriental city, asked questions and obtained a few answers. He came of a well-to-do family and was on an allowance. He admitted that he was a black sheep and offered no alibis. His chief objective in life, he said, was to travel and have a good time, and he wasn't above soliciting alms to help himself along.

That was the last I saw of Jay for several weeks—but I saw much of him later on. Early one morning I was awakened by a telephone call from Settlement police headquarters. Detective Inspector Arthur Tilton wanted me to identify an American held for investigation on a possible charge of murder. The man had been arrested by the Chinese po-

lice in the native city and had given his name as Jay Martin. He had said that I could identify him.

I went over into Chinese territory and took a look at the boy. He was a frightful mess, covered with ordure from head to foot. He had just been fished out of a stagnant creek used by the Chinese as a place of disposal for the excrement collected early each morning from the dwellings of the native city.

After considerable interrogation, during which we held our noses, Tilton and I managed to get a coherent story. Jay, being a newcomer to Shanghai, had made the mistake of flashing his bankroll in public, and some of the rickshaw coolies in the area had happened to see it.

Martin admitted that he had had too many highballs and was in urgent need of a bed when he called a rickshaw to haul him to his Salvation Army lodgings about three o'clock one morning. It was his hard luck to hail a coolie who had seen him display his money several hours earlier. After telling the coolie where to go, Martin got into the rickshaw and soon fell into a drunken sleep. That was what the coolie hoped would happen; it was obvious that his program called for the robbing of his fare.

Instead of following directions, the rickshaw man took Martin several miles through the French Concession, crossed the Chinese City, and stopped near a creek. Jay claimed that when he woke up, the coolie had him stretched out on the bank of the stream and was bending over him and going through his pockets. The realization that he was being robbed sobered him enough so that he gave battle, and during the fight the pair fell into the creek and its filth. The coolie choked to death, and except for the timely appearance of two Chinese constables, Martin's life might have ended the same way.

Robberies like this were not unusual in China. In fact,



people who became intoxicated and fell asleep in the rickshaws of the East could expect little else. The rickshaw coolie sometimes fails to earn enough in an entire day to pay for his rice. The thought of acquiring a few extra dollars simply by going through a drunken man's pockets is a temptation that few of his class can resist.

Though the rickshaw man commits a crime in robbing a bar-fly, I have never been able to condemn him for it. But because of his youth and inexperience, I felt sorry for Martin and made an effort to help him. The first thing was to get him a bath and soak him in eau de cologne; the sooner this could be done, the better for all of us who had to be near him. My hopes in this respect unfortunately were shattered by the slow processes of extrajudiciality. Almost nine hours elapsed before we were able to put the prisoner in some clean water.

From start to finish, the case went through all these stages: When Martin was detained by the Chinese, they notified the International Settlement police as their most convenient point of contact. The Settlement police sent Tilton to make inquiries on the spot, and he, discovering the serious nature of the affair, called the American authorities. The United States Court for China then issued a warrant for Martin's arrest and sent the American Marshal for China to the native city to take charge of the case. Martin was then transported across the boundaries to a Settlement police station, where he was held long enough for a scrub and a fingerprinting. He was later taken to Ward Road Jail and put in a cell rented and paid for on a daily basis by the American officials. He was finally brought before Judge Milton J. Helmick, head of the United States Court for China, and given a hearing based on evidence collected chiefly by British detectives of the Settlement force, who

in turn were assisted by the Chinese authorities. His plea of self-defense won the case for him.

The procedure in Martin's case was precisely the same as that followed by the British, French, and other foreign nationals in China who enjoyed extraterritorial rights—with one difference. While the rest of us washed our dirty linen in public at open court sessions, the Japanese did nothing of the sort.

When an American or a Briton got into trouble with the law and court action was necessary, he received the same treatment he would have had at home. He was given a fair trial, but if there was any scandal it was not kept from the public, even though it embarrassed our communities as a whole and reflected against Occidental prestige in the Orient.

As Shanghai was a treaty port and open to almost anyone who wanted to go there, it was impossible to prevent the arrival of fugitives from justice of all nationalities. The British had their share, and so did we and the French, the Swiss, the Portuguese, the Belgians, and all the rest. On the whole, however, the Americans in the city, and in all of China, were a rather well-behaved lot. I can recall only one manslaughter trial and three or four murder cases in the United States Court for China during the fourteen years I spent covering that tribunal.

Most of the actions before the court were civil, though it happened now and then that some confidence men, promoters of skin games and passers of bad checks drifted into town, fell into their old ways, and had to learn that they couldn't do anything in China that the law said they couldn't do at home. It was a shock to some of them to discover that American legal processes functioned in Cathay

with the same efficiency that they did in New York and San Francisco.

One of the outstanding cases in the history of the United States Court for China was that of Jack Riley, alias Becker, an escaped convict from the Oklahoma state prison. Under sentence of twenty-five years for robbery, he turned up in Shanghai in 1925 and managed to keep his identity secret until late in 1940, when he was arrested on charges of operating gambling concessions and games.

During the intervening fifteen years, Riley had made a fortune operating slot machines, night clubs and restaurants. Though his social standing in the American community was not of the highest, his ability to make money was respected. Shanghai was tremendously surprised to learn of his jail record in the United States, which was revealed after he had been fingerprinted.

Though he had disfigured his fingertips with acid and some self-executed surgery, he had failed to remove all the telling lines. His prints were sent to Washington, where the Federal Bureau of Investigation did a remarkable job of reconstruction. Riley's record was traced, even to the doctor who officiated at his birth, and was revealed in the United States Court for China on the first day of his trial.

Until that day, Riley had been confident that his past would not be unearthed, and had continued to circulate about town under \$25,000 bail, attending to his affairs as if nothing had happened. He was a physical wreck when he left the courtroom at noon after the first morning of the trial, and he failed to return for the afternoon session, spending the next three months hiding out in Japanese-controlled territory and under Japanese protection.

Any Occidental with a criminal record was in good standing with the Japs. Such a man was a potential espionage agent. Through fear or by financial reward he could be in-

duced to do Tokyo's bidding and engage in acts of skulduggery which the Nipponese, because of their color, couldn't do themselves. A white man, of course, could move about in society that was closed to Japanese.

The payrolls of the Japanese military in China carried several of these men. There was Elly Widler, the Swiss gun-runner, and also Nathaniel Rabin, a Russian once deported from the United States who acted as a spotter of wealthy Chinese who might be good kidnaping prospects. After Pearl Harbor they were joined by one Don Chisholm, who became a Lord Haw-Haw for the Japs, using the American-owned radio station from which I had broadcast until its seizure by the Japanese.

Although Jack Riley was no friend of the Japanese, he stood high in their estimation because of the protection money his casino paid them. Whether they intended to use him when he came to them for protection I do not know, but their record in similar cases was clear. They were using the cast-offs of the Occident to further their own ends, and Riley, frightened and running away from the law, was in no position to dictate. His position was desperate: if he returned to the United States he might spend the rest of his life in jail, for he was well into his forties. And the fact remains that the Japs did give him refuge in areas within their jurisdiction.

Deputy Marshal Sam Titlebaum was the man who arrested Riley. Sam, as he told the story to me, had received several tips concerning the fugitive's whereabouts, but in almost every case it was necessary to apply to the Japanese authorities for permission to enter their territory and make the arrest. And since Sam was a cripple, he had to have assistance from the Settlement police in making the trip.

At first he made the mistake of telling the Japs where he wanted to go, and when he arrived at the designated place

Riley, apparently having been tipped off, had vanished. But one evening Sam neglected to inform either the Japanese or the Settlement police where it was that he had located the gambler's hideout. This time he made his arrest, and Riley was returned to the United States to serve eighteen months in the federal prison at McNeil Island and to face his uncompleted sentence in Oklahoma.

Weeks later, the American community was shocked when Titlebaum himself was arrested on charges of misappropriating the United States Court arsenal of several automatic pistols, which he had sold to Chinese puppets. He drew a long prison term at McNeil Island.

While Americans and other Western nationals in China may have lost some local prestige by not hiding their scandals as the Japs did, they set a good example for the Chinese and thereby helped pave the way for a more efficient functioning of the native courts.

After the new Chinese criminal and legal codes adopted by Generalissimo Chiang's government went into effect in 1935, the holding of hearings and trials *in camera* virtually disappeared from the native courts. Democracy made its appearance in the tribunals of the country and rich men and coolies were given equal treatment, perhaps for the first time in the history of China. Law-breaking members of all classes had to face trial in open sessions. The old favoritism shown the wealthy and upper classes by the provincial and city magistrates began to disappear and the old-style magistrates vanished from the bench.

This was one of the biggest steps toward unity which the new Chinese régime made. The older Chinese and the diehards among the foreigners thought that the establishment of a modern system of jurisprudence in China was impossible. They based their argument on the great differences

between various provinces in customs, traditions, and conceptions of law, and contended that the habits of two thousand years could not be broken in a short period of time. As far as the regions under the control of the new government were concerned, the conservatives were wrong. I saw the transition period and I was truly amazed at the progress made.

Legal reforms instituted by Nanking were both effective and far-reaching. Courts were modernized, and for the first time in twenty centuries or more China had an established code of law intended to be countrywide in scope. Modern law schools appeared in the leading cities and the old spoils system in the appointment of judges, which had characterized the courts of China during the days of the provincial warlords, vanished. Better-qualified men began to appear on the benches.

It would be patently untrue to say that all of China had taken part in this modernization. The nation is too vast, and many of its outlying *hsien* are too remote from the principal zones of culture and industry for all of the country's four hundred million citizens to feel the permanent effects of any reform within a decade, or even longer. But the main centers of population did come under the new system and within three or four years accepted it as a decided improvement.

As a beginning, China's new criminal code united all of Central China under a single set of laws. When the efficiency of these laws had been demonstrated, the unification spread to the north and south. Shanghai was the first large city to feel the effects, and it was here that the code met its greatest initial success. Chinese courts in both the foreign concessions and the native districts, holding themselves up as examples for the rest of the nation, followed to the letter the new code and the punishments outlined.

They had the satisfaction of seeing other large cities of the country follow their lead with equally beneficial results.

The China Criminal Code is noteworthy for its simplicity. The judge or practicing attorney in China does not need a library of hundreds of volumes filled with precedents to guide him in the handling of a case. All the basic criminal law he needs to know is contained in one small volume of 182 pages. As a consequence, the congestion of court calendars that once existed is no longer apparent. For instance, the First Special District Court of Shanghai's International Settlement, once hard put to it to handle fifteen hundred criminal cases in a month, was clearing a docket of almost three thousand crime actions during the same period by the middle of 1937, just one year and a half after the new criminal code had gone into effect.

Considering that in 1938 less than eleven thousand criminal cases were tried in all the courts of the state of New York, this single Shanghai tribunal, with more than twice as many actions on its docket and less than twelve judges to handle them, could well be held up to the world as a model of swiftness in administering justice.

In Old China, the dispensation of justice was largely in the hands of individual King Solomons, or the hsien and provincial magistrates. Many of these officials, appointed by the ruling warlords, ran their courts to suit themselves, yet some of them knew little of the law and had only a faint conception of justice. They held complete power of life and death over those brought before them, and some of the tortures they imposed as punishment were as terrible as anything conceived by the Axis in the present war.

A man could lose his head for the theft of a watch, if one of the old magistrates so ruled. He could be boiled in oil for an armed robbery. On the other hand, a wealthy person could steal a million dollars and draw three months in

jail—with sentence suspended because of some technicality imagined by the magistrate. Actually, sentence depended largely on the locality in which a crime was committed and the judge before whom the accused was tried.

Of course, it would be unfair to say that all the old-style magistrates of China were inefficient and ruthless. Some of them had a high conception of justice, but even they were guided to a certain extent by old superstitions, traditions and customs. On the whole, the magistrate system was corrupt and evil.

Its corruption was forcefully brought home to me one morning in 1930 in Shasi, a port on the Yangtse River above Hankow. I was on a sightseeing tour of the place and happened to pass the execution grounds. Fourteen Chinese men, most of them of the coolie and peasant class, and four women were being beheaded. I watched the executioner swing his sword eighteen times, and then sought someone who could tell me something of the crimes the condemned people had committed. It seemed to me that the offenses must have been rather terrible to have warranted such punishment.

The magistrate of the district gave me the information I wanted. One of the criminals was a murderer, but the others were petty thieves, pickpockets or handbag snatchers. Only one of the eighteen, the killer, had committed a crime warranting execution.

Later I was told that in that same city pawnshops were charging as high as 100 per cent interest per year on loans, and the magistrate himself directed me to the "thieves' market," a place on the outskirts of the city where the "fences," or receivers of stolen property, displayed their wares under the protection of the police. And at the city limits I saw municipal policemen collecting "squeeze" from peasants bringing their cotton to market. My guide ex-



plained that, besides having to pay to get into the city with their marketable farm produce, they would also have to pay the police to get out. I remained in the area long enough to confirm his statement.

One of the results of this condition was that China's masses actually feared the police and regarded them more as bandits than as officials whose task it was to protect the public. This state of mind still existed among the Chinese lower classes in Shanghai when I first started to cover crime in that city for the *Evening Post and Mercury*. Scores of crimes were committed that were never reported to the authorities.

Chinese victims of crime kept their losses silent because they feared that they would be roughly treated by the police or that reprisals would be taken against them by the criminals. They had not yet learned that the British and French police of the city really gave protection to the people living under their jurisdiction, and it took years of educational work on the part of the foreign authorities to prove to them that this was the case.

During my first few years as a crime reporter in Shanghai, I accompanied the Settlement police on many nightly roundups of robbers, kidnapers or fences. The law-abiding Chinese of the neighborhoods that we entered invariably closed their doors to us or refused to give us information, for fear that they too would be taken to the police stations and locked up with the criminals.

In time, however, this impression of the police began to disappear in Shanghai and by August, 1937, when the Japanese started their invasion of the area, few armed robbers could count on staging a holdup and finishing the job before an alarm was raised. For the first time in decades, crime was being suppressed in Shanghai. Through the efforts of Generalissimo Chiang's government and its reforms, ban-

ditions and extortionists in the interior were finding the pickings increasingly slim, while more and more of their number were going to jail.

Japan eyed these reforms with disapproval; they meant a strong China in the future and they conflicted with Japanese plans to keep the country weakened and in turmoil. And in the territories she occupied, Japan saw to it that lawlessness was revived on a greater scale than ever before.

If not in the present, then certainly in the future when the history of contemporary China and her struggle is finally written, Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek must be regarded as the greatest Chinese who ever lived. Considering the tremendous obstacles he had to overcome in unifying a superstitious, socially backward, warlord-ridden China to the point where it was able to keep up prolonged resistance against one of the mightiest and most ambitious military powers in history, there is no other description that will do justice to China's great leader.

With Chiang, it was not merely a question of marching an army from Canton in the south to Shanghai and thence to North China. This he did, but his biggest problems were in ridding his country of ancient customs and beliefs which had kept her in a backward state for centuries. He had the job of bringing a nation out of the Dark Ages and converting it to a modern sense of civilization, and his time was limited. Japan was already trying to tear down what he was beginning to build up. An open clash of arms was inevitable.

For Chiang, there was not one evil to fight, but many. The old magistrate system of courts and a corrupt officialdom were as much a curse to China as opium. So were gambling and illiteracy and superstition. So were profiteering and hoarding. And so was *likin*, that insidious form of taxa-

tion imposed by provincial rulers of Old China on merchandise transported from one hsien and province to another.

A good example of the *likin* system came to my notice on the docks at Chungking one day in 1930. I counted as many as thirty-five different *likin* chops, or stamps, on single pieces of cargo. This meant that transit taxes had been paid no less than thirty-five times on the way from the coast to the Szechwan port. These levies were in addition to legitimate tariffs paid the Chinese Maritime Customs. And on the same cases I counted as many as forty other chops, provincial stamps indicating that the merchants had paid their taxes to the ruling warlord for forty years in advance. Szechwan had not yet come under the domination of Chiang's new régime.

Chiang's first reform was the abolition of tax abuses, and it was successful. It also started his rise to popularity with the masses. In this work Chiang was not tolerant. It was impossible to be tolerant and at the same time wage successful war against malpractices centuries old. He did, however, wipe out *likin*, and he and the advisers and revolutionary officials he gathered around him made visible progress in other reforms they instituted.

They made too many advances to suit Japan. But Chiang brought enough light to unify his people so that they were inspired to stand up and resist for years all the machines and horrors of war that Japan could throw at them.

Many will say that the natural Chinese hatred of the Japanese was mainly responsible for China's long fight against the aggressor. This is partly true, but natural hatred is of little use without a leader. Chiang deserves at least as much credit for China's fighting spirit as the inherent enmity which his countrymen have for the little men from the islands off the mainland of East Asia.

## Chapter 8

### MIXED COURT

WHEN I first started to cover Shanghai's Mixed Court, in 1928, it was going through a transitional stage, passing from Occidental to Chinese control. The Mixed Court was a curious institution, and it seems rather appropriate that one of my first stories about the place had to do with a gang of thieves who stole a steamroller from the court compound. This was quite an achievement, since the court area was surrounded by high stone walls and was always under heavily armed guard. The thieves, four in number, used forged credentials to show that they were municipal employees and got by the guards at the main gate. After firing the boiler in a steamroller used to pave streets, they drove off with the machine. A few days later it turned up in pieces in the hands of a Japanese junk dealer, just so much more scrap iron for Jap battle-

ships which were under construction contrary to the provisions of the Washington Naval Treaty.

Tokyo, even then, was building for warship tonnage parity with Great Britain and the United States, despite her pledges not to do so. Before the end of 1937, less than two years after the expiration of the Washington pact, Japanese spokesmen were openly boasting that they had battleship parity with the United States. I raised the issue with Commander Saito, the Japanese naval spokesman in Shanghai at that time, and received this bland reply: "I think we have battleships enough to match the American fleet's strength."

Not long after the steamroller episode, Mr. Suzuki and I tilted for the first time since my arrival in Shanghai. It was the result of another Mixed Court yarn.

The Settlement and Frenchtown police were finding it very difficult to prevent the wholesale theft of manhole covers from the city's streets. As a matter of record, the day seldom passed without two or three covers being stolen, and it happened now and then that one of the thieves, usually a Chinese, was caught and brought to trial. Police in other treaty ports in China were having the same trouble.

Most of the covers, made of heavy iron, found their way into the scrap piles in the yards of Japanese junk buyers. This opportunity for a jibe at Tokyo was too good to miss, and I made the most of it. At the moment, I was doing some special writing for the *Asiatic Fleet Magazine*, a Shanghai publication slanted at American armed forces in the Orient, and I turned in a couple of paragraphs suggesting that Nippon was building a fleet from the manhole covers of the large cities of China. It was published.

Mr. Suzuki found my suggestion exasperating. His efficient servant Dr. Inoue, from the Japanese Embassy, called on me to report that his government was annoyed. It was

not Japan's fault, he said, that the scrap iron she was buying contained many Shanghai and Tientsin manhole covers. How was a simple Japanese junk dealer to know where they came from?

I expressed the view that any adult junk dealer should know that a manhole cover was likely to be the property of some municipality, and added that in my opinion the Japanese buyers of old iron were receivers of much stolen property.

There was no getting away from the fact that the petty thieves of China were stealing iron and other metals wherever they could find them lying about loose, and were selling their loot to the Japs. Officials of Holt's Wharf, a British dock, estimated that they lost five dollars' worth of iron every day and that almost all of it ended up in Japanese hands.

Jardine's, MacKenzie's, and other big wharf and dock owners experienced similar losses. The amounts stolen from each place every day were small, but the totals for a week were great and the total at the end of the year was tremendous. And this sort of theft was not confined to China; it was taking place in other countries of the East where the Japs were the principal junk buyers. It is my guess that at least two or three Japanese battleships and a fair number of destroyers were built out of old iron stolen by the petty thieves of the Orient long before the 1937 attack on China.

At least five or six cases involving such thefts came up every week in the Mixed Court, but for every thief who was caught, twenty or more escaped. It is hard to attach much blame to the thieves; they were beggars, the aged and the unemployed who stole to buy a bowl of rice. I saw many of them as they stood in the prisoner's dock and told their stories. Some were ragged urchins; only a few were professional thieves. Many were old women, arrested for the theft

of fifty cents' worth of iron. Others were old men who had not enjoyed a good meal in years. To them, a few cents' worth of iron was a fortune. The fact that it also meant a few rivets for a Jap battleship probably never entered their minds. They sold to the Japs because the latter paid more than their competitors and asked no questions about the source of the iron.

Not a few of these thieves welcomed the jail sentences they received, for in the big prison on Ward Road they were given more and better food than they had ever tasted. In fact, one of the long-standing complaints of the Shanghai taxpayers was about the money expended by the municipal government to feed the Settlement's convicts. Many of them stole simply for the chance to go to jail.

To me, the Mixed Court was an inexhaustible source of information about life in the Orient. Through its many courtrooms passed a daily procession of the hungry and wicked of a great city. They told a tale of Shanghai and China that it was impossible to obtain from any other source.

Here one could get much of the real story of the opium rackets, since at least four or five narcotic cases were tried every morning. Kidnapers were condemned to death, given their last meal in an anteroom, and then transported to the execution grounds in a black police van. Sometimes cases of intrigue involving the Japanese and their machinations in China were on the dockets.

Though there were times when a desk job kept me confined to my office several hours a day, I made it a point never to lose contact with the court during my long residence in China. A dull day could be turned into an interesting one simply by dropping in at the tribunal charge room, looking over the list of actions under way, and select-

ing the most promising ones to listen to. Some interesting session, perhaps a murder case, was almost certain to be in progress.

The court had its beginning in 1864 in an outbuilding of the British Consulate General. It was brought into existence as a result of the exodus of large numbers of Chinese from the interior into the International Settlement. Most of the new arrivals were law-abiding people fleeing from internal strife, but others were members of bandit gangs who had escaped from their provincial authorities. Crime started to mount, and since many of the apprehended criminals were Chinese, some means of dealing with them had to be found.

The Mixed Court was the solution to this problem. The bench was placed in the hands of a Chinese magistrate, and a foreign assessor, who usually had the most influence in rendering final decisions, was appointed by the consular body. The court held civil and criminal jurisdiction not only over the Chinese but also over foreigners who were without consular representation in the city and therefore lacked extraterritorial privileges.

One of the first things the Chinese National Government did after its establishment in 1927 was to demand the rendition of the mixed courts in the foreign concessions of all Chinese treaty ports. The new régime, with its wave of reforms, was confident of its ability to reorganize the legal system of the country, and the interested foreign powers were willing to cooperate.

The mixed courts, though they retained a Chinese magistrate and a foreign assessor, underwent reorganization and greater powers were accorded native officials. Removal of the foreigners from the bench was pledged by the other nations concerned, after a provisional period which the Chi-



nese were given to prove their ability to modernize their courts.

The new government made good, and the mixed courts were turned over to Nanking in 1930. The foreign assessors were removed, leaving Chinese judges in full authority. The big Settlement tribunal, with its twenty-some courtrooms, became the First Special District Court, the most important of its kind in China. This was the initial step taken by both the Chinese and the foreigners toward the total abolition of extraterritoriality, a move which came in a joint London and Washington announcement in the fall of 1942.

If the Chinese could prove themselves capable of running their own courts in accordance with modern practice and democratic conceptions of justice, extraterritoriality was bound to become unnecessary, assuring the abolition of the foreign courts. The foreign concessions of China were extraterritorialized in the first place only because the Occidentals were unwilling to trust themselves to the jurisdiction of the corrupt magistrate courts of China.

Thus the abolition of the Mixed Court in Shanghai's International Settlement was really a test of the ability of modern-minded Chinese at Nanking to reshape the laws of the nation and help unify them under a new system of jurisprudence. I can testify to the success of the Chinese, for I spent some time in at least five days of every week in the court over a period of more than a decade. And I also covered the tribunal during the last two years of its existence with a mixed foreign and native bench.

The men of Nanking were not indulging in idle prophecy when they claimed they could modernize the courts and laws of China to the satisfaction of the world. Though they retained some of the best points of their ancient traditions

and philosophies, their reforms were effective and covered many evils.

White slavery, formerly dealt with in China as a minor offense, suddenly became a serious matter. Men and women who sold their daughters into brothels found themselves serving long jail terms. Gangs who prospered by abducting young girls for the same purpose were given sentences running up to twenty years. An ancient and unsavory Chinese custom received what would have been a death blow except for Japanese aggression. When they entered the country, the Japs became the brothel masters of the China Coast and revived white slavery on a grand scale.

It is noteworthy that while China took drastic action to break up the ancient tradition that girls could be peddled into this form of servitude, Japan, supposedly a more advanced nation, retained the system and permitted it to function under official control. Every troop convoy sent to China after 1937 brought with it groups of Japanese girls, loaned by their parents to the military authorities. The Japanese press and news agencies announced that they had made the crossing to China "to comfort their nation's fighting men."

I questioned some of these young women, and while they felt they were being patriotic, most of them were looking forward to the time when the mortgage on the old home in Kiushu would be paid off as a result of their efforts and they could return. In other words, they had been "loaned" by their parents to the whoremasters of the Japanese Army until they had earned enough to pay off family obligations; then their bondage would cease. The girls themselves were not disturbed over questions of morals. They were performing a duty expected of them by both their families and their country, and if they fell victims to venereal disease (which a large percentage of them did), it was just their hard luck.

Not only in China, but in any section of the Pacific where the Japs are in control, this sort of thing is to be found in every town or city of any size. You don't have to hunt for it; it stares you in the face. Almost every issue of the Japanese dailies published in the occupied areas carries a report of new arrivals of Nipponese girls to "comfort the troops." And in these same areas there are Japanese-controlled slave markets where abducted Chinese girls are auctioned off to brothel keepers.

The process of abduction is quite simple. In the spring of 1941, for instance, Japanese military authorities in the Soochow area issued to the native population an edict stating that "one out of every ten young Chinese women will be required to lend herself to the task of helping Japanese girls comfort the soldiers of occupation." This order was published in both Chinese and English papers under the protection of the International Settlement. As associate editor of the *China Press*, I was among those who published it.

This was one type of adverse publicity against which the Japanese did not protest. Actually, they didn't consider it derogatory, and made no effort to hide obvious immorality and rapine. As they saw it, their troops "needed comforting" and the question of morals did not enter into the problem. The supply of Japanese young women around Soochow was not sufficient to fill what was considered a vital requirement, so the military authorities decided to force native girls into service.

While the Japanese officially abetted prostitution, the Chinese courts under Generalissimo Chiang's régime carried on intensive war against it. At the outset this reform was carried to an extreme in many cities and towns of China. In the native districts of Shanghai, crusading Chinese police officials in 1929 closed down whole brothel dis-

tricts, including the notorious "Trenches" on Jukong Road. Hundreds of women were turned into the streets and most of them drifted into the International Settlement, creating a new problem for the British police.

In earlier years, crusades by some of the elderly foreign ladies of the Settlement had stopped municipal officials from licensing bawdy houses. These places were so numerous that the task of trying to close them all was too much for a police force already overworked in trying to suppress more serious crime, so a policy of control rather than abolition was undertaken, and it proved a much more suitable solution to the problem.

This policy was adopted later by the Chinese authorities in Shanghai, though in other cities of the country more drastic reform measures continued. The fight against prostitution in China was left largely in the hands of municipal officials appointed by the new government at Nanking. Some of them exercised tolerance, others did not, but in general they made more trouble for prostitution than it had ever experienced before.

Of course, drastic national laws against white slavery were of great assistance to municipal officials who operated against prostitution under their own by-laws. Procurers and dealers were given long prison terms by the rejuvenated Chinese courts, and this action alone reduced the number of prostitutes in most municipalities.

The Chinese, when they assumed complete control of the Settlement tribunal, were able to clear a docket more rapidly than the old Mixed Court, partly because of the removal of the foreign assessors. Long consultations between the assessors and Chinese magistrates who sat on the bench with them were no longer necessary. When the Chinese took over, all power was centered in a single judge. There

was no trial by jury, but that was not unusual in Shanghai. In the old United States Court for China (which was discontinued with the reorganization of the court system) the judge had had the power both to return judgment and to pass sentence.

Another reason why Chinese judges today are able to clear a docket rather rapidly is that if the evidence is conclusive they usually waste no time in closing one case and moving on to the next one. Noteworthy in this respect was Judge Kiang's handling of the slot machine problem.

The new laws of China take a strong stand against all forms of gambling, and the introduction of the "dime-eating tiger," as the Chinese call the American-made slot machine, was frowned upon by the authorities. They took direct action against it, as did the British police of the Settlement. The French, however, saw a chance to increase their municipal revenues, and licensed the machines and permitted their operation. Though they were banned in the territory north of Avenue Edward VII, one could walk across that street into Frenchtown and find the "one-armed bandits" in large numbers.

The French refusal to cooperate did not sway the determination of the British and Chinese. The latter cleaned the slot machines out of their municipalities in one great sweep. There was no delayed action and very little argument. Orders were issued one morning in the summer of 1936, and the machines were out of operation by nightfall.

Opposition came from only one quarter, a small Chinese restaurant in the Settlement. The owner insisted that the slot machine was not a gambling device. I was present when he was arrested and I heard him heap abuse on the police and the courts. His argument was both unusual and interesting.

"How can claim slot machine gambling?" he shouted at

the raiding party. "No can claim such lie. Slot machine not gambling. Machine pay back money."

Subsequent questioning revealed that the man thought of gambling only as a game in which the player was never permitted to win even a small stake. To his mind, the fact that a slot machine rewarded a customer with an occasional jackpot removed it from the category of gambling devices. It didn't matter that it eventually got all the customer's money.

Judge Kiang, of the First Special District Court, settled the issue in just two hours. The machine seized at the restaurant was brought into court and presented as Exhibit 1 in what was to prove a test case involving the right of authority to ban slot machines. His Honor listened to the arguments of the police and the accused, decided that he was not making any progress with the case, and left the bench to give the machine his personal attention. After timidly inspecting the device, he asked how it worked.

A British sergeant suggested that the judge could probably decide the case most easily by playing the machine himself. Kiang dropped a coin into the slot and pulled the handle. He hit a row of oranges and collected eight coins in return. He turned a sour face toward the police. Maybe they were wrong.

"Keep on playing it," the sergeant insisted. The judge did, and lost his initial return. From then on the show was one of the best I have ever witnessed in any courtroom.

Kiang sent a court attendant to a nearby money exchange shop for five dollars' worth of twenty-cent pieces, the coin used in China for playing slot machines. Then he spent about twenty minutes losing his five dollars. He started to sweat and, forgetting his dignity, removed his gown. He sent the attendant back to the exchange shop for another five dollars' worth of coins.

The news that Judge Kiang was playing a slot machine in his court spread from one courtroom to another. Other judges recessed their cases to watch the fun. Chinese constables and British officers on duty at the court flocked into the room. Soon we were packed in the place as tight as Jap troops on a transport, with the police keeping the crowd back from the little circle of space in which the judge was at work.

The hearing of the case had started at ten o'clock in the morning. By noon, Judge Kiang had poured twenty dollars into the machine, and that settled all arguments.

The slot machine was about the only gambling device the Japanese did not encourage when they entered the Shanghai area in 1937. At least, they kept it out of Little Tokyo. Anything that could fleece the other fellow was all right with the Nipponese authorities, but it was a different matter when they discovered that their own troops easily became slot machine addicts.

I have seen Jap soldiers stand in line waiting for a chance to pull a handle and lose their month's pay. I also have seen the same men throw slot machines against the wall because they failed to win a jackpot. But they usually lost so much of their pay that the owners of the machines could make repairs and still have a handsome profit. This gold mine lasted only a few weeks, for the Japanese command, finding its men unable to buy cigarettes after a session with the "dime-eating tigers," prohibited their operation in military zones.

Slot machine owners operating in the French Concession, however, made small fortunes from the Japanese obsession. Strangely enough, the Jap did not frequent the casinos he protected. Roulette, chemin de fer and baccarat failed to interest him, but the slot machine was something else. The gadget fascinated him, and he played it at every

opportunity. The French merely saw to it that he got the opportunity. Though the Nipponese did not permit their soldiers to enter the French Concession except on transport duty, Jap newsmen and some special service people were allowed in the area. They were there every payday, pouring their money into slot machines.

Despite the speed in taking testimony and returning decisions displayed by the judges of the First Special District Court, one case that dragged through the tribunal for years was still unsettled when I left the Orient.

The action first made its appearance in the old Mixed Court. The Chinese fell heir to it when they assumed complete control of this bench. The issue was never settled because it involved the livelihood of Chinese slaughterhouse employees. The complainant in the case was the British branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The butchers were the defendants. The argument concerned an important item of China's export trade, pig bristles.

China's pig bristles are regarded as the best in the world for making toothbrushes, because they are plucked from live pigs. Bristles thus acquired retain their stiffness, and they bring premium prices. The pigs, on the other hand, although they are about to be turned into hams and pork chops, find the plucking of their bristles most painful. Their squeals have had a devastating effect on the prices of real estate near the abattoirs of China. Few persons care to build in such a noisy neighborhood.

S.P.C.A. officials, when they extended operations to China at the beginning of the present century, immediately launched a crusade against the practice of plucking live pigs, but it got few results. They failed, even with the for-



eign assessor in the Mixed Court, because a decision in their favor would have robbed the abattoir workers of a living.

The butchers of China are not paid a wage. They make fair money, however—perhaps the equivalent of seventy American cents daily, or more than double the earnings of Chinese factory workers. This revenue is obtained from a concession: they get the bristles plucked from the pigs. And that is all they get.

The S.P.C.A. contended that the problem could be solved by paying wages to the worker. Both the employer and the employee objected, the former on the grounds that he would be forced to raise the price of pork, the latter because he felt that he might be reduced to the low wages paid other workers, about thirty cents a day.

Although the court always sided with the workers, the Society never stopped trying. Every week three or four slaughterhouse employees were stood in the dock to face charges of inhumane treatment of animals. The court invariably pursued one of two courses: either it imposed a small fine on the defendant or it dismissed the case. It could do little else. A more important issue than a pig in pain was involved. The livelihood of human beings and their families was at stake.

## Chapter 9

### STALINGRAD IN CHINA

THE NEWSPAPERMAN looking for experience could find an unlimited variety in Shanghai. Besides covering everything from murder trials to divorce cases, those of us who worked on English-language dailies in the city had to be prepared to don steel helmets and cover a war on our own doorsteps.

During my time in Shanghai I have covered a battle in the morning and a fraud case or murder trial in one of the Settlement's numerous courts the afternoon of the same day. The battle involved fighting planes, heavy artillery and masses of infantry. The fraud case concerned the disappearance of a few thousand dollars. This was not the exception; it was the rule when Shanghai was in the middle of war.

One example of this sort of thing stands out vividly in my memory. I spent the morning of August 22, 1937, on

top of the Texaco water tower located on an island in the Whangpoo River, watching a thousand Japanese blue-jackets slaughtered by Chinese machine-gun fire. It was an early Jap attempt to land at Woosung Forts. In the afternoon of that same day, I tramped about the bloody streets of Nanking Road gathering material for a morning-edition report of the bombing of Shanghai's department store district.

Before I could finish the day, I had to visit the Chinese courts and cover a story about the theft of a fistful of diamonds from a jewelry shop by a gang of gypsies led by a notorious character known as Hatchet-Face Rosie. The fact that Shanghai newsmen considered it necessary to cover her trial was evidence of the unusual situation existing in the city.

Though the crash of bombs and the bursting of trench mortar shells pounded in our ears around the clock, we still retained some local news sense. It was essential that we did, for war had become commonplace for the average Shanghai resident. The foreign population, made up of many different communities, was deeply concerned over politics and world affairs, but it also retained its interest in horse races, society events and current scandals. Despite the cosmopolitan nature of the city, there was a good deal of small-village atmosphere.

Every community had its own diversions, clubs and recreations. While the individual groups, especially the British, French and Americans, got along well together, each national group had its own special interests and the press had to cater to them. For instance, the Americans were more concerned with plans for the annual Fourth of July celebration than with the program arranged by the British for the King's Birthday, or French observance of Bastille Day. Newspapermen, however, had to give equal attention

and column space to all three. We also had to acquaint ourselves with the various national clubs of the metropolis because much news originated in them. And it was necessary for us to know something about the legal codes and laws of many countries, because of the complexities of extraterritoriality and the numerous foreign and Chinese courts we had to cover.

We were not foreign correspondents who could write one or two stories on the war, send them to the cable office, and call it a day. Though some of us added a few dollars to our incomes by working for the news agency bureaus, actually we were local newsmen. Our subscribers wanted local gossip along with their blood and cannon thunder, and it was our job to give it to them.

Despite the many fields we had to cover on the spot, our newspaper standards, not only in Shanghai but in other large cities of the Orient, were comparable to those of the Occident. In one respect they were even higher: editors and reporters on the dailies of Shanghai, Manila, Tokyo, Singapore and Calcutta were more than headline hunters. Our headlines had to fit the news, for in the Far East it was the text of the news rather than the headlines which sold the papers.

The reporter or desk man in Shanghai, catering as he did to readers of almost every nationality, acquired an international outlook and developed cosmopolitan methods of reporting. But he also kept the common touch because of the village mentality of the various communities. In reality, our papers were a combination of metropolitan dailies and small-town weeklies.

Those of us who had isolationist views when we left home soon lost them when we reached the Orient. We found a lot of other people in the world besides ourselves and our own countrymen, and we learned that some of the

others were as important in the general scheme of things as we were. Most of us found out rather early during our stay in the East that the United States could not exist as a great economic power inside its own three-mile territorial water limit. The Pacific Basin, we discovered, was quite as vital to the American living in Peoria, Illinois, or Sioux Falls, South Dakota, as it was to the Suzuki and Watanabe families in Obama. This was plainly apparent in the great cargoes of rubber, tin, quinine, camphor, tung oil, hemp, coconut oil, pig bristles and other essential products of Asia and Oceania that were constantly passing through Shanghai, bound for San Francisco and Seattle, Kobe and Yokohama.

Most of the Americans in the Orient, with the exception of the missionaries, were there to trade. They sold factory surpluses from the United States to the Orientals and shipped back to their homeland the rubber, tin and other products of the Pacific which played vital roles in making America a great economic power.

In their own right they were pioneers in the expansion of their country's international trade, and it was trade that America needed. The factory surpluses they sold to the people of Asia helped maintain payrolls at home. At the same time they saw to it, through their buying, shipping and supervision, that America had rubber for her tires, hemp for her cordage, and tin for her cans of pork and beans. In view of these facts, it may be truthfully said that, because of the isolationist sentiment at home, they did not receive the protection to which they were entitled.

The knowledge of what could happen in the United States if these supplies were cut off not only provided a topic of clubroom conversation but kept some of us concerned over political developments throughout the Pacific. Though many Far Eastern newsmen underestimated the

Jap, we knew that he was ambitious and that he sought much of what we had. We saw, therefore, that the traditional isolationism of the United States would have to be supplanted by a more realistic attitude towards the world as a whole. There were other people living in that world who were jealous of America's wealth and they wanted to take it away from her.

We found this out through rubbing shoulders with all classes of people of the Orient and through our contacts with members of the diplomatic corps, political leaders, and the warlords of Japan and China. The Chinese, unlike many Americans, were not fooling themselves. They had a great country, and they knew that Japan wanted it.

Undoubtedly the local newsman in Shanghai obtained just about the best journalistic training possible. Some of the finest war correspondents in the business started in the foreign field as reporters on the dailies of that city. For instance, there was the staff that wrote news for me during the Sino-Japanese hostilities in 1932. (I was then news editor of the *Evening Post and Mercury*.) Every reporter, though he might have done foreign news work only a short time, lived to become internationally known. One of these men was Arch T. Steele, who later became Moscow and Chungking correspondent for the *Chicago Daily News*. Arch quit while the war was still under way to take a better job with the Associated Press, and went from that agency to the Chicago paper. C. Yates McDaniel and M. C. Ford were also on the newsroom staff at the time, and after Arch left I depended upon them for most of my war copy. Ford, later International News Service correspondent in China, was the first to tell in an American magazine the story of the Japanese death cages in which American newsmen were held in Shanghai. His articles on the subject appeared in *Collier's*. McDaniel became famous with his coverage of

the fall of Singapore and his sensational escape from that city after he had run his car into the sea. He added to his fame when he became chief correspondent for the Associated Press in the war zones of the Southwest Pacific.

Including my superiors, we had a staff of men who were either already noted in their line or who were to gain distinction in the years to come. Ted Thackrey, editor of the *New York Evening Post* at the time of Pearl Harbor, was then publisher of the *Evening Post and Mercury*, having succeeded Carl Crow, who left the paper to devote his time to writing books and running his advertising agency. Randall Gould, later China correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*, was in charge of the editorial page. Our political columnist was H. G. W. Woodhead, O.B.E. (Order of the British Empire), top British newsman in China. Together we got out a good paper, one of the best American dailies ever published outside the United States.

Others who got their start as legmen and editors in foreign journalism in Shanghai, and who were later to gain fame, included Colonel Lloyd Lehrbas, press officer on General Douglas MacArthur's staff in Australia. Before entering the Army he covered the withdrawal of Chiang's armies from Shanghai and, later, the fall of Warsaw. Morris Harris, chief of the Associated Press bureau in China, rose to prominence from the city room of the *Manila Daily Bulletin*. Carl Crow was a local newsman in China for years before he wrote the books which were to make him famous. Victor Keen, China correspondent of the *New York Herald Tribune*, came from the *Japan Advertiser* at Tokyo. Tillman Durdin, who covered the fall of Nanking and the battle of Guadalcanal for the *New York Times*, got his training from seven years in the city room of the *China Press*. Harrison Forman, Tibetan explorer and *New York Times* correspondent at Chungking, started a

foreign career on the *Shanghai Times*. Edgar Snow got his first China experience on J. B. Powell's newsmagazine, the *China Weekly Review*. Mark Gayn, of *Newsweek*, and Milton Chase, night editor of the United Press in Shanghai, started the same way. My own claim to distinction comes from the fact that my radio activities in China so roused the hatred of the Japs that they and their puppets made me the object of considerable violence.

I saw little of the 1932 Shanghai War, though I heard most of it, going to sleep to a lullaby of cannon thunder and waking to more of the same thing. Tied to a city desk, it was impossible for me to engage in many excursions into the war zones. I saw plenty of night action from American marine observation posts atop flour mills and other vantage points fringing the battle areas, but I made no more than three daylight trips into the hot spots. Only one produced much excitement.

On that occasion I wandered into an area beyond Chapei that seemed quiet at first. There wasn't a soul to be seen, and, aside from distant artillery fire, there was little noise. Suddenly the zone came to life. Machine-guns started to play and I found myself caught between two lines of fire. The bullets were falling much too close, and my sensations were exceedingly unpleasant. I ran in the direction of one of the lines of fire and fell into a shellhole occupied by some Chinese.

Another trip took me back of the Chinese defenses where I saw a sizeable portion of General Tsai Ting-kai's Nineteenth Route Army. It was clear that this was one of the finest Chinese fighting forces ever assembled. Though they lacked planes, they were well equipped with mortars, machine-guns and small arms. With what they had, they were just as capable as the Japanese in combat. They had to be,



in order to withstand for almost two months the onslaughts of an enemy with much superior equipment.

But the most remarkable individual Chinese defensive exploit of that war was not in the trenches fringing Chapei and other northern areas of the city's outskirts, but inside the metropolis itself, on the border of the International Settlement. Located at the corner of Kiangsi and Range roads, the scene of this action gained fame in Chinese song and story as the place where "Charlie Chan" held off the Japs for weeks with nothing but the old-fashioned German type of potato-masher hand grenades.

Although I did not see any of the daylight action in the area I made several trips into the zone at night, and they have made it possible for me to understand the difficulties more recently faced by the Germans inside Stalingrad. A unit of Chinese had barricaded themselves on the top floor of a three-story shop building overlooking Japanese advance positions on Range Road. The Jap objective was to take the North Railway Station of Shanghai by advancing along the narrow street. They couldn't circle the area in Chinese territory because of strong Chinese positions to the North. Nor could they outflank it from the opposite direction, because then they would have been encroaching on Settlement territory—this they were afraid to try because of possible complications with other foreign powers, especially Britain and the United States. Range Road was the only approach open to the railway station, and to reach the station the Japs had to pass within a few yards of the Chinese grenade-tossers. That was a big order, and scores of them were killed in trying to carry it out.

I do not consider myself bloodthirsty, but I did find it interesting to visit the Windy Corner after dusk and watch a few Japs blasted to the realm of their ancestors. Newspapermen who made the trip had an excellent view. We

were right on top of the action, for we occupied rooms in buildings on the Settlement side of Range Road itself. It was possible to see almost everything that went on, and the front of our lookout was frequently sprayed with shrapnel.

It was street fighting of the roughest kind. Both sides, because of the proximity of the International Settlement, were faced with disadvantages. The Japs were unable to use artillery or mortars for fear that some of their shells might fall in the foreign area. The Chinese had to keep their hand grenades out of the same territory. Houses on the Settlement side of the border were nicked with bullets and grenade shrapnel, but on the whole both belligerents observed the rules rather closely.

Of course Charlie Chan was more than one individual, but the nickname of a single person was applied to the Chinese unit as a whole because we seldom saw more than one member of it at a time. It looked as if a lone Chinese were holding off the entire Japanese force engaged in trying to reach the North Station. As the days passed into weeks, headlines in the Chinese papers announced that a single Son of Han, Charlie Chan, was holding up the operations of the Nipponese Army.

Today, when a native of China talks about Charlie Chan he means the gallant handful of men of the Nineteenth Route Army who gave the Japs the devil for days, even weeks, at the corner of Range and Kiangsi roads in Shanghai. Night after night the Japs tried to take the place, but they seldom managed to move more than a few men past the barrier at one time. Those who got by were cut to pieces by Chinese forces further along the street.

The Chinese hand-grenade tossers, working in relays with one or two men on duty at a time, were defending one of the most vital areas in Chapei, the railway yards. The fact that a few Japs were dying every night mattered little to

those of us whose sympathies were with China. And that included most of the reporters who witnessed the spectacle.

The Japs tried everything, including camouflage, but they were always driven back. Hugging the buildings on the Settlement side of the street, a Japanese detachment would set out every night just after dusk in an effort to sneak past the stronghold. The time of this maneuver, usually 8:30, seldom varied; it was so regular that I could almost set my watch by it.

The Chinese generally spotted the Japs before the latter had advanced more than a dozen paces. Then came a hail of hand grenades, all pitched by the single Chinese soldier who was on duty at the moment. He would appear at a window, throw enough missiles to break up the Japanese effort, and then drop to his face on the floor below the windowsill. Bullets from the guns of Jap snipers in sandbag barricades fell all around him. Now and then one hit him and he went out of action, perhaps dead, perhaps only wounded. I never knew. But within a few seconds another Chinese soldier appeared to take his place and carry on. More Japs died, and few if any of the advancing party ever got back alive.

Frequently Charlie would sneak out of his building stronghold, squirm on his stomach to the middle of the pavement with a machine-gun, and plant it behind a few sandbags, the remnants of a Jap barricade destroyed during the first days of fighting. He told us, on these occasions, that the unit had run out of hand grenades and was waiting for a new supply to be brought up from the rear. One night I watched one valiant fellow hold off a Jap attack in which at least seventy-five men took part. He got about twenty of them before they retreated to their barricades.

That night I saw hardened British soldiers, some of them veterans of the First World War, stand weeping in front

of the peepholes of their blockhouse, fifty feet from where the lone Chinese held a strong Jap force at bay. They were crying because they couldn't get out there and help him. On that evening most of us cheered every time a Jap hit the pavement with a bullet in him.

Another Tommy, preparing a package of sandwiches and cigarettes, left the protection of the blockhouse and, under Japanese fire, worked his way across the pavement to the Chinese post. Charlie usually dined well, for this was a nightly ritual with the Tommies. Even when the Chinese was behind the protective walls of the building he and his comrades occupied, the British soldiers risked their lives to get food to the defending party.

The Charlie Chan episode, as a whole, was noteworthy for two reasons. First, because of the strange circumstances under which the battle was fought and the Chinese heroes it produced. It did more to bolster Chinese morale during that period than any other phase of the 1932 Shanghai War. Second, it vividly illustrated the difficulties of fighting inside a great city. Even after the Charlie Chans were forced to withdraw, Chinese troops, with only machine-guns, grenades and rifles, used the rubble of ruined buildings to carry on the struggle. And this was just one of many similar actions fought along the entire length of the Chapei front, a line running in a curve for more than forty miles and enclosing a city district with a population of more than one million people.

Stalingrad, of course, was successfully defended for months under similar conditions, and Russian defense of the City of Steel was on a greater scale than the remarkable stand of the Nineteenth Route Army against the Japs at Chapei in 1932. Nevertheless, I cannot forget that I witnessed a Stalingrad in China, not once but twice: in the two battles of Chapei, the fight in 1932 which lasted two

months, and the struggle of 1937 when Generalissimo Chiang's armies held the same city for three months.

The world will never forget Stalingrad, and it should not forget Chapei either. There the Chinese, with little artillery, without airplanes, and with no river at their back across which supplies could be ferried, ward off superior forces for months, retreating only when they were pressed out by Japanese advances on their flank, which extended into the countryside and was therefore more vulnerable.

Stalingrad and Chapei both illustrated an old military axiom—that one of the hardest jobs facing an invading army is the capture of a great city when the opposition decides to go all-out in defending it. Now and then the Japanese would rout the Chinese from some of their positions, but invariably the Japs were forced to give up the captured positions a few days later. The main point of defense, the railway yards, was kept free of invaders until the day of withdrawal.

During the 1937 battle of Chapei I spent many hours in Chinese dugouts beneath the city. From the sky the Japanese pelted us with bombs from dawn until dusk. Life inside the dugouts was not exactly pleasant, but it could be endured. The soldiers passed the time playing checkers and mahjong or dictating letters home to some member of the group who could write. A charcoal brazier furnished the necessary heat for cooking rice, vegetables and the occasional bits of pork which comprised the menu of the Chinese soldier. There was nothing sanitary about the dugouts, but that was an inconvenience which couldn't be helped. I usually had to be deloused after every visit to Chapei.

As a great battle, Stalingrad eclipsed anything of its kind ever fought, but the lessons it taught were the same ones taught by Chapei years before. The significance of Chapei was overlooked because the Oriental fighting man in those

days was underestimated. The world had not yet come to realize that the Japs were tough fighters and that the Chinese, though a peace-loving people, had mastered the art of defense. They proved that at Chapei, and they proved it again later as they withdrew into the interior, trading space for time.

Underestimation of the fighting abilities of the Japanese and Chinese was not confined to Americans and Britons at home. Even in Shanghai itself, where they could see what was happening, many Occidentals regarded the battles of Chapei as extended Japanese and Chinese brawls, not to be taken too seriously. This thinking was most unfortunate, for the battles of Chapei were the first major military actions in a war that soon developed into global conflict.

## Chapter 10

### *JAPANESE SIDESHOW*

THE JAPANESE made no material contribution to their over-all strategy for Pacific dominion when they attacked Chinese positions in the Shanghai area during the early days of 1932. The effect of the hostilities was largely a psychological one on the rest of the world, just as Tokyo intended it to be. Japan wanted to divert attention from the more important theater of conflict in Manchuria. The first battle of Chapei furnished that diversion.

From the Japanese point of view there was urgent need for such action. Tokyo realized that if the interested powers should fully grasp the significance of the invasion of Manchuria, the entire Pacific might be set afire. The Nipponese need not have troubled their minds—the nations of the world, as was proved later, weren't paying much attention to them. But at the time the Japs didn't intend to take any

chances. One could never tell what a sleeping world, once it was aroused and became aware of the threats to its security, might do. Besides, Manchuria was the first big Japanese adventure in land-grabbing since the acquisition of Korea and Formosa. These two annexations, both results of the Sino-Japanese War of 1894-95, had turned out well, but few thieves can expect to stay clear of the law forever.

Rumblings against the Japanese sack of Mukden were already being heard. At Washington Colonel Henry L. Stimson, then Secretary of State, was seeking to gain the cooperation of the British, French, Dutch, and others in applying sanctions against Japan. This was the threat Japan feared most, since a successful economic blockade or embargo against her islands would halt, or at least slow down, her plans for further expansion. It would mean a dangerous stoppage of the vital materials the Japanese needed most, including oil and iron.

The League of Nations had also become interested, and some talk, but little action, was emanating from Geneva. The Japs reasoned that talk, if it were allowed to become too widespread, could be dangerous. General Ken Doihara, commander of the Special Service Section of the Japanese Army, later hinted as much to me as we traveled by train from Peiping to Chinwangtao. The conversation had drifted around to the Japanese occupation of Manchuria and the Shanghai hostilities, and I asked the General for an off-the-record statement. His answer was naive, but lucid.

"It is not well for the world to look too long on one theater of war. The world might learn too much." Then, realizing that perhaps he had said more than he should have, the man who was to command the air force that bombed Pearl Harbor settled down into a long period of silence. But in those few words, though they were general



and could apply to any military front, he had told me Japan's motives for the 1932 attack on Chapei.

The Japanese never intended to stop at Manchuria. With elaborate care they consolidated their new position as quietly as possible. They had acquired a valuable stepping-stone to other rich territories, especially North China, and they had no intention of losing it. Tokyo was not prepared for interference in that period, and she seized the opportunity to create a diversion when political conditions inside China proper made it possible to start a fight in Chapei in January, 1932. This was good strategy; the democratic world, at least, lost interest in the occupation of Mukden, and Japan went more or less silently about the business of occupying Manchuria to the Siberian border.

Disturbances developing within high Chinese circles as a result of the invasion of Manchuria provided the Jap warlord with the excuse he needed to start shooting in Chapei. It was almost a custom-made alibi. All the Nipponese had to do was keep the trouble simmering long enough to get their armies set for the assault.

Difficulties at Nanking developed soon after the loss of Mukden, when thousands of students, professional men, merchants and others started flocking to the capital city to demand that Generalissimo Chiang take his armies north and drive the Nipponese out of Manchuria. Most of these people came from Canton, though all parts of China were represented. They came by the thousands, and we got the overflow in Shanghai. I spent many a cold morning early in the winter of 1931 at the North Station watching the arrival and departure by special train of great numbers of youthful Chinese patriots, and many of their elders, who wanted to break off diplomatic relations with Tokyo then and there.

Some of these inspired and angry people let their emo-

tions overcome their better judgment and they raided the few Chinese shops in Shanghai where Japanese merchandise was still on display. The vernacular press, both inside and outside the foreign concessions, launched bitter attacks against the Nipponese. Tokyo could hardly expect anything else, and from what I could learn from them, Nippon leaders were not surprised. But the reaction of the Chinese provided excellent grist for Japan's propaganda mill, and paved the way for the attack on Chapei.

Japan soon had her propagandists on the job, not only at home but also in China. A wave of Nipponese press claims and threats against the Chinese swept East Asia. The Japs made daily allegations that they were being insulted beyond the limits of endurance. They insisted that the occupation of Manchuria was not an extenuating circumstance, since (according to their story) the murder of a Nipponese officer had been responsible for the occupation of Mukden. The fact that foreign correspondents and observers had been unable to find any actual proof that such a murder had been committed made no difference. The Chinese were told by the Shanghai *Mainichi*, *Nichi Nichi*, and *Domei* that they would fare better if they accepted their loss without trying to fight back. Mr. Suzuki and his minions in the editorial offices of Japan and China announced that violent action would be taken unless the demonstrations were halted.

These early Japanese threats had some effect. The British police of the International Settlement, wishing to avert trouble, took strong action against demonstrators inside the Settlement, and arrested large numbers of Chinese responsible for using force against merchants still selling Japanese goods. The police of the French Concession followed suit.

At Nanking, a tense situation was prevented from developing into an open break between leaders of the patriotic

factions and the new National Government. Chiang Kai-shek himself appeared before the masses of students and patriots collected in the capital city and urged them to return home and bide their time. He pledged that at the proper moment he would go north and perhaps try to redeem Manchuria. This was wise counsel; the Chinese Army as a whole lacked a centralized command, and it was woefully short of ammunition and supplies. Any widespread military move against the Japs could have brought only disaster.

Much to the disappointment of the Japanese, the demonstrations became less frequent and less violent. This was not what Tokyo had hoped for. Nipponese leaders had thought that the agitation would increase, not diminish. Their chagrin at losing an excellent excuse to attack Chapei was reflected in the activities of their propagandists, who began to create their own opposition. If Japanese plans for a diversion were to be carried out successfully, the trouble in Nanking and Shanghai had to be kept alive, so the Japanese press and professional agitators in China increased their tirades against the Chinese and made incidents of the most trivial matters.

When the tire of a rickshaw blew out with a loud crack in front of the Toyo Cinema on Chapoo Road, the Japanese papers insisted that subjects of Nippon had been fired upon. I wasted an entire afternoon before getting to the bottom of that story.

A Chinese eating bananas threw the peelings from his veranda onto Range Road in Little Tokyo. They hit a Jap bluejacket, and that, according to Mr. Suzuki, was a serious offense. The uniform of the Mikado had been insulted. The unlucky Chinese received a severe beating from a mob of Japanese garotski, or gangsters.

On another occasion I saw a Chinese taxi dancer become

the center of a brawl when she refused to dance with a Japanese naval officer, not because of his nationality but because he was intoxicated and exceedingly abusive. Nipponese bluejackets present, acting on orders from the drunken officer, created such a disturbance that the night club was forced to close. The episode gave Little Tokyo newspapers something to howl about in the morning. Chinese taxi dancers were discriminating against men wearing the "sacred and honorable" Japanese uniform.

Though they served to keep anti-Chinese propaganda alive in the Japanese press, incidents such as these were too inconsequential to cause the explosion needed for a war. The Japs, however, were well prepared to create their own blast. They called out the Shinto priests and put them to work.

While it has not been generally recognized outside the Orient, Shintoist monks and priests played an important part in stirring up trouble in China and were a great help to the Japanese warlords. They were used to create dissension in Chinese villages and at the same time to spread Japan's propaganda of Asia for the Asiatics. I have come across them in many parts of China, and invariably found them deep in intrigue. They always put on a good show—at least, it was noisy and attracted attention. Beating small drums and shouting slogans or words of abuse against the Occidentals and the Chinese, they usually appeared on village and city streets every morning. After an hour's harangue they would disappear into the hovels in which they lived.

The Shintoists were openly trying to undermine Chinese peace, but despite all protests the Japs insisted that they had as much right in the country as Christian missionaries. A weak China was afraid to drive them out—which was un-

fortunate, because it was they who finally provided the spark needed to touch off the Shanghai War of 1932.

The Japanese never admitted that agitation against their nation had diminished as a result of Generalissimo Chiang's appearance before the demonstrators at Nanking; they claimed in their own press that the demonstrations had increased. But their claim does not tally with the record. I saw many trains filled with students and other patriotic Chinese, leaving for home after their Nanking adventure. They were acting upon the Generalissimo's advice, and by the middle of January, 1932, the demonstrations had fallen off at least 50 per cent in the Lower Yangtse Valley. In a few more weeks they might have disappeared altogether. At least, whatever threat this agitation may have been to the Nipponese had vanished.

After the Chinese students had left Nanking, however, the Shinto priests in the Yangtsepoo district of Shanghai changed their daily performances from oratorical outbursts against the white man to tirades against the Chinese. The latter resented the abuse and it was only a matter of days before some of the priests were assaulted and killed. The dead included the leader, Hideo Minakami.

The Japanese claimed that Chinese gangsters were responsible for the killings, and later investigations revealed that this was true. But the gangsters could have been working for anybody, including the Japanese warlords themselves. Who actually did the killing made little difference; official inquiry simply placed the blame upon hired assassins, hence both Japanese and Chinese must be held under suspicion. Shanghai killers, though they were cheap, did not slay for the fun of it. Somebody had to pay them.

Considering the abuse heaped upon them by the priests, the Chinese had sufficient provocation for the assassinations. But the evidence against Japan is also strong. Tokyo

was preparing for an invasion of the Shanghai area. For days before January 15, when the killings occurred, Japanese bluejackets were strengthening their garrison at the northern edge of the Settlement. The Japs needed an excuse to launch their attack on Chapei, and through their own efforts they got it. They either provoked the Chinese into killing the Shinto priests or had the job done themselves.

Hostilities started on the night of January 27. Japanese naval authorities, claiming that the assassination of the priests had led to increased anti-Nippon agitation among the Chinese, sent a detachment of bluejackets against General Tsai Ting-kai's troops on duty in Chinese-controlled territory. Tsai and his Nineteenth Route Army from Canton were threatening the security of the foreign concessions, they said. The Japs also were brazen enough to announce that they had taken it upon themselves to protect the lives of everybody in the Settlement, including Americans and Britons.

This was smart propaganda, especially against the efforts of Colonel Stimson to have economic sanctions applied against the Japanese. Many foreign nationals living in Shanghai at the time, including Americans, British, French and Dutch in high places, swallowed the story.

It was almost pathetic to hear some of the leading Britons and Americans in the city argue that the Japanese were doing us a great service by fighting General Tsai's forces. Unfortunately, what these gullible people had to say was reflected in London, Paris, the Hague, and even Washington. Baron Giichi Tanaka, a former premier of Japan and better known as the reputed author of the Tanaka Memorial, Japan's outline of conquest in the Pacific, once stated that Japan would "always be able to mislead world public opinion" as long as it suited her purpose. The activi-

ties of the Nipponese in Shanghai early in 1932 seemed to prove his words.

It is true that General Tsai's army was strung out along the Shanghai and Nanking Railway and that some of his men had been used to garrison the Shanghai-Woosung military zone, but the army had not entered these zones, as the Japanese alleged, in order to stir up trouble in the foreign concessions. The failure of the League of Nations to take action against Japan had caused some anti-foreign feeling among the Chinese, but they realized that they could not afford to antagonize the Occidental, since his assistance might be needed later on. The problem of the Chinese was to encourage sympathy for their cause, and activities by the Nineteenth Route Army against the foreign areas would have had the opposite effect.

Tsai was a clever young Chinese general, and he knew all the complications involved. Although his troops were not in the Shanghai area to start trouble against the British, Americans, and French, neither were they there to play mahjong. A most unusual situation had arisen, and instead of being a menace to the International Settlement and the French Concession, the Nineteenth Route Army actually was a threat to the security of Generalissimo Chiang and his government.

I got much of the inside story from General Tsai's headquarters, but the facts later became general knowledge in informed Chinese circles. The Cantonese led the agitation for severance of diplomatic relations with Japan and were the real creators of the student demonstrations in the capital city. Long after the mob spirit had started to disappear and many of the students had left for home, southern leaders remained in Nanking to carry on the argument. The tension reached such a state that an open split between Chiang and some of the Cantonese officials developed early

in January. It was not serious enough, however, to cause civil war, and there was no cause for great alarm. Some of the Cantonese involved moved to Shanghai, others remained in Nanking—and in the meantime, General Tsai's army made its appearance on the scene.

The Nineteenth Route Army had moved north from Canton for the purpose of protecting its leaders and the students agitating for a national break with Japan. The army strung itself out along the railway to Nanking and, as a prerequisite to the discussions, insisted upon being allowed to use the Shanghai-Woosung garrison. Generalissimo Chiang consented to such an arrangement, and it was an intelligent move on his part. The southerners were just powerful enough to cause some embarrassment to the new Chinese government, and the further away from Nanking they were, the better.

Thus it happened that the men who afterwards defended Chapei were in the area at the time of the Japanese attack largely by accident. The Japanese allegation that the Nineteenth Route Army moved into Shanghai for the express purpose of fighting the Mikado's men was ridiculous. In addition, this army was not really an army. It consisted of less than two divisions, or about thirty-one thousand men, and was no match for the much larger and better-equipped forces the Japs moved in.

The most that can be said is that the Cantonese moved north to urge Chiang to bring all of China's millions into conflict with Japan, or at least to make an open break with that country. They realized the futility of trying to fight the Japs by themselves, but they believed that if the whole nation joined in the battle their side would stand a chance of winning. Chiang had to refuse, of course; he knew that it would take China many more years to build up her strength



to the point where she could even hope to win an all-out war with Japan.

The Japs' claim that they were defending the Occidentals in Shanghai was just as ridiculous as their claim that they were defending themselves from a menace. Even if General Tsai had decided to attack the foreign settlements, there were sufficient British, American, French and Russian forces in these zones to handle the situation until reinforcements could be brought in from Hongkong and Manila.

Tsai's troops were carrying out straight garrison duty, but once attacked, they did not run. They would have considered it cowardice to flee before their most bitter enemy, the Japanese. They were not looking for glory, nor did they expect to survive. They happened to be caught in the Shanghai zone and could either withdraw to the Chekiang hills or fight. Many would have perished in retreat, and they preferred to stand. They had one consolation—they could kill some Japs.

When the fighting at Chapei ended after two months, the Japs had their position in Manchuria well secured. The world had not forgotten, but its interest had lagged. Colonel Stimson's efforts to apply sanctions were failing because the British, French, and Dutch were not prepared to co-operate. It would have taken joint action to stop the flow of strategic materials into Japan, so the prospect of an economic embargo against Nippon dwindled away to a mere memory.

Though the sympathies of the British soldiers, American marines, and the average foreigner in the street were with the Chinese, the thinking of certain British, French and even American leaders in China paralleled that of national home capitals. Some of the diehards among the Occidentals could not divest themselves of the idea that it was their

battle the Japanese were fighting. This was wishful thinking more than anything else. British traders who told themselves that Manchuria would be a better place in which to live and do business as a consequence of Japanese occupation had only to review the record of the Nipponese in Formosa to realize that they were on the wrong track.

When the Japanese occupied Formosa in 1895, the British had almost 8 per cent of the import business on the island. By 1940 they had none of it, and the Americans, who had previously enjoyed about 6 per cent of the Formosan import business, had none of it. During the same period, Japanese imports rose from 27 to almost 90 per cent of the total volume. According to Japan's own figures, in less than forty-five years Formosa had been turned into an exclusive reservation for the Japanese and no one else was permitted to camp there.

Only a few years after the beginning of their occupation, the Nipponese started to squeeze the Occidentals from the island. The trader was the first to be driven out of business. He couldn't survive the cutthroat competition of the Japanese. The professional man was next on the list, and by the end of 1940 only a few foreigners, most of them consular officials, still lived in Formosa.

The experience of the foreigner in Formosa should have indicated quite clearly to Americans, Britons, and other Western nationals in China that their trade and professions in Manchuria would go the same way. Their arguments would not have seemed so stupid if Formosa had been the only case of its kind, but there was another example, one that was just as glaring. Foreign trade and enterprise had also been driven from Korea by the Japanese during the first decade after the annexation of the peninsula in 1910.

There is an explanation for the attitude of the old die-hards and some of their governments, however. They were

opposed to interference with the activities of the Japanese because such intervention would further the development of a strong and unified China, which in turn would mean the abolition of the extraterritorial rights of the white man. In other words, they were frightened by the prospect of losing their special privileges and were grasping at straws. It failed to occur to them that the Japanese, by grabbing China piecemeal, were robbing them of their special rights anyway.

The Japanese accomplished much by their attack on Chapei. In addition to their main objective of diverting attention from Manchuria, they added a few nails to the coffin of the economic sanctions program. They also made an important discovery—they found that Washington, London, and Paris were too concerned with the pursuits of peace and home politics to pay much attention to what Jap warlords were doing and planning in the Pacific. The first battle of Chapei, in other words, was a green light to the Japs.

The attack on the Shanghai zone brought forth only mild protests from the Western powers. The Japanese were not told that they could not fight in that area, which is what they should have been told. They were simply asked not to damage any foreign property. And when the last remnants of General Tsai's heroic army withdrew from Chapei, the Japanese did not press their advantage; there was no need to. They were not prepared then for great territorial conquests, and they had achieved their immediate aims. They agreed to British mediation.

The peace conference, held at the British Consulate General in Shanghai, produced no special argument and was noteworthy for only two reasons. First, both parties agreed to create a twenty-five-mile-wide demilitarized zone around

the city. Second, an incident occurred which spoiled the atmosphere of the sessions just as they were approaching an end.

Two foreigners, described by the police as Americans but whose identities were never officially revealed, took up a position near the Cathay Hotel on the Bund one afternoon while the conference was in progress, apparently for the purpose of throwing rotten eggs at the tall hats of the delegates. It was about two o'clock and the delegates, having lunched at the hotel, had to pass the spot in order to reach the conference chambers two blocks away. They would have been excellent targets.

At about the same time that the delegates started to leave the hotel, however, two trucks filled with Japanese bluejackets drove down the Bund and were halted by a traffic light directly in front of the spot where the two practical jokers were preparing to toss a basketful of stale eggs at the peacemakers. The foreigners, later reported by the British police to have been well fortified with Scotch and soda, couldn't pass up the target presented by the Nipponese sailors. They changed their plans on the spur of the moment and began to hurl their ammunition at the Japs. The latter were taken completely by surprise, so the two jokers had time to get rid of a couple of dozen eggs before there was any attempt at retaliation. After recovering from the shock, the Japs, with bayonets fixed, left the trucks and started after their assailants, who escaped down an alley and through the side door of a pub.

The incident created a furor. This time the "honorable uniform" of the Mikado had really been insulted, and Nipponese officials demanded that the Settlement authorities arrest the two men responsible for the incident and deal out drastic punishment. Both the British and the American executives appeared quite willing to do this, but first they

had to identify the wrongdoers. Out of a crowd of two or three hundred Chinese and at least fifty foreigners who had witnessed the incident, not a single person would come forward and describe the egg-tossers. The incident might have had grave results, but the Occidental rulers of the Settlement expressed their deepest regrets and the Japs eventually let the matter drop.

All in all, Chinese resistance at Chapei had only one effect that the Japanese had not foreseen. That was the psychological reaction of the Chinese people as a whole.

For centuries the Chinese had hated and despised war as a means of achieving national growth and progress. Regarded by the masses as little better than a common bandit, the soldier of China was the lowest element of society in his country. He worked for small pay, stole when he could find something to steal, and died on the field of battle, neglected and forgotten except by his immediate relatives. The defeats of a century of international wars in which China had been disgraced and forced to pay indemnities in cash and territory had only served to lower the status of the soldier in the estimation of his countrymen. Not even a self-respecting coolie would consider the army as a profession. Naturally, *esprit de corps* was lacking in the ranks of the Chinese armies. There was no incentive to perform great deeds of valor or self-sacrifice on the battlefield.

All this changed when the Nineteenth Route Army made its gallant stand against the Japanese at Chapei. Here was a small force from a distant province which refused to run before a foreign foe. It stood and held its ground until two-thirds of its strength had been annihilated. They had no high standing in Nanking, yet these Chinese soldiers were willing to sacrifice their lives in an effort to wipe out the humiliations of the past.

The effect on the morale of the Chinese masses was terrific. For the first time in many decades the Chinese were beginning to see war as the only means by which they could regain their former dignity, their equality with the rest of mankind. Their attitude toward the Chinese soldier began to change.

I observed this great awakening in many places. It was visible in every Chinese home, on the streets, and in the shops. The feeling of jubilation caused by the discovery that the Chinese could fight was so great that it even interfered with the flow of traffic in the foreign concessions. All sorts of rumors and reports of the deaths of leading Japanese generals and admirals were current, and each one was an occasion for celebration. Crowds gathered in the streets, shouted slogans, laughed, and pounded friends and strangers on the back in great outbursts of joyousness. At times there was almost as much noise in the Settlement as there was on the battlefield.

The Chinese civilian, who previously would not have contributed a single copper to the support of an army unless forced to do so, dug deep into his pocket to help keep Tsai's troops fighting. I saw Chinese men, women and children work their way through barriers of barbed wire at night to carry food to the fighters; a few years before, those same people would have thrown up their hands in protest at the idea of giving even a few crumbs to a soldier. Thousands of students also collected funds for the troops of General Tsai Ting-kai.

When the Japs came back to start an all-out invasion of China in 1937, they found a different Chinese people waiting for them, a people who no longer scorned war as a means of salvation. They found a people willing to stand up and fight for their homes and homeland, even though they had little to fight with. And China's resistance, in the

final analysis, will be one of the most important factors in bringing about Japan's defeat, for it is from China that Japan can best be attacked from the air and invaded. As long as China remains in the fight, the Japanese can never be sure of victory.

## Chapter 11

### SMUGGLING AND CONQUEST

IT WAS four years after the first battle of Chapei that I experienced my first serious clash in China with Mr. Suzuki and his sidekick, Colonel Watanabe—early in June, 1936, to be exact. On that occasion Japanese soldiers and *ronin* (outlaws) seized my camera, removed the exposed film, handed the camera back, and then chased me at the point of a bayonet from the beaches of Chinwangtao where I had been photographing Japanese smuggling boats.

Such action represented established Nipponese practice. From the viewpoint of the Jap, it was merely a precautionary measure. I was investigating smuggling rackets in North China; the Japanese, who happened to spot me taking pictures of their activities, decided that I must be working for some foreign government, possibly Britain or the United States, and dealt with me as drastically as they dared at that time.



In my case Japanese suspicions were well founded. I had been sent to North China and the border of Manchukuo by the Chinese Maritime Customs and my paper, then the *China Press*. I was taking pictures not for my own amusement but for press purposes. Nevertheless I was on Chinese soil, not Japanese. The two countries were supposed to be at peace. It was almost thirteen months before the outbreak of Sino-Japanese hostilities in 1937, and the Japs were encroaching on the soil of a land maintaining friendly relations with them.

I had been within the shadow of the Great Wall only a few hours, however, before I learned that the war which started between China and Japan in 1931 really had never come to an end. Hostilities at Shanghai had scarcely ceased before the Japanese started another scrap in North China. It was a fight that the world heard little about, and since there was not much shooting, the world wasn't greatly interested. It was war, nevertheless—economic warfare—and it was attended by some bloodshed. Chinese customs guards were disarmed and beaten by Japanese troops, while English officials who sought to intervene received the same treatment. Numerous killings of individuals, mostly Chinese, were reported.

This trade war had begun in the spring of 1932 when a small amount of Japanese-manufactured goods began to trickle into North China through underground channels. Certain Japanese merchants and factory owners had decided that they were not going to pay tariff on their exports to China, and elected to ignore the Chinese Maritime Customs. They were supported by their military, and even by their consular officials.

In trying to ascertain the reasons for the Sino-Japanese hostilities which started in July, 1937, a number of world front observers jumped to the conclusion that the Nip-

ponese had invaded Chinese territory to force trade at the point of a gun. This was far from true. Trade conditions between the two nations had never been better—or perhaps it would be more correct to say they had never been worse. Japan, long before the shooting started, had made China a dumping-ground for Japanese merchandise.

Some of the cargo passed through normal commercial channels. It went through the Chinese Maritime Customs, the required tariff was paid, and all contracts were handled legitimately. Chinese customs figures reveal that in legitimate trade, Japanese imports into China held third place, with the United States and Germany in the lead. Of all honest foreign trade in China prior to 1937, Japan had 15 per cent, Germany 16 per cent, and America 22 per cent.

But, considering the cargo Japan slipped into China through the back door, she actually had more than 40 per cent of the Chinese import business. It was smuggling on a colossal scale. I saw much of it from close quarters and I believe I can safely say that the world never before witnessed such open and complete violation of the tariff laws of any country.

I arrived in North China when the racket had reached its peak. The small trickle of contraband which had appeared in 1932 had turned into a flood. Japanese smugglers and their Korean serfs were using as many as a thousand vessels, ranging in size from fifty to fifteen hundred tons, to haul contraband from the Nippon-controlled port of Dairen to the Chinese port area of Chinwangtao, a distance of about three hundred miles.

On the day the Japanese manhandled me for taking pictures on the beaches, I counted about two hundred smuggling boats riding at anchor less than one mile from shore. All were power-driven, and most of them had come in during the night. They were unloading thousands of tons of

merchandise into small boats and barges for the final haul to shore.

But this was only part of the picture. Trucks and mule trains, hauling smuggled cargo from Manchukuo, passed into China through the Shanhaikwan gate every few hours, all bound for the railway station at Chinwangtao. Exact figures on the value of Japanese goods smuggled into China during the three years prior to the outbreak of war in 1937 may never be known, but the total must have been immense. Two billion yen, or almost seven hundred million dollars, would be a conservative estimate.

Not all of this merchandise was absorbed by the Chinese market. Japanese merchants engaged in smuggling failed to recognize the saturation point, and much of the contraband rotted in warehouses in Tientsin and other North China cities. Enough of it was bought, however, to injure seriously the trade of other foreign nationals in the country, especially British and Americans.

The Chinese National Government at Nanking was too weak to offer much resistance. Chinese armies in the north, trying to keep the peace, were afraid of becoming embroiled in open warfare at a time when the entire nation was badly prepared for it. For months all they could do was look on from the sidelines, their hatred of the Nipponese interloper constantly increasing.

Chinese railway officials, however, made the gesture of refusing to haul the smuggled goods. This meant nothing to the Japanese. They simply moved two divisions of troops into North China from Manchukuo and took over the railway running from the sea to Peiping. This happened in 1935, and from then until open hostilities started, the smugglers operated with complete freedom.

It was trade piracy in its worst form. Business was forced on the Chinese at bayonet point, but technically there was

no war. Tens of millions of dollars' worth of goods was involved and a great part of a nation's industry was at stake. Yet when I returned to the United States a few weeks before the bombing of Pearl Harbor, I found that few Americans at home had ever heard of the affair. Most of those who had read something about it failed to see just what it meant.

With the war turning in favor of the Allies, Americans can say to themselves that such things cannot happen to them. Nevertheless there are people in this world who would usurp United States trade by just such ruthless means if they were ever given the chance. In view of their record in North China, it takes no great stretch of the imagination to figure out what the Japanese would do to American industry and merchandising if they ever won a total war with this country.

The Japanese are great believers in free trade, but only when it concerns their exports to other countries. This was vividly illustrated in the scenes I witnessed at the China-Manchukuo border in 1936. And from a vantage point on the top of the Great Wall of China I had a good view of everything that transpired on both sides of the boundary.

On the China side, customs guards previously disarmed by the Japanese were powerless to prevent Nipponese smuggling. Truck and mule caravans loaded with contraband passed the Chinese border station week after week and month after month. The Chinese looked on helplessly. Now and then some infuriated guard, armed only with a baton, would lose his head and rush at a gang of smugglers. This invariably ended in disaster for the guard; usually he was beaten to within an inch of his life. On one occasion I saw two Chinese guards so badly mauled that they later died of their injuries. I also saw British officials

of the Chinese customs dragged from their rickshaws and pulled along the beach by Nipponese and Korean ronin until they were nearly dead, just because they had attempted to stop some smuggling.

But on the Japanese side of the boundary, nothing like this was permitted to happen. Chinese caught trying to smuggle anything into Manchukuo were arrested, beaten, and thrown into jail. Japanese customs guards collected duty on every pound of Chinese products and merchandise that entered their territory.

Late one afternoon I saw a Chinese farmer pass through the Shanhaikwan gate onto Manchukuo soil and receive a terrific thumping for trying to smuggle in about four yards of blue denim cloth. Two hours later, a Chinese customs guard on his side of the boundary was pounded into insensibility by Japanese ronin when he tried to collect duty on three trucks heavily laden with contraband sugar being moved into China.

Occasionally some Japanese were injured during an argument with Chinese guards. Such incidents were rare, but when they did occur the Nipponese immediately demanded compensation from the Chinese customs authorities. The latter, facing an armed force, had no choice; they handed over the sums demanded.

It was a different story when Chinese officials attempted to collect damages for the bruises and wounds they sustained at the hands of the Japanese and Korean smugglers. Several such attempts were made, but they were brushed off by the Nipponese commanders at Shanhaikwan and Chinwangtao with the usual statement: "So sorry, but can do nothing."

The situation was so one-sided that many ruffians among the smugglers made a business of faking injuries in order

to squeeze money out of the Chinese. If they could prove Japanese nationality, they got what they asked for. The military invariably supported their claims. Koreans working for the Jap smugglers, however, were not so fortunate. Their demands for compensation from the Chinese when they got hurt were not supported by their overlords.

Koreans were the backbone of the smuggling racket. Japanese monopolists and military men provided the brains and the capital necessary to organize the enterprise and keep it running, but thousands of Koreans, working for wages under Nipponese foremen, did most of the dirty work. They usually had little choice—it was either participate in the skulduggery or go hungry.

Another big Japanese smuggling racket grew out of China's silver embargo of 1935. When this action by Nanking made smuggling silver profitable, the Japanese and their Korean henchmen became the worst offenders. Tokyo and Yokohama banks were paying a premium of 16 per cent of market value for all silver smuggled out of China, with the result that thousands of Nipponese subjects engaged in the business.

As clever planners and intriguers, the Japanese must be given considerable credit. They were looking well into the future when they started smuggling silver out of China. Japan was first of all trying to bolster her own silver holdings at the expense of the Chinese Government's attempts to stabilize China's currency. But she had another and more far-reaching purpose—to reduce China's potential financial reserves abroad.

China was selling her silver to the United States, and funds thus created were being held in America, both as backing for banknote issues by Nanking and as money that

could be used in case of serious emergency. The Japs, already planning a shooting war against the Chinese, reasoned that some day these funds might be used by China to buy munitions and arms needed to fight Nipponese aggression. So they made strenuous efforts to get as much silver as possible out of China and into their own hands. The more silver Tokyo could prevent from going to the United States, the fewer guns and planes there would be for the Chinese when the Japs got ready to start their war.

While the smuggling of Japanese merchandise into the country was robbing China and her creditors of five million dollars weekly in tariffs, underground exporting of silver to Japan was costing them an even greater sum. During the period I spent in the Manchukuo border zone in 1936, more than ten million dollars' worth of the metal was being smuggled out of the North China area into Japanese hands every week.

This financial war against China was an interesting and frequently exciting bit of business to watch. I saw as many as five hundred smugglers board the Tientsin-bound train at Shanhaikwan every morning. On two occasions I rode the train with them, followed the entire herd to the Tientsin branches of the Mitsui and Yokohama Specie Banks, and watched them sell Chinese banknotes for silver.

Such exchange was illegal because China, instead of disbursing silver, was calling it in. When the embargo was announced, all Chinese banks were ordered to turn their silver stocks over to the government treasury at Nanking. Friendly requests were made of foreign banks to do likewise. The United States, Great Britain, and other powers cooperated with China and instructed the banks of their nationals at Shanghai, Tientsin, Peiping and other large cities to hand over their silver to Nanking and give the

government all possible aid in stabilizing the national currency. Of all the major powers concerned, only Japan refused to cooperate. Her banks in China completely ignored Chinese law and sold their silver to the smugglers, redeeming it out of the country later at premium prices.

The actual smuggling operation started with the arrival in Shanhaikwan of the night train from Tientsin. Hundreds of silver-laden passengers literally fell over each other in leaving the coaches. Some carried their money in belts and suitcases; others lugged it from the train in wooden boxes and small trunks. Many were so heavily weighed down that they staggered under their loads. Within half an hour they had disappeared from the station into the alleys of the ancient walled city. About midnight they emerged to begin the job of getting their contraband across the Great Wall into the old Tartar city on the Manchukuo side of the border. There, small Japanese exchange banks kept open throughout the night to purchase the silver.

The smugglers, although they constituted one of the toughest assortments of Japanese and Korean thugs ever assembled in one town at a single time, did not operate without opposition and sometimes financial loss. Hijackers, some of them in the uniforms of Japanese soldiers, others ronin and Manchu bandits in civilian clothes, lurked in the shadows of the old walls waiting to pounce upon smugglers. Indeed, it was a bold man who dared carry his silver hoard across the boundary by any of the beaten tracks.

Though the Japanese military protected the silver, it frequently failed to protect the smuggler. As a result, smugglers avoided public gates and dropped their silver into Manchukuo from the top of the Great Wall. This was easy because the wall, acting as a windbreak, was half buried in sand and topsoil carried from the Gobi Desert by centuries



of strong North China winds. On the China side, a series of gentle slopes led to the top of the wall; on the Manchukuo side, however, was a sheer drop of fifty feet, enough of a fall to break a man's neck.

After reaching the top of the wall, the dealers in contraband dropped their bags, belts, and suitcases of silver to the ground of Manchukuo. Then they raced down the China side of the wall, dashed through the nearby Gate of Heaven, and retrieved their property. Now and then hijackers beat them to it, and even Chinese customs guards sometimes gave them trouble.

Since any attempt to make arrests would have precipitated disputes with the Japanese military, the disarmed Chinese guards were forced to content themselves with watching until the silver had left the hands of the smugglers. Then they felt free to act. Immediately after the ruffians started their dash from the wall, the Chinese guards, who had kept themselves hidden in the shadows of ancient lookout towers, suddenly appeared at parapets and began fishing—for silver.

Using bamboo poles with strong lines and steel hooks attached, the guards angled from the top of the Great Wall for bags of silver on the ground below. It was the sort of fishing the Chinese, with their grand sense of humor, could really enjoy. They chuckled as they fished, and I spent several nights chuckling and fishing with them. Though I was supposed to be an impartial investigator, I found it impossible to pass up the fun.

One night, beneath a brilliant North China moon, I had the luck to hook a thirty-pound sack of silver coins. I made the catch just a few seconds before the smuggler concerned reached the spot where he had dropped his money. But by that time I had hauled the silver to a point just out of his

reach, and his frantic efforts to retrieve it by leaping into the air kept me and the Chinese guards with me roaring with laughter.

Through the smuggling activities of the Japanese and their Korean slaves, the Chinese Government lost, within a few years, more than one billion dollars in tariff revenues. More important was the fact that tariffs designed to protect Chinese industry had been rendered practically valueless. In 1936 China was just beginning to produce sugar in large enough quantities to supply a portion of her demand, but the big refineries that had been built a few years before in Canton were forced to close down because the smugglers flooded the market with sugar. The efforts of the Chinese to rehabilitate their silk industry by imposing high duties on rayon proved futile. The Japanese dumped the output of their synthetic silk mills on the China market and forced its sale on Chinese manufacturers. This was fighting business.

With the passing of time, it became more apparent that the performances I had witnessed on the North China beaches and from the Great Wall at Shanhaikwan really were not funny. They represented another important phase in Japan's march toward Pacific dominion. From the viewpoint of the Japanese, their economic penetration of North China by forceful methods was logical and proper. They were preparing for war, and the weaker they could make China, the better for themselves when the conflict started.

The Japs had a silk industry of their own. They needed it to acquire foreign credits for the purchase of iron and oil for the war they were planning. China's efforts to strengthen her sericulture constituted a menace to Japan's plans, so Japan went methodically about the business of

destroying China's silk trade by flooding the country with smuggled rayon and forcing its use in Chinese filatures.

China's venture into the field of sugar production also was a danger to Japan's war planning. For years, Japanese merchants had acquired much foreign credit and currency through their control of the constantly growing sugar market in Cathay. Though they produced little of the commodity themselves, they bought sugar in large quantities from the Dutch in Java and Sumatra and retailed it to China at a profit. And this profit, like all other foreign exchange obtained by the Japs in the past two decades, went into the purchase of materials and equipment needed for the coming war. To protect plans to control her own sugar market and production, China imposed tariffs running as high as 200 per cent *ad valorem* on white granulated sugars. The Nipponese saw in this action an end to an important source of foreign exchange and resorted to smuggling to destroy the Chinese dream.

Though it was not generally realized, Japan, through her smuggling activities in North China and her sabotage of the Chinese Maritime Customs, actually committed an act of war against the United States and Great Britain. Japanese officers in Chinwangtao and Tientsin with whom I talked in the summer of 1936 admitted as much. Captain Ohara, the commandant of the Japanese garrison at Chinwangtao, was quite certain, however, that in those days the democratic powers couldn't recognize an act of war when they saw one.

We were having tea in the Captain's quarters inside the native city. I had called on him in an effort to recover the films taken from my camera by members of his beach patrol. My temper was in a ragged state when the conversa-

tion started, but before it ended I felt well repaid for the effort expended in making the call.

Ohara refused to return the films, but with typical superficial Japanese politeness he invited me to have a cup of tea with him. The talk turned to smuggling. I pointed out that since the revenues obtained from tariffs and duties collected by the Chinese Maritime Customs were, in effect, partially mortgaged to Britain, the United States, France, and other countries as security for loans made to China, open Nipponese smuggling was in reality a warlike gesture against all the powers concerned.

"In other times," Captain Ohara frankly told me, "we could expect many British and American troops to enter North China and protect the Chinese customs, but not now." He seemed to take special delight in adding that in his opinion the democracies were becoming soft.

Other Japanese officers I interviewed in the north that year were less frank than Ohara. At Shanhaikwan, Colonel Saito, the garrison commander, became indignant when I suggested that the Japanese must be making a great deal of money from contraband. There was no such thing, he said, as Nipponese smuggling in territory under his jurisdiction. Yet as we talked a score of trucks loaded with contraband merchandise rumbled past his headquarters, having already crossed the border without stopping at the Chinese customs collection station.

The Colonel admitted that much smuggling was taking place, but, he said, "Japanese not responsible. Terrible Korean people are playing tricks on Chinese customs." Again it was the old story of making the Korean the goat.

My interview with Saito was not pleasant. My questions became too embarrassing, and he finally asked me to leave his office. I wanted to know why the Japanese Army had moved into North China in such great force. That, he re-

plied, was to protect the railway to Peiping against Chinese bandits.

"But," I persisted, "you are therefore protecting smuggling, since the trains have been almost taken over by the smugglers you say are Koreans?"

That was the end of the interview. Saito had no answer except to call an orderly and announce that I was ready to leave.

The incident had an amusing aftermath. Two days later a Japanese messenger called on me with a package and note from Colonel Saito. The package contained a hat, made in Japan. The note stated that the Colonel had observed that I had left his office without my hat. He had searched for the article without result and had reached the conclusion that it must have been stolen or lost. He was all apology, and had taken the liberty of sending me a new one.

I returned the gift with a note expressing the hope that the Colonel had not wasted too much of his valuable time looking for my hat. I had worn neither hat nor cap for ten years, and regretted that the officer had failed to observe that I had entered his office bareheaded. Feeling like taking revenge on Saito for his abrupt termination of my interview, I added that anyway I preferred an American hat.

## Chapter 12

### HOODWINKING THE WORLD

**M**Y REMARK expressing preference for American-made hats must have disturbed Saito considerably, for he went out of his way to obtain revenge. A few days after the incident, I was detained by his men and taken to his office. It was another case of taking pictures.

Japanese gendarmes had caught me photographing a dirty Shanhaikwan alley in which a number of illegal heroin and morphine manufacturing plants were located. Again my exposed films were seized, but this time I was not just chased out of the area; I was held in Saito's headquarters for almost a day.

Until an hour before my release, I was almost completely ignored. The gendarmes left me seated on a bench in the outer office and refused to answer my demands to see Saito. At two o'clock in the morning an orderly announced that

the Colonel would see me. I had then been held seventeen hours. Saito said he was sorry about the seizure of my films, but they would not be returned. He had his orders and they were final. Before I had a chance to start asking questions, he launched into a discourse on smuggling.

I left his headquarters an hour later under the impression that he had detained me primarily to make a statement about smuggling which he had not felt free to make during our first meeting. If that was the case, then he had probably queried Tokyo officials and they had supplied him with the answer. And he had kept me waiting on a hard bench until he was sure of all the answers. On the other hand, perhaps it was just plain disagreeability.

This time Saito admitted that the Japanese authorities were to some extent protecting the Koreans and Japs actually engaged in running contraband. Japan regretted the loss of revenue to the Chinese Government, but China's tariffs, he said, were out of reason, and Japan therefore did not feel obliged to observe them. I wanted to know if Japan felt the same way about American tariffs. The Colonel didn't have the answer to that one, and he sidestepped it to announce that Tokyo planned to form an autonomous state in North China and that matters of tariff would be adjusted later. He meant, of course, that they would be arranged to please Japan.

The Japanese were sometimes frank. They told us, often long in advance, just what they were going to do—but we didn't believe them. We merely chuckled at the seemingly fantastic nature of their schemes and passed them by. This was what Mr. Suzuki had counted on. The Tokyo propagandist calculated that the more boastful he became the less likelihood there was of the world's accepting his stories and claims. When Foreign Minister Yosuke Matsuoka rose before the Diet at Tokyo in 1940 to rave that the United

States did not understand Japan and that some day the Nipponese would "punish the United States," Americans chuckled to themselves and looked upon the Jap statesman as a crackpot. But Pearl Harbor proved that Matsuoka was deadly serious.

And Saito, after receiving instructions from his superiors at Tokyo, also was serious. Though profits and the acquisition of foreign exchange were of much concern, Japan also was using smuggling as a means of acquiring a new puppet state in China. Through economic penetration of the Tientsin and Peiping areas, she hoped to gain new territory without bloodshed. Chinese resistance at Marco Polo Bridge one year later was not in Tokyo's plans. Japan failed to remember that there is a limit to the pressure that even the most patient of humans can endure.

The *China Press*, which I had joined after leaving the *Evening Post and Mercury* in 1933, gave considerable space to the information I obtained from Saito at Shanhaikwan—and with good reason. As he talked, Saito became more friendly, and toward the end of the conversation, which lasted almost until dawn, he displayed a willingness to answer questions. He gave me my first solid slant on Japan's theory of geopolitics. I wanted to know why Japan was so interested, from a territorial point of view, in obtaining a strong foothold on China's coast.

"Japan does not wish to be placed in the kind of position that has embarrassed Great Britain for so many years," was the blunt answer.

Saito, in a single sentence, had stated the real motive back of every territorial conquest made by Japan since her entrance into foreign trade. From a geopolitical point of view her reasoning was sound, and in some respects it was quite original.

When Commodore Matthew Perry appeared before the



Nipponese to negotiate a trade treaty, Japan had already decided on a foreign commercial policy. The Dutch, Portuguese, and French had been trading with Japan for some time; America was not the first in the field. However, we supplied the impetus for the Japanese foreign trade expansion. Together with the British and others, we gave the Jap all the help he needed to modernize his country and improve his business. His remarkable aptitude caused us to believe that he was becoming a worthy protégé who would some day become a stabilizing influence among all Oriental peoples. We failed to perceive that he was accepting our gifts with the idea of expanding his own dominion, even if he had to make war against us to do it.

And when Japan, almost eighty years ago, started to plan her expansion, she looked upon Britain and British military policy as a horrible example of what not to do. From a purely ruthless geopolitical point of view, this was intelligent reasoning.

A glance at the map of Europe and Asia reveals that the position of the Japanese Islands in relation to the mainland of Asia is similar to the position of the British Isles in relation to the European Continent. A narrow strip of water, the English Channel, separates Britain from Europe. A somewhat wider strip of water, the Japan Sea, separates Nippon from Asia.

Developments which followed the arrival of Commodore Perry in Japan proved that the Japanese militarists had decided that their safest course was to do everything the British had failed to do. Their logic, obvious in every act they performed, was that Britain might never have been involved in so many European wars if she had controlled the western coastline of Europe and had possessed bases on the European Continent itself. Britain relied upon friendly treaties with European powers possessing coastal boundaries on the

west to protect her from invasion, but this policy did not appeal to the Japanese. They reasoned that it was impossible to depend for defense upon treaties with friendly neighbors when it was frequently impossible for the latter to defend themselves, let alone help their friends.

On numerous occasions long after my second interview with Colonel Saito at Shanhaikwan, I discussed Japan's theory of geopolitics with Dr. Inoue. For the sake of conversation, I disagreed with him on the question of treaties as a means of permanent defense. So when Norway, Holland, Belgium, and France fell before Hitler's blitzkrieg in 1940, he telephoned me to do a bit of gloating. Because of difficulties with the Japanese resulting from my radio policy at the time, I had stopped calling on him and he had made it obvious that he was no longer on friendly terms with me personally. But he couldn't resist the temptation to say, "I told you so." Hitler's march to the western coast of Europe had completely justified the Japanese theory of geopolitics in Asia and the Pacific.

Years before, Japan's leaders had gone methodically about the grim business of building up a protective wall of bases around their islands. Their main purpose was to avoid being caught in the same desperate plight in which Britain found herself in 1940. This was the real reason for Japan's annexation of Formosa and Korea, her invasion of Manchuria and the China Coast, and her establishment of island bases in the Pacific. Her problem was, first, to build up a great barrier around the Nippon isles, and second, to create bases along the fringes of this barrier from which to launch attacks against the rich lands she had determined to take in Asia and the Pacific.

It is impossible, perhaps, to fix the exact date of Japan's first plans for her present conquest. But the actual expan-

sion of her empire got under way in the year 1894, when the first of a series of Sino-Japanese wars began. The result of that conflict was the Treaty of Shimonoseki, signed on April 17, 1895. Defeated China ceded to Japan the Pescadores Islands and Formosa.

These were Japan's first territorial acquisitions in her campaign, and they were very important ones. Formosa today is perhaps the most formidable military base in the world. Located off the southeastern coast of China, it is about 225 miles long and 90 miles wide. Great seacliffs, some as high as 3,000 feet, form powerful barriers at many places along the Pacific side of the island. No less than forty mountain peaks, ranging in height from 3,500 feet to 15,000 feet, rise at other points along the shore and near the center of the island, presenting difficult problems for potential invaders.

River valleys in the interior and a western coastal plain, areas largely protected by mountains and other heights, have furnished Japan natural military base facilities, both for the defense of her home islands and for expansion purposes. The great importance of Formosa to Japanese geopolitics made itself fully apparent both before and after the bombing of Pearl Harbor. It was from this island that Japan launched most of her attacks on British, Dutch and American territory in Oceania and southern Asia.

From Formosa Japanese troops were dispatched to occupy the Philippines. And more than eighteen months before, convoys set sail from this same island to carry out a bloodless occupation of French Indo-China. From Indo-China the Japs invaded Siam, then moved down the Malayan Peninsula to take Singapore, and from there across the Malacca Straits to occupy the Dutch island of Sumatra. The island also served as a feeder base for most of Nippon's subsidiary bases in the Pacific; from it the Japs garrisoned

and supplied their bases at Palau, Truk, and even Saipan.

Long before December 7, 1941, I saw their troop convoys moving out to sea, headed in the general direction of bases in other parts of the Pacific. From Formosa the Japs sent their armies of occupation into South China to take Canton, and later against the British at Hongkong. Troops invading Java, Bali, Timor, and later New Guinea, started from the same place.

Possession of Formosa was essential to the Japanese dream of expansion, and when in 1895 this first step toward power had been successfully made, Japan did not pause to gloat. She carried on, every move as precise and exact as the turning of an automaton. The Japanese looked toward the north, where, their leaders had often claimed, the peninsula of Korea stood as a dagger at the heart of Nippon. They felt that there was only one remedy, and that was to occupy Korea. How twenty-five million Koreans felt about it did not matter.

Japanese armies were still fighting recalcitrant bands of Chinese in Formosa when the formal annexation of Korea by Tokyo was accomplished in 1910. Five years before, with Formosa seething with internal trouble, Japan had seized Port Arthur and Dalny, now Dairen, from the Russians. These were points needed for the penetration of Manchuria, a conquest which obviously had already been charted.

Though freedom-loving people can only despise and hate the Japs' ruthlessness, it is impossible not to give them full credit for their swift and efficient mastery of the science of geopolitics. Within a brief period of fifteen years, starting in 1895, they made a clean sweep of the major points of menace to themselves off the East Asia coast. This is evidence that a great Japanese plan of conquest existed even then.

Her victory over the Russians in 1905, besides giving Japan desired territory, had an important psychological effect upon the Japanese mind. An inferiority complex gave way to one of superiority. The Japs had won their first battle over the white man, and it was that triumph which gave them the courage to start their propaganda of Asia for the Asiatics. Japanese-language newspapers in Dairen and Mukden, as early as 1907, were beginning to talk of an Asia dominated by Japan. The white man, as far as the Japs were concerned, was already on his way out of the Orient. But the white man didn't know it.

The refusal of the Western powers, especially Britain and America, to accept the Japanese as equals after they had defeated Russia was the cause of much of our friction with Tokyo. It also caused much of the average Jap's hatred for us. As recently as the spring of 1941, Nipponese leaders were still exploiting the subject. It was at this time that fire-eater Matsuoka told the Diet that the British and Americans had failed to understand that the Japanese were equal, if not superior, to the white man. As proof of his point, the American-educated Jap foreign minister took his audience of legislators back to the Russo-Japanese conflict.

Matsuoka's views were no different from those of most citizens of his country. Their attitude was that if the Occidental refused to recognize them as equals, they would prove their equality, or even superiority, by force of arms. They had once licked the Russians, and they felt they could defeat any other nation of whites.

Hatred of the Occidentals, especially Britons and Americans, was not confined to the adult Japanese; it was taught their children almost from the day they entered grammar school. The schoolboy learned to hate his future enemies along with his reading and writing lessons and his lessons

in the use of the weapons which some day would enable him to kill those he hated.

I once lived near a Japanese secondary school in Hongkew and I saw hatred of foreigners growing in the young Nipponese mind. From my windows I could look down into the school yard where boys in their early 'teens engaged in bayonet practice almost every afternoon. Still a comparative newcomer to the Orient, and being curious about such matters as bayonet practice in school, I asked one of my Japanese neighbors, a dentist, for an explanation.

"They are learning," he answered, "to avenge America's great insult to Japan in 1924 when she passed exclusion law against Japanese immigrants to the United States." This, of course, was not the full explanation, but it was part of it. The boys were training for conquest; military drill had been part of their country's educational program decades before bans were placed on Nipponese immigration to the United States.

Every incident, every excuse that could be used to make the Japanese schoolboy hate his potential enemies, was introduced into the classroom and on the drillground. To keep hatred boiling was a part of Mr. Suzuki's propaganda work, and he did not overlook a single bet. The Exclusion Act was made to order for him. So was the Treaty of Portsmouth, which brought an end to the Russo-Japanese War. The Washington Naval Conference, though the Japs had really won that parley by obtaining promises that United States naval bases in the Philippines would not be strengthened, also was used as fuel to increase hatred of America and Britain.

Another Japanese neighbor of mine, an employee of the camera supply house of Chiyo Yoko, had three boys in the Hongkew School, and although they were usually shy and

reticent when talking to Occidentals, the eldest of the trio would answer an occasional question. One afternoon I set out to obtain some information from him.

"Matasuki-san, do Japanese boys in your school take bayonet practice to avenge themselves for America's refusal to let many of your countrymen enter the United States?" I asked.

"You are my good American friend," said Matasuki, leading off with the customary Japanese expression of friendship. He then added: "Perhaps you do not know about them, but I must tell you of the insults your country has given mine. Immigration question one such insult; refusal to let Japanese have same size navy another. United States also kept Vladivostok from us."

This was the "history" that Japanese schools were teaching.

Even the Occidental custom of referring to the Japanese as "Japs" was used in Nippon and her territories to breed hatred of the white man. Americans and Britons used the term with no derogatory intent; for that matter, they called each other Yankees and Limeys and were not insulted. But the Nipponese were highly indignant at being called Japs. Their intense dislike of their nickname is due primarily to the fact that it happens to be an abbreviation. Hence, to their way of thinking, it implies miniature or little. In other words, little men.

I have listened, both in the Far East and at home, to many Americans, friendly to Japan in pre-war days, argue that the Japanese Exclusion Act of 1924 was unjustified and that if it intensified Japan's hatred of us we only got what we deserved. It was poor policy, they contended, to inflame a whole nation against us by such drastic discrimination.

This argument loses its force before the text of a single reading lesson in the national Japanese reader for higher primary schools. It is Lesson 32, and is called "The Pacific Ocean." It alone justifies the Exclusion Act. Here is a translation:

The king of all oceans, you Pacific Ocean! How proud is your beautiful water! Washing the shores of North and South America to the east, touching the sandy beaches of Asia and Australia to the west, reaching the continent around the South Pole to the south and meeting the Arctic Ocean to the north, you measure ten thousand miles from east to west and occupy an area covering one-third of the earth's surface. Japan is situated on the west.

We must live up to this unsurpassed honor and possess an ambition as big as the Pacific and all its lands. Going in and out the extensive shores, we must take with our own hands this treasure given us by Heaven.

Japanese "ambition as big as the Pacific," as stressed in the schoolroom, was not confined to reading lessons. Large maps of California, Siberia, Australia, the Philippines, and Malaya hung on classroom walls, and they were studied diligently. Little Kenichi-san and Mitsuro-san learned their geography well and they were made to understand that if they worked and fought hard for the Mikado, some day they would own all the rich lands they were taught so much about.

Mr. Suzuki also made good use of the Treaty of Portsmouth to help inflame the Japanese mind against the American. Like the Washington Naval Conference, Portsmouth gave the Nipponese both territorial victory and fuel to instill hatred into the minds of their masses.

At the Portsmouth conference in 1905 the Japanese delegates used the same tactics they employed at the Washing-



ton Naval Conference. They asked for more than they expected to get, withdrew some of their demands, and substituted a rider or alternative which contained what they most desired.

Their original demands were out of all reason. They asked for Vladivostok, Port Arthur, Dalny, the evacuation of Manchuria by the Russians, the surrender of the Russian railway in Manchuria, the cession of oil-rich Sakhalin Island, Russian recognition of Korea as a Japanese protectorate, and almost \$750,000,000 in reparations. They settled for Korea, half of Sakhalin Island, Port Arthur and Dalny and adjacent waters, the southern half of the Manchurian railway, and fishing rights in Siberian waters. They got almost everything they asked for except Vladivostok.

Though the Japanese delegates at Portsmouth, headed by Baron Kamura, made a mountain of their demands for Vladivostok, they were merely using the issue as a bargaining point for what they needed most, which was fish. With her population increasing at the rate of a million persons annually, the food problem was an ever-mounting source of worry to Japan in 1905, and fishing rights in Siberian waters held almost as much significance as territorial acquisition. The demand for these rights appeared as a rider, and it was accepted.

Thus the Japs, as a consequence of their victory over the white man in the Russo-Japanese War, acquired not only a superiority complex but also a new and needed source of food, fuel for propaganda against the Americans who had helped them win the peace, and vital geopolitical advantages. It was quite a triumph for little men whom the rest of the world had regarded as not very important. No wonder they demanded recognition as equals. The greater wonder is that even after such an overwhelming triumph, the

Western World failed to recognize Japanese ambitions and where they were likely to lead.

With Formosa, Korea, Port Arthur, and Sakhalin firmly in their possession after a quick succession of diplomatic and military triumphs, Japanese strategists had three major tasks left to them. Before they could start to drive the Occidental from the Far East, they still had to acquire the coastal regions of China proper, the whole of Manchuria, and an island fence in the Pacific.

China's coastal areas were needed to prevent them from being used as bases against Japan. Manchuria was required for the same reason. The islands were needed to protect the home islands from naval attack and invasion by sea. This was logical geopolitical planning, and geography was in favor of the Japs. The fact that these territories were in other hands was a matter of small importance.

Most of the needed island fence was in the hands of the Germans, but luck was with the Japs. For them, the First World War came at a very convenient time. They entered the conflict on the side of the Allies and won the fence, with its great potential naval bases. In January, 1915, long before the war was over, the Nipponese presented to China their historic Twenty-one Demands, and at the top of the list was a demand for the transfer of German holdings in the coastal province of Shantung to Tokyo. They were so avaricious that they could not even wait for the peace conference.

The story of Japan's attempts to obtain Shantung is filled with intrigue. There was a secret agreement made in March, 1917, whereby Britain, France, and Italy agreed to support the Nipponese demand for Shantung. Then there was the losing American attempt to spike the agreement at

Versailles. Japan emerged from the session victorious and with her claims to Shantung properties confirmed.

At Washington, in 1921, an abused and humbled China petitioned for the restoration of Shantung and, thanks to American support, got what she asked for. It is noteworthy that Japan adopted a conciliatory attitude and handed most of the Shantung properties back to China. Why? The most likely answer is that she had acquired, through League of Nations mandates, what she really wanted most out of First World War spoils—a powerful island barrier. My conversations with such officials as Mamoru Shigemitsu, former Japanese ambassador to Great Britain, strengthened my belief that this was the case. Their left-handed confirmation was supported by my friend, Dr. Inoue, who once agreed that I might have the idea. “And what of it?” he added. “Preservation is still the first law of nature and Japan is merely trying to protect herself.” I thought it looked like more protection than necessary, but kept the thought to myself. Dr. Inoue was too important a contact to ruffle unnecessarily.

The Pacific picture in 1921 as it concerned Japanese planning was this: The former German islands of Micronesia were more important to Tokyo than Shantung. The latter territory was part of China, close at hand and easy to invade at any time. On the other hand, since Japan did not hold full sovereignty over the mandated islands in the Pacific, there was always the danger that she might lose them before they could be prepared for defense. Prying neighbors might discover the real extent of Japanese ambitions and spike her dream of empire while it was still in the embryonic stage. Discretion was essential and Japan, having won much at Washington anyway, allowed the Shantung question to slip into the background. Not until

1938 did she finally obtain domination of the province by force of arms, but that was soon enough for her plans.

The conclusion that Japan entered China in 1937 primarily to force the Chinese to buy greater quantities of her merchandise was, of course, erroneous. Trade would come after conquest. Japan's chief problem was to carry out the final steps of her geopolitical planning. That meant seizing China's harbors, coastlines, and as much of the hinterland as might constitute a threat to Japan proper. She occupied Manchuria for the same reason, and in order to force a wedge between Far Eastern Russia and China.

Japan also made good use of China in training Nipponese soldiers for the coming war against Britain and the United States. Often, in the Shanghai zone, I have watched a division of inexperienced soldiers disembark from a convoy, march inland to fight Chinese guerillas or engage in minor offensive action, and return six months later a hardened collection of fighting men.

One afternoon in the spring of 1939 a British police inspector on duty at the Yangtsepoo Station on the eastern edge of the International Settlement telephoned me:

"If you want to see the lousiest collection of Japanese soldiers ever assembled, hustle down to the Nippon Yusen Kaisha docks. They're unloading a new lot."

I went to the docks; he was right. About fifteen thousand Japanese country boys, fresh from the rice paddies, were landing on Chinese soil to start their first adventure as warriors. Like a party of tourists, they gawked at their new surroundings and kept up a constant chatter among themselves. But on the whole they were frightened, bewildered and awkward. They had years of military training in school back of them, but they were going out to kill for the first time in their lives.

Within two days they were on their way to the interior.

I saw their first dead being returned to the city at night by truck before they had moved inland twenty miles. Though regular Chinese armies had withdrawn from the area more than eighteen months before, guerilla bands were so numerous that incoming Japanese troops had to fight their way into the interior and back again. They were constant targets for snipers and their losses were heavy. Those who survived, however, later returned to the city as tough campaigners.

Of the original fifteen thousand that I had watched unload at the N.Y.K. docks, about twelve thousand came back. I saw them upon their return, and it was plain that they were no longer novices at combat. Their uniforms were dirty and blood-spattered, their faces were hidden by heavy beards, and their timidity and curiosity had been supplanted by arrogance and offensiveness. They elbowed civilians from the sidewalks, slapped their own nationals who refused to bow to them, and jabbed unoffending Chinese coolies with their bayonets. These were the men whom Americans and Britons were to fight later on in the Philippines and Malaya. They were cruel, experienced and ready to die for their emperor.

They did not remain long in Shanghai. Before another week had passed they were aboard a convoy bound for Formosa. Days before they left, another green division had arrived to take their place and undergo the same rigid training. It, too, would eventually reach Formosa.

Except as ashes in little boxes, very few Japanese soldiers sent to China ever returned home. After completing their apprenticeship against Chinese soldiers and guerillas, they were sent on to Formosa and then to island bases in the Pacific where they were held for use in attacks on Anglo-American and Dutch possessions. Information concerning their destination after they left Shanghai was not difficult

to obtain. We saw their convoys leave for the south, and Chinese observers sighted them off the coast of Fukien as they steamed into the Formosan Straits and started for port. It was more difficult to pick up the convoys carrying them from that island to other bases in the Pacific. When the Philippines fell, some of them had been away from home for three years.

The fact that parts of China were used as training grounds for Japanese troops does not reflect on the Chinese war effort. Chinese guerillas did the best they could with what they had. They gained no decision but they killed a lot of Japanese, and that is the most that can be expected of any guerilla.

More important than her early victories over the Chinese and her acquisition of their coastal areas, however, was the fact that Japan made a success, temporarily at least, of her geopolitical planning as a whole. She made the best possible use of all the natural geographical advantages she could obtain, either by peaceful means or by theft.

## Chapter 13

### WHITE DRUG TRAFFIC

INSIDE the ancient walled city of Shanhaikwan there is a Japanese schoolhouse built from the profits of silver smuggling. It is made of brick with marble facing, and resembles an ordinary high school in the United States. It has a gymnasium, laboratories for the study of elementary science, and an auditorium. The classrooms are large and modern. In fact, it is one of the finest Nipponese intermediate schools in East Asia.

I wrote the story of this school for the *China Press* in 1936. When it appeared on the front page, Mr. Suzuki lost his temper and went so far as to suggest that I take a vacation. "Why don't you go home?" he shouted into the telephone on the day I returned to Shanghai from my North China tour of investigation. I replied that I was finding life interesting where I was. He failed to make me move, and

he failed to deny my story about the schoolhouse. He couldn't deny it, because I had the facts. I got them from the Chinese Maritime Customs in North China.

Early in 1936, a small group of Japanese soldiers hijacked almost two million dollars' worth of silver from some of their countrymen engaged in smuggling. The smugglers, who had important friends at Tokyo, complained to the government and got results. The army men were required to pay the smugglers what the silver had cost at the bank windows in Peiping and Tientsin. In the meantime, the Japanese civilian community in Shanhaikwan started to clamor for a new schoolhouse. Tokyo played King Solomon and instructed that the profits accruing from the smuggling deal be used for the construction of a school.

It was hardly an ethical method of providing a community with educational facilities, but a schoolhouse built with stolen money was insignificant compared to the illicit heroin and morphine manufacturing plant just across the street, which operated around the clock turning out drugs for Chinese addicts and anyone else who would buy them. One block down the street was another such plant, and a third was just around the corner. Education, smuggling, and narcotics all occupied the same block.

Japan has been accused of systematically attempting to lower Chinese morale through the narcotic traffic in China, and of seeking to poison the world through a widespread international sale of opium derivatives, heroin, and morphine. Whether or not these charges are true, the fact remains that Japan is in the illicit narcotic trade on a huge scale. At least she was before Pearl Harbor, while she was still able to obtain a supply of Persian opium.

Harry J. Anslinger, Commissioner of Narcotics in the United States Treasury Department, said on January 26, 1942: "We should not be far short of the mark if we said



that 90 per cent of all the illicit 'white drugs' of the world are of Japanese origin." From what I personally saw of Japan's narcotic trade in the Orient, I would agree with Mr. Anslinger's high estimate.

During two weeks spent in the immediate vicinity of Shanhaikwan, I counted seventy-four illegal heroin and morphine factories, all operated by Japanese or Koreans. They were small plants, each one housed in a single two-story brick or wooden building about twenty-five feet square. Some were even smaller, not much more than hovels, and were located along various back streets in the city. The top floors were used for manufacturing the drugs and the ground floors were the living quarters of the owners or workers. It was a relatively small native industry, but the aggregate production was high.

In the city of Shanhaikwan itself, on the Manchukuo side of the Great Wall, I spotted thirty more plants, making a total of 104 in the whole Shanhaikwan area. Later on I counted another hundred narcotic factories in towns scattered between Chinwangtao and Tientsin on the Peiping and Mukden Railway.

It wasn't hard to locate these factories. A man's nose was his guide. Whenever it picked up the odor of acetic acid, a chemical used in the manufacture of heroin and morphine, then it was a good bet that a narcotic plant was not far away. As a result of much practice, I became so adept that I could find my way to the door of a heroin plant.

With the help of a Korean friend whom I shall call Lawrence Kim, I managed to get inside a plant. It was a small one operated by Kim's uncle. The financial backer was a Japanese businessman of Tientsin, and he took a lion's share of the profits while the Korean drew a salary and a small percentage of the gross sales.

Kim told me that nearly all the other narcotic plants in

the North China area operated on the same plan, though a few Japanese, not too concerned about their reputations, dispensed with Korean management and ran their own places. Invariably, however, only Korean salesmen were used. Very few of even the lowest members of the Japanese underworld would dirty their *getas* (Japanese wooden shoes or clogs) by going into the streets and openly peddling the drugs they produced.

It was a filthy business. Koreans who refused to do the Japs' bidding were usually flogged, beaten with a bamboo, or poked with a bayonet. They had to engage in the activities of a Japanese-organized underworld in order to live. Some Koreans, of course, were tough customers and in the racket because they wanted to be. They had been raised in the underworld and would have been thugs no matter what their nationality.

The tough type of Korean works closely with the Japanese Army and is despised by his countrymen. He deals in assassination and bomb-tossing. For a few dollars he can be hired to kill a neighbor. He also goes in for armed robbery or any other form of crime that will pay him a dollar. But most of the Koreans engaged in Japanese skulduggery do not like their work. They have been pulled by force into a great international gang, the Japanese military system, and they can't quit.

The plight of the law-abiding Korean communities of Shanghai, Tientsin, and other cities of occupied China in 1938 is a good case in point. These people had fled from Korea to China years before to escape oppression at home. They were honest and many of them prospered. Then Japan invaded China and once again they were subjected to wholesale ruthless treatment. The Occident was shocked by the Nazis' oppression of conquered peoples in Europe,

but two decades before Hitler attained full power the Koreans were the most oppressed people on earth. And with the possible exception of the Jews in Europe, they still are.

In their own country, the Korean peasants lost their lands to the Japanese invaders. Most of the agriculture in Korea today is in the hands of large Japanese syndicates, and the man who once owned his own farm is now the slave of Tokyo. The Japanese also dominate the professions and business enterprise. Most Koreans work either for small wages on land they once owned or in Japanese factories for wages less than those paid the Jap workers.

Thousands managed to escape to China during the early days of Korea's occupation, and there they established themselves in business and the professions. When the Japs moved into China they promptly issued edicts announcing that the Koreans, though Japanese subjects, would have to close up shop. The Koreans were thrown out of trades and businesses in the occupied zones and Japanese moved in.

I saw Korean families lock themselves in their homes in Hongkew when the Japs moved in. I saw Japanese civilians appear in Korean fruit stands and announce themselves as the new owners. Some Koreans moved into the safety of the foreign settlements and lived off their savings; others went to work as employees of the carpetbaggers who had taken over their shops. Others drifted into the narcotic trade or some other criminal activity.

In view of the treatment they received as workers in legitimate businesses, it is no wonder that many Koreans in China preferred to engage in underworld activity. Even though they were still obliged to work under the Japanese yoke, they could make more money there than they could by laboring in the fields and factories. Lawrence Kim told me that as a dope peddler he could earn a hundred dollars

a month, or more than twenty times what he could make as a farm hand.

I also recall the case of another Korean criminal, William Ahn, whom I encountered during one of his frequent clashes with the British police in Shanghai. Eventually I learned much of his story. It was typical of thousands of others of his countrymen. Born in Seoul, Korea, he received his Westernized first name from British missionaries who educated him. When he became old enough to shift for himself, he married and fled from Japanese oppression, settling in Tientsin. He tried importing and was frozen out by Japanese competition. Then he moved to Shanghai and opened a fruit stall. For a time he prospered, and then the Japs came and drove him out. Finding Japanese discrimination against him and his people more than he could endure, he finally gave up and became a hoodlum, which was exactly what the Japs wanted of him. He was another front for their own rackets.

I first ran into Ahn in Hongkew, where he was wholesaling "white drugs" to Chinese hawkers. He operated openly on the streets and his turnover was large. A Japanese who shadowed him, however, collected most of the receipts whenever money changed hands. William was left with enough to cover his expenses, pay for his few luxuries, and put a yen or two in his savings account every month.

Like other Koreans in the same trade in Shanghai, Ahn was arrested probably a dozen times by the Narcotic Section of the International Settlement police, but never served a jail term. Since he was a Japanese subject, the British police had to hand him over to the Japanese consular authorities. These officials, following their usual practice, openly deplored the activities of the Koreans, shed a few crocodile tears over the alleged disgrace he had brought upon them, and promised to try and punish him. He was

always back selling drugs in the foreign concessions the next day, however.

The last time I saw Ahn was the last time the British Police took him into custody. He had been picked up on Nanking Road in the very heart of the Settlement. In his possession were thirty packets of heroin. Inspector Alex Rhind, head of the Narcotic Section, handed him over to the Japanese consular police, then turned to me and said in disgust:

"He'll be out selling dope in the morning, and I'll be damned if I'm going to arrest him again. It doesn't do any good. The Japs have us licked and we might as well face it."

While it is difficult to show that the Japanese deliberately attacked Chinese morale through the sale of narcotics, it can be proved without question that they operated the largest international drug ring in history. On the surface it appeared to be largely a commercial enterprise, primarily intended to give Tokyo more foreign credits with which to pay for needed war materials such as oil and iron.

For several years before Pearl Harbor, neither Britain nor the United States recognized Japanese currency, the yen, as having foreign exchange value. But the Japs sold their drugs for the currency of China, which possessed exchange value on the London and New York financial markets. Then all they had to do was change their Chinese money at the banks in Tientsin and Shanghai for American dollars and British pounds sterling.

For months after the Japanese moved into China in 1937, their dope peddlers in Shanghai refused to accept any currency except Chinese, American or British. Nor would they accept yen for other merchandise they sold until their army officials and financiers had rigged up the monetary system of the occupied areas so that they could force the

use of their national and puppet currencies to get legitimate Chinese money.

In trying to obtain information for my own press reports and broadcasts, I made several attempts to purchase narcotics from Korean agents of the Japanese, tendering yen and money of the puppet government in payment. It was always refused. I found, however, that several peddlers were willing to sell to an Occidental, even on the street, if he would pay them in American or Chinese money.

At one of the most notorious heroin stores in Shanghai, the Tai Chong Cigarette and Exchange Shop just outside the International Settlement, the Korean manager inquired whether I had American dollars, British pounds, or Chinese yuan before he would even consent to talk business. I said that I had none of these, and he refused to consider further discussion. I banged a fist on the counter and demanded that the Japanese recognize their own money as legal tender for the goods they sold. This brought an armed sentry into the shop, and he ordered me to leave. It seemed safer to go, and I had what I was after, anyway—further proof that the Japanese wanted, above all else, foreign currency for the purchase of war materials.

Only the foreign currency kept by the managers of the drug racket as their share of the loot remained in China. American dollars and British pounds went back to Japan, to be disbursed there as payment for war materials. Japanese generals and colonels, afraid to send their money home for fear it would be seized by a government hungry for foreign exchange, placed their ill-gotten wealth in foreign banks of Shanghai and Tientsin or purchased real estate in China with it.

These men were fooled when the United States, in the summer of 1941, froze Japanese credits. I know how some of them felt because they telephoned me to ask for an in-

terpretation of Washington's action. They had to be desperate to do this, for none of them liked me. It meant loss of face for a Japanese general to ask me for information of any kind. When I explained that they could not withdraw their funds from American banks, many of them hissed their curses of Washington and everything American. Wherever possible, they retaliated by holding American cargoes and other properties owned by United States nationals.

In Foochow, Japanese army officers held some baggage belonging to departing missionaries, explaining that it had been "frozen." The staff of an entire mission hospital in northern Kiangsu and the hospital itself were "frozen." Jap soldiers surrounded the place and refused to let it operate. American-owned goods for export on the docks at Chefoo and Swatow were detained in accordance with what the Japanese called their own *aisu bokkusu* or "icebox" policy. Two Americans traveling from Tientsin to Shanghai were detained at a Jap gendarmerie station for hours. They had been placed in the icebox, said a Nipponese report. The situation by the end of July, 1941, was so serious that many Americans in China expected an outbreak of Japanese terrorism directed against themselves.

The most tangible evidence that Japan actually plotted to poison the Chinese mind through the sale of narcotics was turned up by the Settlement police of Shanghai in 1939 when they seized more than a dozen different brands of medicine advertised as opium cures. In all cases these medicines were being sold by Koreans, who allegedly manufactured them. No evidence was uncovered to show that any Japanese were back of the enterprises, but since it was known that the Koreans were being used as fronts for other Japanese rackets it is likely that some Japs were involved.

Analysis revealed that the preparations, without exception, would eradicate the desire to smoke opium. But they left the user with a craving for a more potent drug, heroin. Every so-called cure examined contained enough heroin to create addiction!

While it actually makes little difference whether or not the Japanese deliberately plotted to poison the Chinese mind through the spread of narcotics, it is true that they did create tens of thousands of Chinese drug addicts. But just as the Japanese have alibis for every other sin they have committed against society, they have an excuse for dealing in drugs. I have heard their claims time and again, both from Jap newspapermen in Shanghai and from Jap members of the Shanghai municipal police force. Inspector Kobayashi, of the Central Police Station, put it well one afternoon when I asked him for an opinion.

"Just competition," he said. "British and Americans once sold opium to China. Chinese then obtained control of trade, and now Japanese take charge. So deska!" ("It is well.")

Though it is not an excuse, it must be admitted that this is something of an argument. But it does not stand up under analysis.

When the clipper ships of Britain, America, and other nations sailed the China Seas looking for opium markets a century ago, the harmful effects of the drug were not fully realized. Furthermore, the Britons and others were not selling heroin or morphine.

Opium is much less vicious than either of these drugs. The moderate Chinese opium smokers, and I know many of them, take a pipe after dinner much as Occidentals drink a liqueur or smoke a pipe of tobacco. They may have a pipe after their lunch, followed by a short nap and, of course, the advertised pleasant dreams. For these men the



opium appears to act as a stimulant rather than a narcotic. They can endure great fatigue and work unusually long hours.

The same thing can be said of thousands of Chinese rickshaw coolies and dock workers, men accustomed to heavy manual labor. Of fifty thousand or more rickshaw pullers in Shanghai's International Settlement in 1938, at least ten thousand were estimated by the police to have been opium smokers. Yet it was difficult to tell the smokers from the abstainers. They all worked the same long hours, endured the same strain, and lived equal lengths of time. And judging from their outward appearance, opium smoking was not much more injurious to them than smoking tobacco.

Of course I realize that there is another side to the business, a hideous side. During my fourteen years in China, I saw at least twenty thousand drug addicts, mostly opium users, pass through the Chinese courts of Shanghai, Tientsin and other cities. They were men and women who had carried their smoking to excess. In such instances, opium smoking becomes a vile habit. In bad cases it results in moral depravity and breeds crime. The skin becomes excessively dry and yellow or anemic in color. The victim grows horribly thin, becoming almost a living skeleton, while all energy, or will to work, is lost. Although those who smoke in moderation seem to retain normal mental powers through life, the excessive user eventually finds himself headed for ruin.

Without question, opium is one of China's great curses, but if some means were found to improve the country's economic position, the potency of the curse could be reduced to a minimum. At least 80 per cent of the inveterate opium smokers of China acquire the habit through an effort to

find mental escape from their poverty and wretchedness (which has not been improved by the Japanese).

Among one hundred smokers whom I questioned during one week in the fall of 1936, the percentage was even greater. These interviews were held by permission of the Settlement police and the Chinese First Special District Court; the persons questioned, both men and women, had been convicted of opium addiction. Eighty-six were of the coolie class, and they all admitted that they had started using opium to relieve their minds of financial troubles. Six had taken it up because of frustrated love affairs; one because he failed to graduate from college; another because he had been disgraced by scandal. The remaining six could offer no reason for smoking opium except the pleasure they claimed to obtain from it; although they had once been well-to-do, they had lost their homes and businesses because of the drug.

The moderate opium smokers of China are perhaps more numerous than the confirmed addicts, but little is heard of them because they are seldom brought into court. Now and then one stumbles and becomes an inveterate user. Unless his family is capable of managing his business, the habit becomes his financial ruin and he is finally picked up out of the gutter by the police and tossed into jail. In this respect he differs little from the dipsomaniac of the Occident. In China, however, the government of Chiang Kai-shek, in its effort to suppress the use of the drug, treats opium addicts as criminals and sends them to jail.

Jail, legislation and government control, nevertheless, are only half the answer to China's opium problem. Relief from want and hunger is the other half. To provide such relief by bringing about, through unity of the nation, greater economic security for his people was what Chiang

Kai-shek and his régime were trying to do when with guns and bombs the Japanese started to destroy what progress had already been made.

If the Japs had confined their narcotic trade to opium, their argument that they were merely trying to obtain control of an item of commerce would have had some basis in fact. After all, opium smoking has been practiced in China since the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the drug has been an important article of trade for a long time. But even if the Japs had sold only opium, there would still have been a black mark against them, for they were guilty of refusing to cooperate with the rest of the world in trying to suppress the menace in China. Through the imposition of drastic penalties, Britain, the United States, and other Western nations made it impossible for their nationals there to deal in drugs, and with the coming of Chiang's government China also took direct action and by 1937 had reduced opium consumption 25 per cent.

Far from trading only in opium, however, the Japanese attempted to flood Central China with "white drugs," chiefly heroin, as early as 1933. For this they must be wholeheartedly condemned. While opium smokers can still be of some use to society even after five or six years of the habit, heroin is a quick killer. Within two years it can turn a strong man or woman into a complete wreck. Some of the heroin addicts whom I saw paraded through the courts in China had used it only a year, yet they were little more than skin and bones, easy prey to tuberculosis and pneumonia. As many as fifty corpses of heroin addicts were picked up in the streets of Shanghai during a single week in 1940.

Before the Japanese made their entry into the heroin trade, there had been comparatively little traffic in "white drugs" in China. Almost 90 per cent of all narcotics users

in the country smoked opium. The remainder satisfied their craving with a morphine product called "red pills," made of bread dough impregnated with morphine and colored with a red vegetable dye. The introduction of heroin into Central China, however, cut a big hole in the red pill business, primarily because the user could obtain a bigger "kick" from ten cents' worth of heroin than from red pills costing the same money.

Aware of the devastating effects of heroin and morphine on the masses, the Chinese National Government intervened and dealt both red pill and heroin trade in the Yangtse Valley a severe blow. North China, where the Japanese were reaping big profits from "white drugs," was unaffected, but in the Shanghai, Nanking, and Hankow areas, drastic anti-narcotic laws passed in 1936 were very successful, largely because of the penalties provided. Addiction to heroin, morphine, and codeine became punishable by death or a stiff prison term ranging from fifteen years to life.

Mass executions of convicted heroin and morphine addicts were held at a number of towns and cities in Central China, and they produced the desired effect. Farmers, coolies and shop apprentices, afraid of losing their lives, stuck to their opium pipes. Pipes were more expensive than heroin-dipped cigarettes, but much less dangerous. In the foreign concessions, addicts were given life terms, with the result that Shanghai "white drug" merchants, both Chinese and Japanese, found themselves out of business.

The situation changed when the Japanese moved in. Their armies were followed by several thousand heroin peddlers. Old tactics were renewed and heroin was sold on the streets of the cities and villages of occupied China at one-third the cost of opium. It became a poor man's drug and tens of thousands of Chinese started to use it. When

I left China in 1941, French Concession and International Settlement police officials estimated that Japanese and Korean heroin merchants could claim about half a million customers in Shanghai alone and at least two million more in areas immediately adjacent to the city. The total monthly revenue from the trade in both the Nanking and Shanghai areas was about twenty million dollars in Chinese currency. In American money, that meant a million dollars' worth of scrap iron or oil every month for the Japs, and a good amount left over to line the pockets of the warlords.

The reason for the tremendous increase in the number of heroin addicts was this: the cost of a pipe of the cheapest opium had risen from twenty cents to forty cents because of inflation, while a package of heroin large enough to impregnate two cigarettes cost only ten cents. The poorer classes could no longer afford opium and gladly turned to heroin. Those who could afford it, of course, stuck to opium; but trade in this drug dropped. The Japs, however, made more money on heroin than they did on opium. The slump in opium sales did not cause any decline in the foreign credits purchased with Chinese dollars on the black market of Shanghai.

Proof of the Japs' interest in the narcotic trade was to be found in every city and village of the territory they occupied. At the beginning of each occupation they established a monopoly by assassinating or somehow coercing the Chinese who had once controlled the opium business. Old gangs of dope merchants disappeared and new ones, sponsored by the Jap régime, appeared to take their places.

Tueh Yuch-tsen, leader of the great narcotic syndicate in the Shanghai zone, attempted to hang on for a few months, but his effort was wasted. His men were either murdered by the invaders or driven out of the territory. Tueh himself eventually fled to Hongkong and then to Free China, where

he is credited with having turned over much of his wealth to China's war effort.

It was Japanese seizure of the Chinese Maritime Customs that finally put Tueh out of business. The Japs confiscated his shipments of contraband opium, letting their own go through for delivery to retail opium shops operating under their protection. No less than fifty of these establishments were licensed by the Japanese in Shanghai; they operated openly, and Jap sentries stood guard not far from their main entrances. The guards were there, it was explained by spokesmen, to prevent hijacking.

For a time there was a good deal of hijacking. Tueh's men did not give up easily, and by gang methods they retrieved some of the opium cargoes the Japs had taken from them. Killings on both sides were frequent, but since the Japanese had the most guns, they finally won. By the beginning of 1940 the last of the Chinese opium merchants had been forced out of business and the invaders were in complete control of the trade.

Revenues pouring into Japanese hands from the narcotic trade between the end of 1937 and the beginning of 1942 were great. They could not have been otherwise, since Jap-controlled opium and heroin sales agencies were serving more than half of China's addicts. Authorities on the subject, including officers of the Narcotic Section of the Shanghai police who knew more about the narcotic trade in China than anyone else, agreed that at the end of the summer of 1941 there were at least twelve million opium and heroin users among the two hundred millions living in Japanese-occupied areas of the country. Some estimates placed the figure as high as fifteen million.

Assuming that the former figure is correct, the Japs were taking from drug sales alone a minimum of 1,250,000,000

yen every year, an amount equal to one-tenth of Tokyo's annual war budget during all the years of hostilities in China before Pearl Harbor. This estimate is based on the average cost of drugs to the addict—about thirty Chinese cents daily or, in 1941, about two cents in American money. From the American point of view, it did not cost much to be a dope fiend in China—very few foreigners, however (I know of only three or four), became addicted to the use of drugs. But from the viewpoint of the Chinese people it was expensive—thirty cents, during the early days of inflation in China, represented about one-fifth, sometimes one-fourth, of the poor man's daily income.

Actually, the cost of addiction often was much greater than thirty cents a day. Even a moderate user of opium could scarcely get along on an outlay of forty cents, the minimum price for one pipe. The price per pipe of the best Persian opium was one Chinese dollar. The heroin smoker did not have to spend more than ten cents a day, the price of one packet of heroin, but the confirmed addict usually required three packets. The actual income of the Japanese from the drug trade was probably close to two billion yen.

Though two billion yen is not a great deal of money when figured in terms of American war costs, it was an immense sum to the thrifty Japanese. It covered the annual cost of maintaining their peacetime army of more than 250,000 soldiers in Manchuria. It gave them almost \$150,000,000 in American money in foreign credits, even in 1938, 1939, and 1940, when inflation sent Chinese currency downward to an exchange rate of one American dollar for twenty Chinese yuan.

Considering the Japs' ability to squeeze the limit of its purchasing power out of every penny, it is not likely that their conquest of the Philippines cost them much more

than three or four billion yen, or about half a billion United States dollars. This estimate is based on the cost of changing yen into Chinese dollars and exchanging the latter for American currency at rates existing on the Shanghai black market in the summer of 1941. Thus it can be said that the Philippines, in terms of dollars and cents, cost the Japanese no more than what they made by selling dope to the Chinese.

Without doubt, the Japs can do much with little money. Their war budget for 1941 was only twelve billion yen, the cost of their fight with China that year. That was less than \$750,000,000 in American money at Shanghai black market rates. And from their rackets and looting activities in China, including the sale of drugs, they took at least eight billion yen. In other words, occupied China paid two-thirds of the cost of Japanese occupation in that year. It had been almost the same in previous years, for the Japs started racketeering the moment they landed.

Japan's gross income of two billion yen from narcotic sales and manufacture, of course, was not all profit. But except for her disbursements for Persian opium, estimated to have been not much more than ten million American dollars annually, most of the receipts were in the clear. The cheaper grades of Chinese and Manchurian opium were used in the manufacture of "white drugs." These materials were paid for in military yen or Chinese puppet money, currency the rest of the world did not recognize. Sales, on the other hand, were made for currency which the world, especially Britain and the United States, did recognize. Japan's trade in drugs was simply another means of changing counterfeit money for good coin. From this point of view it cost Tokyo no money at all to take the Philippines—just bogus banknotes.



## Chapter 14

### TOTAL WAR BREAKS

THERE are two sides to the mental character of the average Japanese. In civilian life he often attempts to hide his inherited arrogance and pose as a gentleman. He keeps his appointments on time and frequently goes out of his way to be pleasant. He may trick a customer in a business deal or refuse to replace damaged merchandise, but he will be nice about it. There will be apologies and many "So sorries"—and the buyer will have to keep the goods and make the best of a bad bargain.

This comparatively gentlemanly behavior, however, must be put down as acting. Any Jap can become completely cold and ruthless the moment an argument starts. When the average Japanese male hangs up his kimono to put on a uniform and go to a fighting assignment in some foreign land, he drops the pose of politeness and reverts to type.

Whatever veneer of civilization he may have acquired in civilian life suddenly vanishes, and within a few weeks, sometimes overnight, he becomes a hardened killer of his fellow men. He gives no quarter, nor does he ask or expect any. War, he has been told since childhood, is serious business; it is kill or be killed. His Shinto religion has taught him that death on the field of battle is the open sesame to heaven. To surrender, or to permit himself to be taken prisoner, is disgrace.

Of course, the Japs do not always follow these rules—like other men, they would rather live than die. But they could never admit this openly. In 1937 I saw a small party of Japanese surrender to a Chinese battalion during the fighting at Chenju, and when I mentioned the incident at a Japanese press conference a few evenings later I was told by their army spokesman that I must have been mistaken.

“Japanese soldiers,” he said, “never surrender.”

Again I had been politely called a liar, but I knew that my eyes had not been playing tricks on me. I reported in print what I had witnessed and got another denial from Mr. Suzuki the next day. Nevertheless there was no doubting that the surrender had been genuine. A small party of about fifty Japanese motorcyclists, machine-guns mounted on sidecars, had become bogged down in a rice paddy and were immediately surrounded by Chinese. They made no effort to resist.

Such occasions, however, really are rare in Japanese military operations. When cornered, the Jap soldier usually stands and fights until he drops. Lifelong teaching leaves him no other alternative. He wants to go to heaven and he isn't willing to take a chance on arousing the anger of his gods by running up the white flag.

Apparently, however, there is nothing in Bushido, the Japanese warrior's code, which prohibits him from flight.

He will run if he has any place to run to. He ran at Taishan in 1938, and left forty or fifty thousand of his dead comrades behind. He ran at Changsha on three different occasions. In 1937 I saw him at Woosung, where landing parties that had penetrated inland came running back to the shore with the Chinese in pursuit.

Whether or not they run, the Japanese are clever planners and schemers. Their difficulty is that when their plans go wrong they lose so much time in remaking them that they face the risk of running into more trouble.

I saw their plans go wrong one morning in October, 1937, and if it had not been for the fact that dead and dying men were all about, the episode might have been funny. The Chinese armies had just started their retreat from Chapei, or rather, they already had retreated during the night and the Japanese didn't find it out until the following morning. Only a few men had been left behind to start firing what remained of the city once the Japs woke up and realized that a withdrawal had taken place.

It was almost noon before the Japanese had sufficiently recovered from the surprise to start an advance. In the meantime the Chinese had gained much valuable time and were able to reach new positions in Hungjao on the outskirts of Shanghai. If the Japs had not been caught napping, they could have forced the retreating Chinese out of the entire area then and there, and the second battle of Shanghai in that decade might have been over.

As it turned out, the fight was prolonged almost another two weeks, all because the Japs' plans were upset. Chinese rear guards had enough time to set fire to Chapei, creating a solid wall of fire eight or nine miles long between their retreating main armies and the Japanese forces. It was three days before the flames had subsided enough so that the

Japs could complete occupation of the evacuated Chinese positions.

In this case the delay was minor and not too costly—but battles have been lost because of such poor timing. Worse for the Japs was the fact that six hundred Chinese soldiers, apparently with the idea of staging another Alcazar, slipped into a warehouse just inside Chapei on the edge of the International Settlement. I learned of the presence of these men in the area about the same time that the Japanese did, and for a moment I regretted it almost as much as they did.

Larry Lehrbas, alone on duty in the Associated Press office that morning, had routed me out of bed to check reports of the Chinese retreat. Nobody in town, not even the Japs, seemed to know much about it. It might be only a rumor, but it had to be run to earth. I crossed into Chapei, but found no sign of Chinese troops and started to return to the Settlement. The route back took me past the Joint Savings Society warehouse in which the Chinese had barricaded themselves.

As I came up to the building, about five hundred Japs put in their appearance. They, too, were trying to find out whether the Chinese had really pulled out. They found that some were still around. When they moved into view along the native side of Boundary Road, the Chinese in the warehouse cut loose with a clatter of machine-gun and rifle fire. Along with the Japs, I was in the line of fire. I ran, and so did the Japs. They ran faster than I did.

Here was something else not in the Japanese plan. The Chinese were supposed to have retreated without leaving any pockets behind. The logical procedure would have been to send in artillery; within a few hours the Japs could literally have blasted the warehouse to pieces. The Chinese would have fled into the International Settlement and the pocket would have been wiped out. The matter, however,

went from the officer commanding the area to the high command in the Central China zone. Debate followed, and by three o'clock in the afternoon all opportunity to take the proper action had vanished. The fires of Chapei had become too intense for any kind of artillery movement.

The Japs could have carried out the same maneuver three days later when the fires died down, but again they delayed. Instead of moving up artillery, of which they had plenty, they sent snipers into the area. These men could do nothing except shoot at a few Chinese who now and then raised their heads above the sills of the warehouse windows.

More than a week passed before the Japanese had completed new plans to handle the situation. First they tried dropping a few aerial bombs on the Chinese, but that scheme failed because the warehouse was so close to the Settlement boundary. A bomb might fall on foreign territory and kill Englishmen or Americans, and the Japs were not looking for too much trouble with us just then. Artillery was finally moved up to within 150 yards of the warehouse, and in five hours of shelling the Chinese "Lone Battalion," as the defenders of the building had been named by foreign correspondents and the Shanghai press, had been blasted into the Settlement.

This time their failure to act immediately was extremely costly, in a psychological way, to the Japanese. The retreat of Generalissimo Chiang's armies from the Shanghai zone had caused a severe slump in Chinese morale, which bucked up remarkably when it became known that even a single battalion had remained behind to fight. The Lone Battalion turned defeat into a psychological victory which gave other Chinese the courage to fight on.

Not only are the Japs slow to recover from reverses, but they are slow to take advantage of new situations which

favor them. Witness the case of Pearl Harbor, where the damage inflicted upon the United States Pacific Fleet was so serious that the Japs doubtless could have invaded the Hawaiian Islands or severely punished the Pacific Coast of the United States by aerial attack. Yet neither action was taken—perhaps because the Japanese did not know the real extent of the damage they had inflicted at Pearl Harbor, but more likely because their plans called for action elsewhere. Hongkong and Corregidor were the next places on the list and that is the way it had to be, although radio broadcasts from Tokyo and reports appearing in Japanese papers during the months of December, 1941, and January, 1942, indicated that the Japs had a fair idea of the havoc they had caused on the island of Oahu.

Before the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the Western powers made the mistake of underestimating the Japanese; but after the Japs' death stand at Buna and on Guadalcanal, a tendency to overestimate them developed on the part of many Americans, Britons, and others. Fear was expressed that it might take years, perhaps a decade, to defeat Japan completely. Since there are times when fear, by lowering morale, can become almost as dangerous as overconfidence, the problem seems to be to place the Jap in the proper perspective.

First of all, the Jap will run, and secondly, he is a slow thinker. These two weaknesses, more than any others, will bring about his eventual defeat. But he is stubborn when cornered, and usually he is capable of completely subordinating everything else he holds dear in life—his family, his friends, and his business—to the job of being a soldier. He may not be the best soldier in the world, but he tries hard.

And to make it easier for him to discard what he has learned of civilization, he has the background of Japanese history and legend. All the fighting instinct of the ancient

Japanese warrior, handed down through the centuries from one generation to another, is in his blood. There are few families in Japan today that cannot trace their origin to some ancient samurai. In addition, the Japanese of today has been trained from childhood in the science of modern warfare. Even his entertainment, his movies and plays, are based on legends or historical tales relating the deeds of warlike heroes. Though in ordinary life he may be a shoemaker, a farmer, or an office clerk, fighting is his real business and his religion.

Take the case of my tailor, a Jap named Ken Mizaki. For nine years he had made my shirts, underclothes, and some of my suits. In business he was a gentleman, polite and accommodating. Trousers were refitted without argument. Collars were reshaped and made smaller. As far as his conduct and work were concerned, he gave no cause for complaint.

When he called at my house he was always welcome to a cup of tea and a cake, and he seldom left without an order from me. He was not treated as a menial or a tradesman, but as a guest. During the Sino-Japanese hostilities of 1932, his business suffered and he fell ill. He sent his wife to my office to ask for a loan, and she got it. Later I gave her more money, and let them pay me back in trade. Mizaki announced that he was deeply grateful, and promised to help me out of a tight corner if I should ever find myself in one.

Our relations became somewhat strained during the Japanese attack on Shanghai in 1932, but that was natural. Mizaki was loyal to the Mikado, while I made it clear to him that my sympathies were with the Chinese. However, I continued to do business with him, partly because my private pipeline into Shanghai's Little Tokyo needed all the pumps I could keep on it. Members of the staff of the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* did not stand in too

well with the Japanese at that time; by openly demanding on the front page that the Japs take their army and guns back home, the paper had incurred the displeasure of some high Jap officials. But in covering the news, one needs to maintain some relations even with the opposition, and Mizaki was valuable because of his membership in the Japanese Residents' Corporation, an organization that held political control over Japanese subjects living in Shanghai. Besides, I felt I could trust the tailor more than any other Jap of my acquaintance.

As it turned out in the end, Mizaki was in the pay of Mr. Suzuki. To sell a shirt he would answer a dozen questions, but most of what he had to say was propaganda from Tokyo intended to turn the Occidental in China against Generalissimo Chiang's régime.

China's new leader, according to Mizaki, was a rogue who wanted to enslave the Chinese masses. Nippon, he said, was only trying to bring prosperity to China and save the Chinese people from the machinations of those he called "the rascals at Nanking." General Tsai's Nineteenth Route Army was being made to serve Chiang's plans against its will.

This was the same brand of propaganda that most other Japanese tradesmen handed out to their Occidental customers. For their Chinese patrons, I learned in months to come, they had another line of conversation, one that was much more dangerous. To the native they preached Asia for the Asiatics and the ousting of the Westerner from the Pacific region.

Mr. Suzuki had organized his propaganda service well. Some of us may have laughed at his efforts, but they undeniably got results. Almost every merchant and every tradesman who left Japan to engage in business in the



countries of Asia and the islands of the Pacific was a propaganda and espionage agent for his government.

There was nothing haphazard about Mr. Suzuki's propaganda work. He had the organization, and there was no doubting its efficiency. Its prime purpose was to create confusion; in this it succeeded. Moreover, there was definite coordination in the manner in which they spread their gossip and rumors. When Mr. Suzuki was stirring up agitation against Chiang, every Japanese merchant, every clerk, every salesman had the same hints, rumors, and reports concerning the Generalissimo to pass on to his customers. The similarity in the tales each man told was conclusive evidence of the existence of a pattern; it also made the propaganda more effective.

In Shanghai, the Japanese Club on Boone Road and the meeting hall of the Japanese Residents' Corporation were the places where the Nipponese living in the city received their instructions as to what to say and what to do. Every now and then Mizaki would telephone me to say that he could not keep an appointment to measure me for a new suit of pajamas; he had to attend a meeting of the Japanese Residents' Corporation. I could usually count on him to turn up a few days after the meeting with a new story to tell. I listened to most of what he had to say, found it interesting and valuable, and though I had to discount much of the information he brought me, I kept on good terms with him for a while.

I kept up my friendship with Mizaki until August 14, 1937, the day of the historic Cathay and Palace Hotel bombings. The lid had blown off Sino-Japanese relations the day before, and total war had come to China. My residence at the time was in the war zone north of Soochow

Creek, which runs through the center of Shanghai, and on the previous night I had been machine-gunned out of my flat in a modern apartment house on Szechuen Road. Like several other residents of the same building, I had been too complacent to move out earlier.

Though open hostilities had been expected to start in the Shanghai zone since the battle at the Marco Polo Bridge in Peiping, there was some reason for this complacency. From July 7, the day fighting started in the north, until August 13, when the Battle of Shanghai started, I had found it possible to guess what rumors were circulating about the country simply by looking out of my window in the morning and observing the flow of traffic. If thousands of farmers and their families were headed north for the rural areas, then it was peace talk. If they were going in the opposite direction, then the men on the floors of the Shanghai Stock Exchange and the gold bar market were talking war. The only thing you could be sure about when you got up in the morning was that there would be ten thousand farmers and their women and children on Szechuen Road, and many more on every other street in the vicinity.

The signs on the morning of August 12 clearly indicated that war was near. The Japs claimed that the Chinese had assassinated one of their officers. That was the tip-off. It was the alleged assassination of a Nipponese officer that had started the invasion of Manchuria. The assassination of Shinto priests was the spark that set off hostilities in Shanghai in 1932. And now another Jap officer allegedly had been slain by the Chinese. It was time to move, as the Szechuen Road area had been in the middle of every war fought in Shanghai since that city was founded.

My wife and daughter took up quarters in the Palace Hotel the morning war broke out, and although it was

bombed the following day, neither of them were injured. Fortunately they got out with their clothes, the piano, the sewing machine, and of course the dog. But during that hectic period I had to work almost around the clock on Associated Press assignments and the *China Press* night desk, and I found time to salvage only a briefcase and my portable typewriter. And I got them at the risk of my life.

Making my way to our flat that first night of war was quite a job. I left the *China Press* offices, located near the French Concession, about two o'clock in the morning, sneaked through Japanese lines without permission, traveled a long and circuitous route through blacked-out streets, and finally reached the rear entrance of the apartment building.

Any attempt to enter the place through the front door would have been inviting death. Though the lights along other streets of the area had been shot out, Szechuen Road was well illuminated. Chinese and Japanese snipers and machine-gunners faced each other from the rooftops. And they were shooting at every shadow, everything that moved.

The moment I crossed the threshold of my darkened flat a stream of machine-gun bullets poured through one of my two dining-room windows. It came from a Chinese position across the street. A small, narrow hallway saved me from what would have been certain death. Not a light was on in my apartment, but there was enough illumination coming through the windows to produce a slight shadow as I moved. Sharp Chinese eyes spotted it at once and their gunners opened fire.

There was only one safe room in the flat, the kitchen. It was not exposed to the street front, and I spent the rest of the morning there on the floor, using my rolled-up summer coat as a pillow. The constant clatter of rifle and ma-

chine-gun fire finally drummed my weary brain to sleep, and it was not until well after dawn that I awoke.

Crawling on my hands and knees from one room to another, making sure that my head did not appear above a windowsill, I collected my typewriter and some manuscript and notes. Then I left the building as I had entered, through the rear door, and made my way through Japanese lines and back to the safety of the Settlement areas north of Soochow Creek.

Hell broke loose in Shanghai on the second afternoon of war, August 14, 1937. It started when Chinese pilots from Nanking attempted to bomb the flagship of the Japanese China Seas Fleet, the *Idzumo*, a ten-thousand-ton cruiser tied up in the Whangpoo River directly opposite the Japanese Consulate. Anti-aircraft fire from the ship not only drove the Chinese away but hit the bomb racks on one of the planes. Four 250-pound demolition bombs were loosened. Unaware of the damage to his bomb racks, and apparently frightened, the pilot turned his plane at an altitude of about fifteen hundred feet and flew over the International Settlement.

Two bombs, jarred completely loose from their fastenings, dropped on Nanking Road. One hit the Palace Hotel, the other the street. Nanking Road was packed with thousands of Chinese refugees from the nearby hinterlands, and so unexpected was the bombing that none of them had time to scatter into the shelter of nearby sidestreets and buildings. When the smoke had cleared away, almost three thousand dead and wounded were piled in heaps on the pavement.

It was a bloody tangle of bodies that had been blown to bits. Heads, torsos, legs, and arms were scattered about.

Men and women were blown from the street through the windows of the fifth and sixth floors of the Cathay Hotel. The lobby of the Palace Hotel across the street was filled with wounded and dying people. Just by luck, my wife and daughter were in the part of the hotel that faced the waterfront, and rooms there were not damaged.

Less than a minute later, one mile away in front of the Great World Amusement Resort on Avenue Edward VII, the thoroughfare separating the French Concession from the International Settlement, the other two bombs on the broken rack came loose and dropped. Approximately two thousand more dead and wounded were piled in the streets.

The exact number of casualties resulting from both bombings may never be known. There were too many mangled bodies to allow for an accurate count. But when the police had completed their job of checking those killed instantly and those who subsequently died of their wounds, it was found that the four bombs had accounted for about four thousand lives.

Even after five years I still have nightmares resulting from what I saw on Nanking Road and Avenue Edward VII. Though death in its most violent forms is nothing new to me, I sometimes wake from my sleep in a cold sweat, with the moans of hundreds of dying Chinese men and women ringing in my head. Photographed on my mind are the bleeding bodies and limbs of the dead being tossed into police vans and trucks as though they had just come out of an abattoir.

Especially vivid is the recollection of picking my rickshaw coolie out of a shop window into which he had been thrown as the bombs hit the hotel district. He was pulling me across Nanking Road on Szechuen Road, less than a block from the scene of death. Concussion tossed me from my seat and hurled me a good twenty feet through the air to

the pavement. We were both badly shaken, but no more by our fall than by the devastation that lay before us.

I saw much of death that afternoon, but I faced it at even closer quarters late that night. Again I returned to my apartment in the war zone, this time looking for another suit of clothes. After the bombings I had spent several hours searching for Occidentals among the thousands of dead and wounded, and my trousers were stiff with blood. I felt that I had to return to my apartment that night, snipers and machine-gunners notwithstanding.

Getting back into the war zone was more of a task than it had been the night before. The situation on North Szechuen Road had grown considerably worse since morning. The Chinese had moved a railway gun into their Chapei yards and were taking pot shots at the Japanese Consulate on the banks of the Whangpoo. Some of the shells were falling short, landing near my own flat. Street fighting also had become more intense, and trench mortar shells were landing on Szechuen Road near the front entrance to the apartment building.

By the same winding route through back streets and alleys that I had used the night before, I managed to reach the entrance of a lane leading to the rear door of the apartment house. But there I was halted by a group of Japanese, all civilians, who had been called to patrol duty pending the arrival of regular army reinforcements. In command of the unit was my tailor, Ken Mizaki.

Mizaki's presence bucked up my spirits considerably. He was the one Japanese of my acquaintance whom I thought I could count on to help me out of a tight spot. Recalling his promises of earlier days, I made up my mind to ask him for an escort to the rear door of the apartment building and

then back through Japanese lines to the safe side of Soochow Creek.

It was a shock to discover that the mild-mannered little tailor was a total washout as a friend in time of need. Worse than that was the fact that he displayed a streak of fiendishness, and seemed to take special delight in making me just as uncomfortable as he could. It was hard to connect this tough, mean little package of dynamite with the polite and accommodating chap who had made my clothes for so many years, yet they were the same person. The quick change from civilian to military status had turned him into a ruthless man. The transformation was so complete that he even refused to recognize me.

Poking a flashlight into my face with one hand and pointing a Luger automatic at my forehead with the other, Mizaki commanded me to state my identity and the purpose of my presence in the war area. As he waved the muzzle of the Luger less than a foot away from me, I could not detect the slightest sign of recognition on his cold, fixed features. What I saw was the face of a killer, who would shoot almost anyone if he thought it was his duty or if he happened to be in the mood. I noticed that the safety catch on the pistol had been released and that Mizaki's finger was on the trigger. He was prepared to pull it at the slightest threatening movement on my part.

For a moment I forgot the terror of the afternoon, the dead on Nanking Road, and my own disheveled state. Then it suddenly occurred to me that I might look such a bloody mess that perhaps Mizaki really had not been able to recognize me. I called him by name, but it didn't do any good at all.

"How happen you know my name?" he hissed.

I explained, claiming to be one of his good customers, and to prove the point I asked him to examine the label on

the inside pocket of my coat. Ignoring the request, Mizaki ordered two of his men to place me under detention. I was then marched off through a sidestreet to Japanese landing party offices on Range Road, where I was searched by the lieutenant commander in charge. It developed that my erstwhile friend had accused me of being a spy.

Three hours elapsed before the commander reached the conclusion that my papers contained no military information of value to the Chinese, but before releasing me he forced me to sign a document relieving the Japanese authorities of any responsibility in case I should happen to stop a bullet on my way out of the war zone. At the same time he was obliging enough to instruct Mizaki to escort me to my apartment and help me reach Soochow Creek with my clothes.

The tailor soon made it apparent that he had no intention of carrying out these instructions. On the way back to my apartment he swore aloud in English, insisting that I was a spy and that the officer was a fool to give me my liberty. And when we reached the entrance of the lane leading to the rear door of my block of flats, Mizaki and his patrol party did not stop. Being in the midst of the group, I had to keep moving.

In just a few more seconds I began to feel stark fear. With every step toward bloody and embattled Szechuen Road, it became more obvious that Mizaki and his hoodlums had made up their minds to fill me with holes. They were going to commit murder, and in such a way that they could never be brought to account for it—I had signed the release relieving the Japanese of responsibility in the event of an accident.

In spite of all my protests, the patrol marched straight to Szechuen Road, where heavy fighting was in progress. I was made to walk down that thoroughfare to my home.



It amounted to nothing more or less than running the gantlet between lines of Chinese and Japanese snipers, machine-gunners, and hand-grenade tossers.

Starting me off, Mizaki pointed north with his Luger and said: "No need to go back door. There is front door of your house. You go to it. We stay here."

I tried to turn back, but the Jap and his men barred the way. No doubt they would have opened fire on me themselves if I had persisted in my efforts.

Luckily, in a moment fear gave way to reason and I had the sense to hug the side of the apartment house. That saved me from the fire of Japanese snipers directly overhead, on top of my building. Some of them, of course, could have leaned over to fire downwards, but this would have brought them within plain sight of the Chinese across the street.

It was apparent that if I was going to be stopped by a bullet, it would come from a Chinese gun. My life depended upon the courtesy of the Chinese soldiers—and for that courtesy I still thank them. They recognized me for an Occidental and withheld their fire until I had reached my front entrance. But I stepped inside the doorway none too soon: four bullets whistled past the door, all from the direction of the patrol party. I suspect that a disappointed Mizaki, or one of his men, was responsible for firing them.

Once again I spent a good part of the night on the kitchen floor, and it was a good thing that I did. My nerves were badly jangled, but after about thirty minutes I dozed off, to be aroused soon after daybreak by a heavy explosion very close to me. The whole flat was shaking and part of the kitchen ceiling landed on me. A few moments later I found that a trench mortar shell had gone through the bedroom window and had exploded at the side of my bed. The entire establishment was torn up, but I did manage to sal-

vage a couple of suits and soon was on my way back to safer parts of town, via the back door.

I returned to the apartment two weeks later to retrieve a few books and some other personal belongings. Mizaki was no longer on duty in the district, but although the firing had subsided, Szechuen Road was still far from quiet. At the Japanese lines I was stopped by a naval lieutenant who wanted to know my business. I explained.

"Perhaps you have English dictionary in your apartment?" he suggested.

I admitted that I had one.

"Ah, that is well," he said, evidently very pleased. "You give me dictionary and I give you escort."

He was almost jubilant when I handed him the book. "Very nice," he said, rubbing the covers. "Thank you so much."

I wanted to know why he should prize a dictionary so highly.

"Japanese officers should know better English," came the reply.

He was not fooling. Men who know the language of their potential enemies make valuable officers. Here was a lieutenant who knew what was ahead and wanted to be prepared for it.

## Chapter 15

### CRIME CAMPAIGN

**B**ETWEEN the summer of 1937 and the summer of 1938, when I started to broadcast, Sino-Japanese hostilities followed the Yangtse River more than three hundred miles inland to the port of Matang, and beyond toward Hankow, the Chicago of China. But there was not much relief for Shanghai. Gangs of Chinese, Korean, and Japanese ruffians in the employ of the Nipponese military sought to get rid of all the patriots of Free China who had taken refuge in the foreign concessions. The latter, also tough and long accustomed to playing politics with bullets, retaliated with force.

There were so many killings on both sides that it was impossible to record them all. At times the tide coming up the Whangpoo River washed ashore the bullet-riddled or headless bodies of those who had died before terrorist

guns or under the ax and broadsword, and often more bodies were found floating in Soochow Creek. Not more than two or three out of every dozen were identified.

The state of affairs existing inside the International Settlement itself after the withdrawal of Generalissimo Chiang's armies in the fall of 1937 was far from conducive to harmony. The Japanese had started a great shakedown racket: the armed kidnaping of rich Chinese, most of whom lived within the foreign concessions.

Ignoring the laws of Frenchtown and the Settlement, as well as the authority of French and British police, the Japs sent their armed thugs into both areas, kidnaped the rich and took much of their wealth. I talked with many victims of Japanese abductions and I know what happened. The poor devils were held at Nipponese gendarmerie stations outside the Settlement and flogged and tortured until they signed checks for the amounts demanded. They were released when the checks were cashed.

I have seen men released from the hands of Nipponese ronin and gendarmes, their backs like raw hamburger as a result of flogging with split bamboo. With the exception of the heavily knotted Russian knout, there is probably no known flogging device as brutal as the split bamboo. It is as flexible as a whip and it cuts into the flesh with razorlike sharpness, leaving deep wounds.

Like all other rackets instituted by the Japs in areas they occupied, kidnaping had three major purposes. First, it furnished the Japanese with more Chinese currency which could be used to obtain American dollars and British pounds sterling with which to buy war materials. Second, it provided hard cash for the kidnapers and their Japanese backers, who took a cut out of every dollar squeezed from their victims. The third purpose was to instill fear in the minds of the Chinese living in occupied territory—in short,

to break down morale and force a number of Chinese to align themselves with Japan.

Though it is impossible to estimate accurately the revenues the Japs obtained from the kidnaping racket in Shanghai, it must have been more than fifteen million dollars a month during 1938, and at least half that figure the following year.

But the racket did not die with the disappearance of the wealthy. By the spring of 1941 kidnapers were shaking down everyone, even those who possessed only a few hundred dollars. Chinese educators, minor business executives, and others drawing modest salaries were rounded up and robbed.

It was easy to prepare the script for my first broadcasts from Shanghai. There were so many bombings, gun battles in the streets, kidnapings, armed robberies, and beheadings that a rewrite of the morning Settlement police report would provide me with a noon newscast. Similar treatment of the official afternoon crime review, together with Chinese and Japanese war communiqués, furnished my dinner-hour listeners with fifteen minutes of the latest coverage of the blood and thunder, corruption and criminal activity taking place almost on their own doorsteps.

On my third day on the air a rather unusual assassination occurred. The victim was Jen Pao-an, a corrupt and treacherous Chinese politician who had organized a land tax bureau for the Japanese-controlled puppet government in the Shanghai area. Jen was giving a banquet at a Foochow Road restaurant for some of his Japanese masters when four gunmen burst into his private dining room and sprayed the place with Mauser bullets, killing the host and a girl entertainer.

It was the kind of killing most of the residents of the city's foreign settlements liked to hear about, and Mr.

Suzuki telephoned to accuse me of gloating when I broadcast the report of Jen Pao-an's sudden end. The criticism might have been justified. Though I made no special comment, perhaps my voice sounded more cheerful than it had the day before when I had reported the assassination of two Chinese patriots.

Mr. Suzuki felt that he really had a case. Radio played an important part in the life of Shanghai at the time—almost every Chinese home above the class of a coolie hut had a set, and almost every foreigner had a set. There were radios in all the cafés, shops, pubs, hotels, casinos, and other gathering places. Crowds on the streets, in public rooms, and in hotel lobbies listened to the latest news bulletins and commentaries. The moment a bit of information went on the air, the entire population of the city heard it.

Most disturbing to the Japanese was the fact that whenever a Chungking gunman killed a puppet official or some other traitor to China, cheers went up from the crowds of Chinese gathered around a thousand public loudspeakers. But when Nipponese gangs killed a pro-Chiang man, the crowds hissed.

The Japanese had conquered ten thousand square miles of the area around Shanghai but they were not the actual rulers of the main districts of the metropolis itself. Though encircled by bayonets and subjected to terrorism, the foreign concessions still sought to exercise the right of free speech, both in the press and on the radio. To suppress this right, to destroy the liberties of Americans and Britons and those living under their protection, was one of the purposes of Japanese terrorism.

At first Mr. Suzuki did not resort to force to suppress or control my broadcasts; the bombs he had hurled at station XMHA three days before I was scheduled to go on the air

merely hinted at what anyone might expect if he failed to cooperate with Japanese policy. Fortunately, only the front office of the station was damaged, and the transmitters and studios escaped untouched. Though I had to climb over some wreckage to reach the studios, my first broadcasts were made as scheduled, while a little carpenter work restored the office to something like its original condition.

Mr. Suzuki kept silent about my newscasts until the day of Jen Pao-an's murder. Then the alleged cheerful tone of my voice was a bit too much for him. He would appreciate it, he said, if I would call on Major Ken Azano, head of the Japanese radio control board in Shanghai, to discuss Nipponese policy regarding the broadcasting of murders, assassinations and other acts of terrorism. In fact, he announced, the Major had several things to talk over with me.

Perhaps he misunderstood me when I replied that if Azano had anything to say to me he could call on me to say it. At any rate, Suzuki telephoned again the next day to ask why I had failed to visit the radio control officer, who had waited several hours for me and was annoyed when I failed to show up. Once more I clarified my position, explaining that as an American I did not recognize Azano's authority. Radio in the International Settlement, I pointed out, was under the control of Generalissimo Chiang's government and the Shanghai Municipal Council. Since the Japs did not control the foreign areas, they had nothing to say about how radio in those districts should be run. I contended that I was not obliged to call on Major Azano, and Suzuki finally got the idea.

Azano called on me the next morning. He lost no time in getting to the purpose of his call. The Japanese High Command, he informed me, was displeased because I had started broadcasting Chinese communiqués. It would be wise, he said, to eliminate them from my news reports.

I asked him if he was threatening me. He replied that he was not, but called my attention to a statement reported to have been made by General Ugaki, Japanese foreign minister, to another American correspondent. Ugaki had told this man that Japan appreciated American neutrality and "sympathetic understanding of Japan's position," and Azano wanted to know why I was not "sympathetic" like my countrymen at home.

Our debate lasted for half an hour. I explained that I had no assurance that Americans at home were in sympathy with Japan's aggressive actions in China, and if they were, I didn't agree with them. In broadcasting Chinese communiqués I was trying to be neutral.

Azano couldn't see any of my points. His idea of neutrality, apparently, was to broadcast only what the Japanese wanted on the air. But he did have enough common sense to explain why—that Japanese people listening to me might get the wrong impression of what was really taking place in China.

I could see what he meant. The people of Japan had been informed by their warlords that it would take only a few months to defeat China. They had been told, as a matter of fact, that China already had been brought to her knees with the capture of Nanking. Chinese communiqués reporting sanguinary fighting on the Yangtse between Matang and Hankow might have an unfavorable effect on them. My refusal to fall in line with Azano's wishes was tantamount to a declaration of open war, on the air at least, between the Japanese military and me.

Regarding the Jen Pao-an case, Azano announced that my method of handling the news of that killing had brought forth criticism from Nipponese military headquarters in occupied Nanking. Japanese generals, too, thought they had detected a tone of jubilation in my voice. The



question of friendly relations was raised again. Azano, a Japanese officer, tried to tell me, an American, that it was my patriotic duty to do all I could to understand Japan and her great mission in Asia. By this time I was beginning to lose my temper. I told Azano that I had a fair understanding of Nippon's ambitions as far as China was concerned, and that if I were to broadcast my real opinions he would probably have me assassinated at the first opportunity.

There was nothing tactful about Azano. He was blunt in expressing his wishes, and though he had previously denied it, his attitude was threatening. It was quite all right, he told me, to give publicity to assassinations and the like, but his office desired that, in reporting a killing which "might have been committed by Chinese organizations friendly to Japan," I refrain from identifying such organizations. They were, he assured me, only trying to help the Japanese bring prosperity to China by liquidating her "enemies," Generalissimo Chiang's supporters.

According to the policy he outlined, I was to say only that Mr. Feng or Mr. Chang had met an untimely end and let the matter drop there. But in the case of a Chungking-sponsored killing, the Japanese High Command would not mind my mentioning those responsible.

The average Japanese can hide his emotions, but Azano's eyes blazed with anger when I announced that although I felt flattered by the interest the Japanese High Command had shown in me, I could not recognize his authority. For a moment he said nothing; then he openly demanded that I submit my script to him for censorship. I asked him to leave.

When he departed I telephoned the Japanese Embassy, got hold of the official spokesman, and complained of Azano's behavior. I also explained that I could not accept

Nipponese censorship of my script. Later in the day the spokesman called back to apologize for Azano's actions. It was the only apology I ever received from the Japanese from that time until the end of my stay in Shanghai.

Azano's attempts to enforce censorship were not confined to my own broadcasts. They were also directed against the Chinese and most of the foreign stations in the Yangtse Delta region; in the case of the former, it was either accept Japanese dictation or be bombed out of existence. These terrorist methods soon gave the Japs complete control of all Chinese broadcasting facilities in occupied areas.

Though the main reasons for censorship were to prevent information contained in Chinese communiqués from reaching the Japanese at home and to spread Japanese propaganda among the Chinese, Azano's effort to censor broadcasts was also part of the well-laid Nipponese plot to harass the foreigners in Shanghai and relieve the Japs of responsibility for Shanghai's reign of terror. It is another interesting example of Nipponese planning.

The scheme was not apparent to me when the tough little major called at my office, but future developments made its existence most obvious. The attempt to suppress the news of killings carried out by Nipponese-employed gunmen was merely the first phase of the plan. Its clever construction, as revealed by the manner in which it was executed, gave evidence that the Japs had spent many months in its preparation. There was nothing slipshod about it. Every step was carried out with usual Japanese thoroughness, and the first was the launching of a press and radio campaign against the Shanghai Municipal Council, the governing body of the International Settlement. The appeal to what Azano called "my patriotic duty" was not the real point at issue in the discussion of the Jen incident.

On the contrary, Azano had wanted to use me to aid the Japanese military in bringing pressure on the Municipal Council, and I had started off in a way that would be of no assistance to him and his superiors.

The immediate objective of the campaign, which was conducted from both Tokyo and Japanese-occupied China, was to force the British- and American-dominated Council to employ more Japanese on the Settlement police force. The second objective was to obtain domination of the Council itself.

The Japs first accused the city fathers of harboring "enemies" of Nippon inside Settlement boundaries, and of being responsible for the many outbreaks which occurred there. The Settlement gave refuge to people of all nations, and in it lived tens of thousands of Chinese who were wholehearted supporters of China in the war against Japan. Thousands of Chinese puppets and Japanese also lived there. Englishmen and Americans had made their homes there. Hitler was using the place as a dumping-ground for thousands of Jews. Almost thirty thousand White Russian refugees had found haven within its borders. Anyone who behaved himself and kept within the existing laws could go there and live. And everybody behaved fairly well except the Jap and his Axis partners. Others who broke the law landed in jail, but the Jap took the law into his own hands and kept out of jail.

Since kidnaping was the first form of terrorism introduced in Shanghai after the retreat of Chiang's armies, and since the racket was in the hands of the Japanese and their Chinese puppets, there were absolutely no grounds for Tokyo's attempts to blame the Shanghai Municipal Council for the lawless state of affairs in the Settlement. It is true that once the pro-Chungking elements started to retaliate

for the political terrorism which followed in the wake of the kidnaping outbreak, they frequently used the Settlement as a base of operations—but so did the Jap terrorists, who therefore had no excuse for complaining on that point.

However, the Japs charged the police of the Settlement with inefficiency and demanded that more Japanese be added to the force. It was to provide grounds for this demand that they tried to secure censorship over American and British broadcasts made from the Settlement, and control of the press. Through terroristic methods they had gained considerable control of Chinese news mediums, but the American-owned *Evening Post and Mercury*, the Chinese-owned but American-operated *China Press*, and the British-owned *North China Daily News* fought back and managed to maintain freedom of speech almost up to the time when the Japanese marched into the Settlement after the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

The owners of Station XMHA supported my stand, and I became the only news commentator on the air in occupied China who dared to express an opinion or raise a voice against Japanese aggression and the oppression of the Chinese masses which followed it. It was risky business, and it eventually forced me to surround myself with bodyguards, wear a bulletproof vest, carry a pistol, and keep an eye out for assassins, but at least I had the satisfaction of knowing that there were times when Mr. Suzuki could not have his own way.

His plan was to force censorship upon me because I was interfering with his program to plant a Japanese spy ring inside the offices of the Shanghai Municipal Council and the Settlement police.

The Japanese were not sure how London and Washington would react to the truth, so their scheme required that all blame for the reign of terror in Shanghai be shifted to

the Chinese, and the alleged inefficiency of the Settlement police and administration.

Actually, there was nothing inefficient about the Shanghai Municipal Police. Before the arrival of the Japs in 1937, the force had proved itself one of the most competent in the world. The crime wave that followed the 1932 Sino-Japanese hostilities had been suppressed with remarkable skill. Kidnaping gangs were wiped out of existence. Armed robberies were reduced from five or six daily to three or four weekly. In fact, it had almost seemed as if the city might become a dull place for a crime reporter. Then the Japs came back and with them came an unprecedented outbreak of crime and terrorism.

The new terror was so extensive and violent that 3,500 police regulars could not even begin to cope with it. The number of armed robberies mounted to ten and twelve a day; street holdups increased to a similar figure; kidnapings for ransom hit an all-time high, and kidnaping for political reasons became chronic. Chinese whom the Japanese wanted as personnel for their puppet governments were dragged from their homes or hauled from cars and rickshaws and held at Japanese gendarmerie headquarters until they had agreed to support the Co-Prosperity Sphere. Every conceivable form of crime was committed, and on a wholesale scale.

In an effort to obtain some control over the situation, the police called out a thousand reserves. They did their best, but crime and terrorism turned into anarchy. The Russian Regiment of the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, the only military organization on the Settlement payroll, was transferred to police work, but this failed to help much. American marines and British soldiers, stationed in Shanghai for military duty only, frequently gave the police a hand, but that wasn't enough.

Japanese interference with police work was the chief reason why crime suppression was impossible. Armed bandits robbed people in the Settlement and fled across the boundaries into Japanese-occupied territory, where they were given sanctuary. Police who attempted to track them down were stopped at the border, manhandled by Japanese troops and gendarmes or even fired on.

Nevertheless the Shanghai Municipal Council eventually succumbed to Japanese demands; more Nipponese were added to the payroll of the police force, and more Japs found employment in other departments of the Settlement administration. They set up a spy system in the very headquarters of the organization.

Within a year the Japs were so numerous that in the police stations and the corridors of the executive office buildings one literally stumbled over them. They were spying on the British and spying on themselves. They shadowed everyone who entered the building.

Foreign detectives experienced difficulty in keeping their criminal investigations secret from prying Japanese eyes. The Japs on the force, inspectors, sergeants, and constables, were in everybody's hair, including mine. It finally got so that I could not enter police headquarters without being trailed by a Nipponese, either in uniform or in plain-clothes.

If I entered the office of a detective in the morning and the story of another Japanese-instigated crime was in my noon broadcast, the officer got the blame for having given me the report. British detectives and police executives finally became afraid to receive me or to be seen in my company around the headquarters building. Yet most of them had been my friends for ten or twelve years.

Despite this condition I did not lose my police contacts. Friends on the force continued to furnish me with the daily

police reports and, quite frequently, stories that did not appear in the regular police bulletins. Most of this information had to be given to me by telephone, by special messengers whom we trusted, or at meeting places which the Japs had not learned about.

Mr. Suzuki had several reasons for building up a spy system inside the Settlement police organization. One was to make crime suppression harder. Another was to spy on the investigations of individual British, Russian, and Chinese detectives. A third was to enable the Japs to learn all they could of Occidental police methods, and a fourth reason was to get a line on Chinese members of the force who might be won over to the Japanese. Still another reason was to obtain information concerning Chinese who possessed sufficient wealth to make them potential shakedown victims.

Fantastic as it may seem, the financing of the Japanese espionage system within the Settlement police force did not cost Tokyo a penny. British, American and Chinese taxpayers were footing the bill. Through what amounted to *force majeure* they were required to pay the Jap spies at the end of every month, for it was their money which ran the Settlement administration, and thus it was their money that paid the police. Mr. Suzuki never lost a chance to make the victims of his plots pay all his costs.

## Chapter 16

### SAY SOMETHING NICE

I MADE my first broadcasts in Shanghai in July, 1938. Only a few weeks later Mr. Suzuki sent a delegation of his countrymen, headed by a colonel, to my office on a goodwill mission. It was a friendly visit, and no harsh words were exchanged. My callers, unlike Major Azano, were all tact and diplomacy. They had a request to make and they did it nicely. They had come, they said, to appeal to my sense of fair play. They wanted me to say something nice on the air about the Japanese Army.

My reply was as friendly as my visitors were polite. I assured the colonel and his little group that I had always wanted to say something nice about the Japanese Army, and then explained that my failure to do so was not really my fault. The army itself was to blame: it had never done anything nice, at least not in China. I promised that the



moment the Japanese military did something really nice, I would be the first to mention it on the radio.

I was neither joking nor trying to start an argument when, that same evening, I told my radio audience of the visit I had received and the nature of the request made of me. Mr. Suzuki, through his goodwill ambassadors, had furnished me with a perfect opportunity to outline a definite policy for my own broadcasts, and I took advantage of it. It was a chance to go on record with a few suggestions to the Nipponese as to how they might help improve conditions in the Shanghai area.

Addressing the Japs, the Chinese, and the Occidentals in the Orient, I said that I intended to keep my promise to say something nice about the Nipponese military the moment its actions warranted such praise. I suggested that the Japanese command start doing good deeds by closing the gambling dens which had sprung up in territory occupied by its troops just outside the western boundaries of the Settlement.

This area had become known as the Shanghai Badlands, a very appropriate name. It was a hotbed of vice, crime, and corruption, and a hideout for criminals operating in the foreign concessions. It was here that Japan's opium monopoly did a flourishing business. Moreover, the zone had the protection of the invading warlords who, every month, collected tribute from the Chinese and Japanese ronin who ran the roulette wheels and the fan tan and chemin de fer games.

Next I suggested that it would be nice if the Nipponese saw to it that the kidnappings which had brought so much terror to the city were stopped. Not pressing this touchy point too hard, I went on to the question of the bogus money, or "military yen," which the Japanese Army had introduced on a large scale in occupied China. Chinese farm-

ers were being forced to accept the counterfeit notes for their produce, but Nipponese merchants, knowing that the notes were worthless, refused to accept them for the goods they sold the farmers. Circulation of the fake currency was merely another means of looting, and it worked a terrific hardship on the peasant population; but even worse was the fact that the peasants were being compelled to exchange their valid Chinese government banknotes for worthless Japanese military yen.

In my broadcast I expressed the view that it would be splendid of the Japanese generals to give the Chinese farmers a break, either by halting the circulation of military yen or by supporting it. Eventually the Japs took the latter course, but not because of any suggestion of mine. The farmer himself, through effective passive resistance, forced the invaders to give some purchasing power to the billion yen in bogus notes which they had spread through North China and the Yangtse Delta region.

The patience and endurance of the Chinese farmer reached their limit toward the end of 1938. Though without arms to defend himself against the new looting technique introduced by the Japs, the Chinese learned to keep his farm products and food stocks well hidden. When a Japanese soldier appeared at a farm and tried to buy some rice or a chicken, the farmer invariably had nothing to sell. Bayonets, while they produced results in some cases, could not force most of the farmers to reveal the location of their food caches.

The commissary department of the Nipponese Army, required to depend partially upon invaded territory for its supplies, began to suffer. In addition, Japanese Co-Prosperity Sphere propaganda was hit. The Nipponese warlords finally changed their tactics and issued orders requiring

Japanese merchants to accept military yen in payment for merchandise.

This action made a bad situation considerably worse, and a complete stalemate in Japanese high and low finance developed when Japanese manufacturers at home insisted on being paid for their products in legitimate yen or Chinese national currency. After months of argument, the military pulled itself out of a hole by giving its own banknotes an exchange rate on national yen from Japan.

In one case, at least, the Japanese military chiefs had some trouble over the passing of their bogus money, before they finally decided to back it up. This was when the people of the Chinese fishing village of Chapoo, sixty miles up the coast from Shanghai, took vengeance for their financial losses on the small Japanese garrison stationed in their midst.

The garrison, numbering about fifty men, had obtained its supply of fish from the Chinese villagers, using the usual military yen as the medium of exchange. When the fishermen discovered that the money had no value, even at the Japanese-controlled Hongkew Market in Shanghai, their anger was so great that they planned revenge in spite of the risk it involved.

As the story was related to me by Father Marco, an Italian priest, the revenge was terrible, and so was the Japs' retaliation. The priest, a good man who had built a small chapel at Chapoo in an effort to convert the fishermen there to Christianity, witnessed the whole affair and appeared to have been quite shaken by it. A week later he walked the sixty miles to Shanghai for a needed rest.

One dark night, about two hundred fishermen in Chapoo overpowered the Japanese sentries outside the garrison compound. Then they crept into the quarters of the sleeping

men off duty and set about butchering as many as they could get their hands on. Using the traditional Chinese long spears and broadswords, they killed forty; the other ten fled to Father Marco's little chapel for protection.

The priest was asleep on a cot inside the chapel when the Japanese soldiers broke in. According to him, they were seeking his intervention but went about getting it in a rough way. Dragging him from his cot, they shoved him out of the building to stand off the approaching mob of Chinese fishermen. Although he was not feeling very friendly toward the Japs just then, Father Marco said, he did intervene and save them.

I broadcast the tale, and Mr. Suzuki promptly called to say that although a brawl had taken place at Chapoo, Japanese soldiers had not been saved by the intervention of a Christian missionary. He claimed that the soldiers had held the priest, who was popular with the Chinese in the village, as a hostage, and had released him only when the fishermen had agreed to call off their tong war on the Jap garrison, or what was left of it.

On the radio I reported both versions and did not question either of them. But since Suzuki's story was obviously related for the purpose of saving face, Father Marco's report of what happened is undoubtedly the correct one. Holding the priest as a hostage would have been a typical Japanese action, but so would throwing him out of his chapel. And in either case, it was his presence that saved ten of the Mikado's soldiers from a mob of fishermen, angered because of the fake money with which they had been paid.

The Japanese retaliated against the fishermen by making a Lidice out of Chapoo village. Most of the huts and mud houses in the place were destroyed by aerial bombing. But in spite of the terrible punishment they received, it was not long before the survivors had their homes rebuilt and were

carrying on with their fishing. The Chinese are remarkable in this respect, among many others: they can recover from catastrophe more quickly, perhaps, than any other people in the world.

One of the most bombed and shelled villages in the Yangtse Delta area was Hungjao, a small farming town west of Shanghai. The Japanese claimed that it was being used as a hideout by guerillas, and they took vengeance on the population by destroying the place twice during 1939. And twice that same year the survivors rebuilt it, continuing to live there all the while. It was wrecked by Nipponese bombs again the next year, and again homes rose over the ruins.

Putting a stop to the bombing of peasant villages and the widespread looting of pigpens, poultry yards, and granaries belonging to small farmers were other nice things that the Japanese High Command might have ordered; yet for years it made no effort to end these abuses.

My broadcast on the subject of things the Japanese soldiers could do to improve conditions in the territories they had occupied brought forth no comment from Mr. Suzuki. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that during the three and a half years in which I was on the air in Shanghai, it was impossible to find in the large volume of news copy that came over my desk a single story which might have been regarded as favorable to the Japanese Army.

Not once was there a report of some act of chivalry on the part of a Nipponese soldier. Instead, the daily news file I received was filled with reports of insults to civilians, attacks on noncombatants, the destruction of peasant villages in occupied areas, and other acts of terrorism. There was widespread bombing of hospitals and schools, and uncontrolled murder and kidnaping. At Tientsin, Britons were stripped of their clothes at barbed-wire barriers the Japa-

nese had thrown up around the British Concession, and were forced by guards to stand naked and exposed to ridicule before Chinese mobs. Peasant women, their shoulders bent under heavy sacks of vegetables which would bring them a dollar or two on the Shanghai market, were stopped by Japanese sentries and Chinese puppet troops outside the International Settlement and Frenchtown gates and forced to pay tribute before they could enter.

These were the things the Japanese authorities could not deny, and some they did not even attempt to deny. There were too many eyewitnesses to make denial effective. From the foreign concessions we could see just what was going on.

Because I lived in this small area surrounded by Japanese troops, I made an effort to search my news file rather carefully for items that might give the Jap soldier a pat on the back. He had been guilty of so many outrages which could not be overlooked in reporting the news that I knew it would help me maintain contact with Nipponese officialdom if I could tell of his good deeds, even once. But no trace of concern for either Chinese or Occidentals was to be found in the news—and my daily file of international and Chinese dispatches was very complete.

Because my listeners numbered almost half a million English-speaking individuals of all nationalities living in the Orient, foreigners and natives, in preparing my radio scripts I used almost all the leading news agencies of the world. These included Reuters, the British agency; the Russian Tass; and the French Havas. For news of the Western Hemisphere and the outports of China, I depended chiefly upon the United Press and Reuters. Havas also carried a Far Eastern file which made it especially valuable.

For a while I also used Transocean, the German agency, and Stefani, the Italian service. I had to take most of their reports with several grains of salt, but both were of some

value to me because their files contained the complete texts of all the speeches and statements made by Nazi and Fascist leaders. They also carried news, colored to favor the Axis, of Far Eastern affairs, which helped to keep me posted on what the Axis was doing in the Orient. Eventually I was denied the German and Italian services. After my comments on the Nazi invasion of Czechoslovakia, the managers of both the Transocean and the Stefani offices in Shanghai decided that I was no friend of the Axis and stopped sending me their dispatches.

For news of Shanghai and the surrounding areas, I depended mainly on my own personal contacts with officials in the city, the courts, and the police force. Between these and the regular news agencies, I usually had at my disposal between three hundred and four hundred pages of the latest news copy every day, all of it typewritten or mimeographed. And in this mass of material, Transocean and Stefani files included, it was impossible to find, at any time, a story favorable to the deportment of the Nipponese troops in China.

Even the Japanese news agency, Domei, seldom reported anything that the Occidental mind could consider complimentary to the behavior of the invading soldier—yet the Nipponese authorities wanted me to say something nice about him. There were times when Domei reported incidents which Mr. Suzuki thought reflected credit on the Jap forces, but in reality they did anything but that. Typical was the case of the Shinto priest who had left his temple to become an artillery officer. Every time his battery fired a salvo at a Chinese position, he threw several handfuls of colored disks of heavy paper into a nearby stream. This, Domei explained, was a ritual performed by the priest to save the souls of Chinese soldiers killed by his guns. Each disk of paper, after being blessed by the holy man and cast

upon the water, was capable of facilitating the passage of a dead enemy's soul into the celestial empire.

Whether this ceremony was something the priest had conjured up out of his own fancy or whether it had its origin in some ancient Japanese religious rite, I do not know and Domei did not explain. Instead it made much of what it called the kindness of the officer and his deep concern for the spirits of the Chinese who fell before his artillery fire. It also stressed the point that the priest tossed the disks into the water by handfuls after every salvo. Since a fair-sized fistful would contain hundreds of disks, this made the story sound to me like open boasting about the number of casualties inflicted on the Chinese by the priest's battery.

Domei circulated the tale of the Shintoist and his colored paper disks in the fall of 1938, and Mr. Suzuki's reaction to my radio treatment of it made me realize that ridicule not only hurts a Jap personally but is one of the most potent weapons of propaganda that can be used against his nation. My comments were brief but Suzuki claimed that I had hit below the belt. I emphasized what seemed to be the boasting character of the report and then remarked that the story, since it had been circulated by a semi-official Tokyo agency, was noteworthy for a more important reason: for the first time since the beginning of Sino-Japanese hostilities the year before, the Japanese had placed themselves on record as recognizing that the Chinese possessed souls.

Suzuki did not telephone this time. Instead, the next day he sent a couple of messengers to my office, a reporter and a photographer from the *Osaka Mainichi*. They wanted a picture and an interview. I pleaded that I was too busy to grant either request, and perhaps it was well that I did; I learned later that the Japanese intelligence offices, lacking an easily recognizable photograph of me, had sent these



men to get one which could be used to identify me in case Mr. Suzuki decided to have me liquidated. They wanted to be sure of getting the right man.

My refusal to grant the interview or pose for a picture brought protests from my callers, who insisted upon remaining and taking up more of my time. The reporter felt that he should tell me that the Japanese authorities were distressed by the way I had handled the Shinto priest story, and that there was even talk of appealing to the American consular authorities to have my anti-Nipponese comments suppressed.

The next morning, the *Shanghai Nichi Nichi* attacked me in its columns, claiming that I was a disturbing influence in an otherwise peaceful Shanghai. The American authorities, the paper commented, should either force me from the air or induce me to adopt a more friendly attitude toward the Japanese. In my newscast that night I reminded the Japanese High Command and the Japanese diplomatic and consular officials that if at any time they felt I was guilty of libeling them or their cause, they had a right to bring charges against me before the United States Court for China. As a matter of fact, I never libeled them. That would have been impossible.

It was my reporting of developments in Shanghai on August 13, 1938, that made Mr. Suzuki take his first definite step to bridle my broadcasts. That was just four days after my talk on the air about the nice things the Japanese Army might do to get some favorable publicity. Although this commentary had occasioned no reply from the Japs, they were very upset over my report of events in the International Settlement on the first anniversary of hostilities in the Shanghai area. On that day American marines clashed with the Japanese for the first time since Commodore Perry

entered Japan, and the leathernecks won both a military and a psychological victory. The principal characters involved were several Japanese ronin; Colonel Charles F. B. Price, later a major general in command of marine forces on the Pacific Coast of the United States; and Sergeant "Slug" Marvin, one of the best fighting marines I have ever known.

On the morning of the anniversary, August 13, Japanese ronin started to spread around the International Settlement. Some had been assigned, together with Chinese gangsters, to bomb Chinese primary and secondary schools whose teachers had refused to advocate the Co-Prosperity Sphere and Asia for the Asiatics in class. Others had the job of tearing down Chinese national flags from native shop fronts and office buildings.

The Shanghai Municipal Council, years before, had ruled that since the Settlement was an international municipality, all peoples living there had the right to celebrate their own national holidays and display their own flags. But in 1938 the Japanese, disregarding the fact that the Settlement, under foreign administration, was at peace, disagreed with the Council's ruling. They took the view that since their troops had conquered the territory surrounding the foreign-controlled areas, the Chinese living within those zones should be denied the privilege of flag-waving. They decided to take matters into their own hands, usurp British and American authority, and rip down Chinese national banners and Kuo-mintang flags.

Soon after dawn three Japanese ronin in a car invaded the Settlement defense sector manned by the Fourth Regiment of United States Marines under the command of Colonel Price, and began to pull down Chinese flags. That was where Sergeant Marvin and his patrol of leathernecks entered the picture.

American marines were not in Shanghai to serve as policemen or engage in ordinary crime suppression work. Together with units of British soldiers, Italian marines, and the Shanghai Volunteer Corps, they were assigned to defend the Settlement against attack, revolt, anarchy, or subversive activity. Each unit had its own defense sector, and the Japanese, in violating Chinese flags, were engaging in subversive activity in territory under American protection and were openly flaunting American authority.

Sergeant Marvin spotted the ronin just after they had ripped down a Chinese flag and had started to drive off to another shop. He ordered the car to stop, but the driver stepped on the accelerator. Before the car could get up much speed, Marvin had leaped on the running board in the face of a pistol held by one of the Japs. He grabbed the gun and ordered the man at the wheel to drive to the nearby Pootoo Road Police Station.

The three ronin, later identified as connected with the Special Service Section of the Japanese Army, refused to get out of the car when ordered to do so. Colonel Price, who had appeared by this time, took charge of the situation himself. Grabbing the men by their collars, he dragged them out one by one. He didn't even trouble to open the car but pulled them out over the tops of the doors, while admiring soldiers, British police officers, and Chinese constables watched from the sidelines. George Lacks, *China Press* photographer, got the only pictures of the incident and I spread them on the front page the next morning.

While this was going on, a patrol of Seaforth Highlanders picked up four more trouble-bent Japanese near the waterfront, and British detectives collected three other ronin and some Chinese puppet gangsters. The latter were well supplied with hand grenades and were on their way to bomb Chinese schools in the Settlement.

In accordance with extraterritoriality procedure, the Japanese taken into custody were eventually handed over to their own authorities. The Chinese were not so fortunate; they were brought before their own courts in the Settlement, tribunals under the jurisdiction of Generalissimo Chiang's government. In court they stated that they had been employed by Japanese to bomb primary schools in the city. They were working for exceedingly low wages, five dollars each for a day of throwing bombs through schoolhouse windows. But then, one could have a murder committed in Shanghai in those times for even less than that. They also declared that the bombs had been issued to them at a Japanese gendarmerie station on Jessfield Road.

What these gangsters told the court gave us, for the first time, a legal record that was definite proof of Japanese guilt in the promotion of the terrorism which was sweeping the city. Nipponese terrorists had been caught red-handed, and Mr. Suzuki's previous attempts to blame terrorism in the city on the Koreans and the Chinese became only wasted effort. For once, Mr. Suzuki's plans slipped up.

In my broadcast on the evening of August 13 I chided Suzuki for falling into a trap of his own making, and for having failed to take into account, in planning his day of terror, the United States Marines, the Seaforth Highlanders, and British detectives. When I had finished, the Jap telephoned to announce that action was being planned to prevent my broadcasts from being heard. It was not long before I found out that he was not bluffing.

A few days later letters began to arrive from foreign and Chinese listeners in both northern and southern ports of China announcing local interference with the reception of Station XMHA. This interference, or jamming, appeared on the air only during my broadcasts. Shanghai was not affected, but my audiences in Tientsin, Peiping, Chefoo,

Swatow, Tsingtao, and other coastal cities complained of difficulty in hearing me above the din.

Through the use of directional finders, the interference was traced to Japanese warships anchored in the harbors of the affected ports. Orders had gone out to all vessels of the Japanese fleet in waters outside the Shanghai zone to jam my broadcasts whenever possible. Warship auxiliary transmitters were tuned to Station XMHA frequency and they went on and off the air with me. To create the necessary noise, Japanese sailors beat gongs, rang bells, blew horns, and operated buzzers in front of the ships' microphones.

The picture is a ludicrous one, but creating this interference was serious business for Suzuki. It didn't matter so much to him what I said to residents of Shanghai, because they had some idea of what was going on, but it was important to keep reports of Japanese skulduggery from the rest of the Orient. Often the noise on the air was terrific and my voice could scarcely be heard above it, but it was flattering to know that I had got so far under Mr. Suzuki's skin.

## Chapter 17

### DIRTY-JOB MEN

THE CLOSEST a Japanese soldier ever comes to doing a good deed is in his treatment of animals. He is almost kind to them—at least, he has some consideration for the dogs and horses that help him in his war effort.

The average Nipponese trooper devotes as much attention to his horse as he does to the humans he has enslaved, perhaps more. Dogs used as messengers and for other war duties receive better food than the Chinese coolies impressed into labor gangs to work without pay and, for weeks on end, without rest. It is a matter of record that in Shanghai the Japanese army quartermaster placed large orders with baking concerns for a cheap grade of dog biscuit, not for his dogs, which were fed hamburger and liver, but for his labor gangs.

In the years immediately following the Japanese occupa-

tion of the Yangtse Delta area, Japan used forced labor for her military construction there. Chinese were rounded up from the streets, lashed together with ropes, loaded into trucks, and driven into the hinterland to labor. I have seen patrols of Japanese soldiers and ronin move through the lanes and alleys of Chapei, Yangtsepoo, and Hongkew seizing all Chinese males found on the sidewalks and hustling them into the labor gangs.

I found the same thing on a larger scale in North China as early as 1936, when Japan and China were supposedly still at peace. At that time Korean labor was scarce and the Chinese coolies in the Peiping and Tientsin areas were trying to hold out for higher wages. The Japanese bargained but the coolies and the peasants insisted on a wage scale of thirty cents a day—their highest demands would have brought them about nine dollars a month. In the end the Chinese, being unarmed, lost the argument.

Nipponese labor gang bosses offered a maximum of fifteen cents a day, and the Chinese who refused to accept it were abducted and forced to work for even less. Thousands were marched from their homes and loaded aboard ships bound for Manchuria, to labor there five months out of the year on construction jobs and on farms. I saw as many as three thousand Chinese who had been pressed into labor gangs loaded onto a single 2,500-ton coastal steamer. They were packed in like beans in a can, although even a thousand would have been an overload.

At that, the Chinese in the north were treated better than those seized in the Shanghai area during the early years of the war. Before being shipped out of North China, each man was given a loaf of bread baked in the shape of a cartwheel and nearly as big; it was all the food he received until he reached his destination some ten days later. Once, while the Japanese guards were not looking, I sampled the

bread; it was made of whole-wheat flour but was without leaven, had been badly baked, and was full of fine sand and dust. It was less nutritious than dog biscuit.

At the end of an exhausting summer, the North China coolies were sent back home for the winter, perhaps because the Japanese didn't want to feed them through the cold months. Before being loaded aboard a steamer at Dairen for the trip home, each coolie was handed the equivalent of fifteen American dollars. This represented an average earning of about ten cents a day, and it was all the coolie had to live on until the next spring.

The Chinese I saw pressed into labor gangs in the Yangtse Delta region in 1938 and 1939 had even worse luck. Many never got back to their homes and families again. Some died under the lash or the split bamboo, others from overwork and malnutrition. Only a few escaped to reach the safety of the International Settlement. When I went to talk to these coolies, I saw men who, wounded in getting away from the labor gangs, had crawled on their hands and knees as far as fifty miles to get to the International Settlement. They had traveled only at night, sleeping in the huts of friendly farmers during the day.

During my early months of broadcasting from Shanghai in 1938, I devoted some time to protesting against this physical abuse of Chinese civilians. I was not libeling the Japanese, for the facts were plain. The daily ambulance report of the Settlement Fire Brigade told of trips to the boundary of the defense areas, sometimes seven or eight a day, to pick up Chinese men and women suffering from bayonet or bullet wounds. Some of the victims were refugees from labor gangs, others were farmers and their wives who had been manhandled for refusal to obey Japanese orders. Some had refused to accept counterfeit money in payment for their farm produce; others had failed to bow



in homage before the invader. All had crawled from Japanese-controlled areas to the friendly security of the Settlement.

In bayoneting or beating Chinese who fail to bow before them, Japanese soldiers feel that they are fully within their rights. For centuries the warriors have been the socially élite of Japan, commanding the respect of all classes of civilians from the highest to the lowest. This custom, a relic of feudal days in Japan, became less general after the turn of the present century; but the military clique headed by generals Minami, Hideki Tojo, Shunroku Hata, Iwane Matsui and others never let it fall completely into disuse, and they restored it to its ancient status soon after the invasion of Manchuria.

Thus Japanese bankers and factory workers alike, even today, bow to a private soldier on sentry duty. If proper obeisance is not shown, the soldier feels privileged to deal out physical punishment to the offender. On one occasion I saw a Nipponese factory manager severely beaten because he forgot to remove a lighted cigarette from his mouth while passing a bluejacket standing guard on Garden Bridge in Shanghai. Even smoking in front of a Jap sentry is forbidden.

When they invaded the Yangtse Delta region, Japanese soldiers received something of a shock to their vanity. They discovered that the Chinese, being strong individualists, were not accustomed to bowing to soldiers of any nationality. Angered because they did not receive what they considered the proper display of respect from the conquered people, the Japs at first chopped off large numbers of Chinese heads, just to give them the idea. This was in the brief period during which General Matsui was in command of the occupied areas of the Yangtse.

General Hata, who succeeded Matsui, was more human and understood the Chinese better, and he ordered the beheading stopped. His soldiers then resorted to slapping, beating, and even bayoneting Chinese who refused to bow to them. When I left China after the beginning of the fifth year of hostilities, many Chinese in the occupied zones bowed from the waist when they passed a Nipponese sentry. In the rural districts, I saw some peasants get down on their hands and knees and kowtow. It was better than being beaten or stuck with a bayonet.

Perhaps because of the publicity these practices received on the air, or possibly because the continued use of forced labor was interfering with their co-prosperity propaganda, the Japanese evidently restrained their soldiers late in 1939. Either that or they stopped the wholesale abduction of coolies from the streets of the Shanghai area where we could see what was going on. Probably they did both. The press gangs became less apparent, while the number of coolies escaping from the labor gangs to the Settlement dwindled from three or four a day to that many in a week.

Nevertheless, workers were still occasionally seized from the streets of the Japanese-occupied areas of the city. And once, at least, I was glad of it.

One morning in February, 1940, Japanese ronin and a few soldiers, operating from three trucks, drove through the streets of Jessfield Village on the western outskirts of the city, looking for laborers. Within an hour they had their trucks filled and were headed for some construction job in the interior. The following morning I received a call from three dignified Japanese civilians, one of whom represented himself as an executive of the Toyoda Cotton Mills. He had come to complain of the behavior of the Special Service Section of the Japanese Army.

On the previous day, he reported, several ronin and uni-

formed men had seized more than 150 male Chinese workers of the Toyoda Mills. They were machinists, repairmen, and electricians, and had been grabbed from the streets of the Jessfield area while on their way to work. The Japanese Army was hijacking the employees of a Japanese cotton mill! Toyoda executives had protested to their military authorities, but the workers had not been returned. The management thought a little publicity might force the army officers handling the matter into faster action.

Here was an opportunity to rib Mr. Suzuki which was really too good to pass over. I gave the incident special attention in my next broadcast. Within a few hours, the workers were back on their old jobs.

This was not the first time Japanese ronin and soldiers had been guilty of hijacking men employed in Shanghai industry. Rather, it had been common practice almost from the beginning of Japan's attack on Central China. The press gangs of the invader didn't care whether or not the men they grabbed from the streets had jobs with local factories or utilities. They wanted workers to build military roads and installations, and they seized as many as they needed wherever any could be found in the areas under Japanese domination. As a rule, however, farmers were not taken. For the sake of their own stomachs the Japs wanted agricultural production to continue, and that would have been impossible with peasants working on construction jobs. Large numbers of farmers had already fled at the approach of the Nipponese armies, leaving their fields untilled, and there was a shortage of farm workers in the Shanghai district.

It was especially unfortunate that most of the large Chinese and foreign factories and utilities in the city were located in the northern and eastern areas of the Interna-

tional Settlement, as these regions had been occupied by Japanese bluejackets and troops at the outset of war, on the grounds that they constituted a special defense sector. This supplied more material for the Tokyo propaganda that Japan was defending foreign interests against the Chinese, and it made possible the use of Settlement territory as a base for attack against the forces of China. It also offered a source of cheap or free labor, for the Chinese population of the area was almost half a million.

After the war had progressed beyond Shanghai, factories which had survived the bombing and shelling reopened. Workers again appeared on the streets, some of them to be picked up by the Japanese press gangs. Such large concerns as the British-operated Shanghai Waterworks, the Gas Company, the Ewo Cotton Mills, the Tramways, and the American-owned Shanghai Power Company, eventually found it necessary to employ fleets of trucks to transport their thousands of men to work in order to protect them from the labor hijackers. In many cases, living quarters had to be provided on factory premises.

The extremes to which the Japanese resorted in order to obtain labor provide another example of their efficiency in waging total war, in utilizing every available resource of an occupied country. Though at first Adolf Hitler negotiated for labor with the Vichy rulers of France, the Nipponese never wasted any time in conversation. They seized workers by force; sometimes they paid off in counterfeit money, more often they did not even waste their bogus banknotes.

Publicity in cases of labor hijacking was the one thing Mr. Suzuki could not take. It interfered with his attempt to sell the Chinese the idea that the Japanese really were splendid people whose great, overwhelming desire was to

kick the Occidental out of Asia and see to it that all Asiatics had a share in the prosperity that would result. It was all right to impress workers, but it wasn't good policy to talk about it.

Though I had no official status in the foreign community of Shanghai, I came to be recognized as a sort of unofficial radio hell-raiser with the Axis in the Orient, especially with Mr. Suzuki. To put it another way, I sometimes did volunteer duty as a spokesman for foreign organizations in the city when they ran into trouble with the Japs, had something to say publicly, and for diplomatic reasons did not dare say it themselves. Several times, for instance, when the Settlement police thought publicity would aid them in ending a squabble with the Japanese, I was called upon to broadcast the facts. It was simply a matter of playing Mr. Suzuki's game his own way.

Such cooperation on my part was justified because the Shanghai Municipal Police seldom got into an argument with the invader unless the rights of foreigners and Chinese living under their protection had been severely abused. But I must confess that I took some delight in making Mr. Suzuki feel uncomfortable, perhaps more than he enjoyed in making me feel the same way. I had a sense of humor and he didn't. That was one of the reasons why I once used the story of some Shanghai Waterworks employees who had been hijacked in spite of all precautions but who had later been returned to their jobs. Another reason was that the tale contained more than passing interest because of the explanation Japanese authorities gave the police. They expressed regrets and then claimed that members of the press gang involved did not understand that the workers were employees of the utility.

This could have been true, since the press gangs never

gave a thought to their victims' employers. They were ordered to round up a certain number of Chinese laborers for a military construction job, and an order is an order. The soldier either carries it out or runs into trouble with his superiors.

In contrast to this sort of discipline, Nipponese commanders permit their troops to run wild and loot and rape a city after its occupation. Apparently there is nothing in the code of the samurai which forbids such activities. It makes no provision for the treatment of conquered civilians, so the Jap soldier does just about as he pleases unless he receives orders restraining him. But in matters of military routine in which the name of the Mikado can be invoked as a reason for issuing an order, most Japanese officers are martinets.

If there is looting to be carried out because of what the official Japanese spokesmen usually describe at their press conferences as "military necessity," an officer orders it. This is plunder on behalf of the war effort, and therefore it is undertaken in the service of the Emperor. The detail of men assigned to the task either makes good on the job or runs the risk of punishment—and the punishment often is harsh. The Japanese Army, throughout its long history, has never tolerated failure.

In olden times, officers and others who failed in important missions committed hara-kiri, or self-disembowelment, with a dagger or sword sent by the Mikado. The arrival of the sword amounted to a command of self-destruction and, according to old Japanese feudal law, the disgraced leader who refused to take his life suffered the humiliation of having his property confiscated and his family reduced to want. This obligatory form of suicide was abolished by Tokyo shortly after the middle of the last century, but in

a voluntary way the practice persists. The Japanese who fails still can save his honor by the hara-kiri method.

Under this sort of discipline, unless the officer giving the command is specific in his directions, the press gangs may turn up with anybody, even the mayor of an occupied village and members of the town council. And, as a rule, Japanese officers charged with providing labor crews in the Shanghai zone cared little who their gangs picked up. They received an order from a higher authority for a certain number of coolies, and passed it along to the men under their command. If workers in Japanese factories or the employees of vital utilities turned up in the batch, they were handed over to their employers when complaints were made. Farmers were culled out and sent home. I knew several peasants in the Hungjao district who had been seized and released a dozen times.

The introduction of the pass system on a large scale eventually reduced the chances of mistake in abduction to a minimum. Every Chinese living in Japanese-occupied territories was required to have a pass in order to move around. But there were times when even a pass showing that the bearer was engaged in what the Japanese themselves considered vital employment was ignored by the press gangs.

This is what happened when the Waterworks employees were hijacked. Some Japanese soldiers were under orders to grab a labor crew, but the streets of Yangtsepoo and Hongkew seemed to be empty of Chinese males who might qualify for heavy labor duty. Then, as British police from the Yangtsepoo Station, who were watching, later told me the story, the Japs spotted several trucks carrying Waterworks employees home from work. They seized two of the trucks, each containing about fifty workers, and drove off. They had saved themselves from punishment. But the

Japanese authorities lost face when they had to return the workers, and they lost more face when I told the story on the air.

The day after my broadcast of the abduction and return of the Waterworks employees, I was involved in an incident which might well have been a direct result of that broadcast. While I was riding from the radio station to the *China Press* offices, a heavy, closed car just behind me made several deliberate attempts to drive alongside and force my chauffeur to pull into the curb. Twice my car was side-swiped, and once we came within inches of crashing through the plate-glass window of a Chinese bicycle shop. Each time the other car slowed down, dropped behind, but continued to trail me.

For a moment I was rather frightened. My first thought was that some mob was trying to maneuver my automobile into position for a good shot at me, or was trying to stop it and kidnap me. Tony, my Russian chauffeur, shared my apprehensions and speeded up. My Chinese bodyguard, a big fellow named Chang, from the detective staff of the Central Police Station, cursed and slipped a cartridge into the barrel of his service pistol. (To reduce accidents, the Settlement police had had the safety catches of their pistols removed, and loaded their weapons only at the first sign of trouble.) My Colt was kept constantly loaded, and I took it out of its shoulder holster and slipped off the safety.

At the intersection of Kiangsi Road and Avenue Edward VII, one block from the heavily guarded front entrance of the *China Press*, we were stopped by a red light. At almost the same moment the car in the rear again drew alongside and made another lunge at my car. My fear of a possible shooting scrap vanished and my temper hit a new high.



Judgment gave way to red-hot anger. If the opposition had sought to force me into the open for a good shot, it had succeeded.

Opening the door of my car, I jumped into the street and thereby made an excellent target of myself. I realized the foolhardiness of my action just as soon as my feet hit the pavement, but what I saw was encouraging. I was quite safe; the occupants of the belligerent auto were trying to flee. For the moment, they were caught in the traffic, though their driver was making frantic efforts to move, even attempting to penetrate cross-traffic through the red light.

As a matter of fact, the intersection of Kiangsi Road and Avenue Edward VII was a poor place to start a fight. A block down the street British and French machine-gunners were stationed to protect staff members of the *China Press* as they entered and left their offices. Bodyguards trailed us to the editorial rooms, which were themselves surrounded by steel netting to protect us from the bombs and hand grenades that terrorist gangs had many times threatened to throw at us. Across the street stood a French armored car, its guns ready to shoot down anyone who attacked us.

Another block away, toward the waterfront, the same sort of protection was given Randall Gould and his harassed and frequently bombed *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury*. Across Avenue Edward VII, on the Frenchtown side of that boundary line of the city's two foreign concessions, was the notorious Rue Chu Pao-san, better known as Blood Alley, with its score of honkytonk night clubs, bars, cabarets, and Russian and Filipino jazz bands. Here, only a short time before, French police and soldiers had fought with three hundred Italian marines for two hours, men on both sides being killed or wounded. The scrap had started

when a small party of Italians in a dance hall had shouted, "Tunisia! Corsica! Nice!" The French took up the challenge, both sides brought in reinforcements, and a bloody battle was soon under way. I had watched it from the windows of my office in the *China Press*, just as I had watched other fights of the same sort in the same street, in other years.

Three doors away from our offices was the plant of the much-bombed *Hwa Mei Wan Pao*, the Chinese-language daily edited by Hal P. Mills, of New Orleans, who was later held in one of the Japanese torture cages in Shanghai's Bridge House. On one occasion, a few months before, I had been passing the place by rickshaw when gangsters tossed hand grenades into Mills's office. Mills happened to be out, but my rickshaw coolie was badly wounded by shrapnel and I caught a small piece of hot steel in my left cheek. A block down the street was the United Press office, which had been bombed twice. Once the concussion blew Milton Chase, the night editor, all the way down a flight of stairs.

At the side of the *China Press* building, and leading from the street, was the alley where Captain Tug Wilson, of Philadelphia, a veteran merchant marine skipper on the China Coast and the Yangtse River, was shot and killed. Unarmed, he had attempted to stop some Chinese gangsters in the employ of the local Japanese-sponsored régime when they invaded the Press's composing rooms to kill some of my Chinese linotype operators and pressmen. It was an attempt to frighten our composing and press-room staffs into leaving us.

One floor below the *China Press* editorial offices was the suite of rooms occupied by John B. Powell and his *China Weekly Review*. Later to lose his feet as a result of his experiences in a Jap torture cage, Powell also ran a one-man

war against the invader. He was fearless, and he wrote fearlessly. Like the rest of us, he lived a hard life, continually shadowed by Jap spies. A bodyguard stood outside his office door as he worked at night.

Shanghai's Newspaper Row certainly was a tough place in which to start anything. Experience had taught us to go armed and keep an extra gunman along, just in case. It was difficult newspapering, but most of us stood up under it. I stuck it out for four and a half years, the time I remained in China after war had started.

Now and then some rather grim humor was injected into the situation. There was the time when the young Jewish refugee from Vienna, who had joined the Settlement police force, sprayed the Frisco Cabaret with bullets from his tommy-gun. He said it was an accident, and it was. He had been telling a Russian comrade how well he could handle the weapon, and during a demonstration he accidentally pulled the trigger. Hundreds of pedestrians were on the street at the time, but not one was hurt, although the Frisco's windows were shattered and patrons of the bar inside paled and leaped through the rear windows into an alley.

And there was a funny, almost ridiculous, ending to my brush with the people who had driven their automobile into mine so many times during that ride of a few blocks. While they were still stalled in the traffic jam I had run over and pulled open a rear door of their car. I shoved in my pistol, then my head. Except for two silk hats the seat was empty, but down on the floor of the car were two bare-headed, frightened Japs. Though I did not recognize either of them, and never did learn their identities, they obviously were officials of the Japanese Embassy on their way to some

official function. Their clothes told me that much, for they wore frock coats and striped trousers.

Before I quite realized what I was doing, I had one of them by the collar and had started to drag him through the door. The uniformed Japanese chauffeur was apparently unarmed, as he made no effort to intervene. Then the ludicrousness of the situation struck me and I released the fellow I was holding. Both he and his companion made apologies and blamed their driver for damaging my machine.

It was such a silly scene that my anger subsided and I could only stand still and laugh. Two silk hats on a seat. Two Japs in frock coats and striped trousers, hugging the floor of a car, my pistol trained on them. The huge crowd of Chinese pedestrians which had gathered around got the wrong impression and thought I was forcing the pair to kowtow to me. There was laughing and cheering from the gallery.

Two Chinese constables approached and dispersed the crowd. The embarrassed Japanese drove off and I returned to my car. I had another laugh coming, but not such a pleasant one. Tony was chuckling, not because of the frightened Japs but because my bodyguard had fled. Chang had followed me to the other car, had peered inside when I opened the door, and had spotted the Japs. Evidently the mere sight frightened him, and he had dashed through an alley and disappeared. I had a new bodyguard the next day.

I never heard of those two Japs again, nor did I ever learn why they had tried to drive me off the streets. Obviously they knew the license number of my car, but that was not unusual, for every policeman, every Axis agitator and sympathizer in town knew it. Every Jap spy had it down in his notebook and Japanese papers had published it, just so their community would know. It was 6100, and I don't

hesitate to say that it was the best-known car license in the city. Furthermore, one of the two Japs addressed me by name in offering his apologies.

Perhaps my broadcast on the subject of labor impressment the night before had aroused their anger to a point where, when they saw my car in the street, they decided on the spur of the moment to cause me as much embarrassment as possible. I marked the incident down to general cussedness, however, and let it go at that. As it turned out, I had gained face and could afford to be satisfied.

In the matter of accepting and carrying out their orders to the letter, I have known Japanese soldiers to go even further than they did in hijacking labor. Several instances of blind obedience occurred when they were looting the battle zones of Shanghai for scrap metal, soon after war had passed out of the city late in 1937.

Since the Japanese Army always attempts to live off the lands it invades, looting is almost as important to its leaders as combat. For this reason it maintains a special unit, which I mentioned in the preceding chapter, to plunder, pass counterfeit money, form puppet governments, and promote terrorism and kindred activities which the High Command may deem necessary to the successful prosecution of the war. This unit is called the Special Service Section of the Japanese Imperial Army.

Its officers usually are petty politicians and small-fry grafters chosen from civilian life and the membership rolls of the Black Dragon Society. The enlisted section, if it can properly be called that, consists largely of ronin—the ruffians of Japan, men unable to qualify for combat service but especially suited to the job of stripping a city bare of its old iron and copper. And if the order is murder, they are also capable of that.

It can hardly be considered a disgrace for an army in these days to retrieve the blasted tanks, armored cars, and twisted guns strewn about after a battle and ship them home to be turned into new weapons; but the ronin who followed Japanese combat troops into China did not confine their junk collecting to the battlefield. They roamed the thoroughfares and the byways, the city streets and the industrial areas, in their search for old iron. They took everything made of metal they could find.

Machinery in first-class condition was ripped from scores of Chinese factories which had not been damaged by either bombing or artillery fire. Some of this equipment was new and capable of many more years of productive work, yet it was torn from its mountings, broken down with sledges, and shipped to Japan as junk. The Japanese command did not seem to care; it wanted iron; and besides, every Chinese factory stripped of its tools meant another competitor to Japanese industry out of the way.

However, the ronin were so conscientious about their work that they sometimes took metals from the wrong places. They went into Little Tokyo immediately after the end of the fighting in Shanghai, and many a Japanese civilian returned from a visit to the homeland to find his house stripped of all its metal work. Like a swarm of locusts the Jap ronin would settle on a house, and when they were through there was not even a brass doorknob left. It was no concern of theirs that a friend, a Japanese subject, might own the property.

Even commanding generals had their difficulties with the ronin. Late in 1937, a gang assigned the task of collecting old brass actually stole all the doorknockers and other brassware from the offices maintained in the Kiangwan Civic Center by their commander-in-chief, General Iwane Matsui. The men responsible had been ordered to

return to their command with a load of brass, and they were doing their best to obey. This indiscretion, a Domei reporter told me later, cost them their lives.

An even worse blunder occurred one afternoon early in 1938, when I was driving along just outside the northern boundaries of the International Settlement with a small group of Americans including Shanghai Power Company officials. The latter were inspecting some of their transmitters and power transmission cables, and the tour took us into Kiangwan, where Japanese engineers were stringing several miles of new copper cable to carry electric current. It was three-inch cable and must have cost several million yen.

After spending a few moments watching the Japanese engineers string their new lines, we drove on over a hill and some three miles down the road toward Woosung. There we encountered a party of Japanese ronin, ordered to collect copper that day. They had struck what was perhaps the greatest find in their careers as junk collectors. Almost as fast as their army engineers up ahead could string the new cable, the ronin were tearing it down, cutting it up into truck lengths, and carting it away to one of the many big Japanese junk piles which dotted the Shanghai waterfront. This may seem almost incredible, but I had the great pleasure of seeing it with my own eyes.

A few days later I heard the sequel to the episode. Chinese police constables of the Settlement force, on duty in the northern areas of the city, told me of having watched the execution of about fifty Japanese civilians before firing squads. In other words, another batch of ronin had discovered too late that Japan, after all, does have a code of ethics: It is all right for a Japanese to steal anything in invaded territory as long as it does not belong to the Japanese nation.

In spite of some ridiculous incidents, however, much credit for Japanese military success must be given to the ronin. His job is not a pleasant one, nor is he a pleasant fellow. But his looting, his willingness to plunder and do other unsavory business essential to the maintenance of the type of army run by Japan, has made it possible to keep Tokyo's war machine in operation. Nevertheless he is never mentioned when Mr. Suzuki starts singing the praises of Nippon. The ronin is one person Mr. Suzuki must keep around no matter how much he would like to forget him.



## Chapter 18

### SPY ARMY

ONE REASON why Mr. Suzuki has been able to organize perhaps the most effective espionage system on earth is that he has had so much material to work with. Almost every Japanese national is a potential intelligence agent. The people, as a whole, seem to have what might be called a spy complex. It is partly the result of their educational system, for as children they are taught to keep on guard against those who may have designs against them and their leaders. One of the first songs the schoolchildren of Japan and her colonies and occupied territories learn to sing is: "Beware of the foreigner, for he is a cat."

After I became a radio commentator, my movements were kept under almost constant surveillance by scores of Nipponese who were obviously under orders. During the few weeks I lived at the Foreign Y.M.C.A. in the summer

of 1938, I was shadowed as I traveled to the radio station and back. After my return to the apartment in Frenchtown, I was kept nearly surrounded by Jap agents.

A Japanese doctor and his family took the apartment below mine and gave so much attention to my comings and goings that it became routine. I must have taxed their endurance considerably, for they kept my hours, and even the Nipponese require sleep. On the other hand, years of the irregular hours that are part of newspapering in the Orient have made it possible for me to get along, when necessary, on five hours of sleep a day, or less. Throughout my years of broadcasting in Shanghai, I maintained that average.

I worked long hours, but I derived a little comfort from knowing that a whole family of Japanese agents could not retire until I did. They were up in the morning at six o'clock to watch me leave for the studios. They were peering out of their windows when I returned shortly before midnight after my last evening newscast. They were on the job when I came home for tiffin and when I left for the *China Press* offices a couple of hours later.

From a flat in another apartment house, less than two blocks away, another Japanese group kept watch on my movements, and I was spied upon by a third family living two doors away from the radio station. Girls in a Japanese brothel half a block from the front entrance of XMHA contributed their bit to Mr. Suzuki's local intelligence by taking notes on the hours at which members of the studio staff arrived for work and left the station. One of the girls could be seen almost constantly on duty at a window, her eyes fixed on the radio station. Evidently they worked in relays, those not busy entertaining customers taking turns at the window.

It was not the spying activities of the girls, however, but

the proximity of the place that caused the most annoyance. Japanese officers, pretending that they were looking for the brothel, would rattle the closed iron grille across the front door of the studio and demand entrance. Brass plates on our door and window panels told the passer-by that a radio station was inside, and the antenna towers on the building were unmistakable; but this evidence was ignored by the Japs, who made themselves extremely disagreeable because we refused to open the door. Chinese armed guards on duty outside, too frightened to interfere, sometimes fled or withdrew across the street to stand by and watch. Then someone inside would telephone the Chengtu Road Police Station and British officers would rush over to chase the Japs away. If Jan Egebert, my own personal bodyguard, happened to be on duty, he handled the situation.

Apologies were always made. The Japs claimed that they were looking for the house of assignation next door and had made a mistake. Yet we watched them, and they seldom bothered to enter the brothel after leaving our premises.

Experience taught us that the real purpose of these visits was to obtain pictures of XMHA staff members. The Jap officers always had cameras with them, and they photographed even our Chinese guards. If an employee happened to show his face before the only front window in the office, a flashlight bulb would go off. It was obvious that they were trying to add our faces to their photograph morgue, and the picture they sought most diligently was mine.

The guards at the door had strict instructions not to permit anyone with a camera to approach the premises, and many a Chinese photographer working for the Japs had his camera smashed. Mr. Suzuki then started using Nipponese officers. This maneuver was only partially successful: although the guards were afraid to take action against the

uniformed men, the latter got no pictures simply because we barricaded ourselves behind closed doors.

After a few months of this, Suzuki tried Japanese civilian photographers. They dressed themselves in Western clothes and, with small cameras concealed in their pockets, haunted the vicinity of the station for months, especially when I happened to be inside. But they, too, failed to get pictures.

Because of their clothes and the stories they told the guards—that they were calling on friends among the announcers—they actually got inside the station three times. Once I was there, and I took revenge for the seizure of my films by the Japanese at Shanhaikwan in 1936.

I was at the typewriter, pounding out the script of an evening newscast, when the Japs got through the door. Before I knew of their presence, they had snapped my picture and were trying to crowd their way out of the door past the Chinese guards. In the rush, one of them tripped over the doorsill and fell on his face, while I managed to collar the other. Then I smashed their camera and ripped out the film. I went to bed that evening feeling pleased with myself and the world in general.

To a casual observer it would seem that Mr. Suzuki had gone to a lot of trouble just to keep me shadowed. Two capable agents could have trailed me continually, but the Jap mastermind used at least two dozen. No doubt they put in their spare time keeping tab on the movements of others, but the real reason that so many of them were on the job was that it did not cost much in real cash. Mr. Suzuki's espionage system encircles the globe, but he is a frugal person and he utilizes as much free help as he can get.

The doctor and his wife in the apartment below me, the family down the street, and the girls in the brothel had their own means of support. Their spying talents they de-

voted to Japan's cause for nothing. That was Mr. Suzuki's method—to put most of the Japanese nation to work on matters of intelligence, largely on a volunteer basis.

The fisherman in the Pacific lived off the sale of his catches, but he performed invaluable service in taking soundings of island coastlines. In the case of the Aleutians his work was so efficient that Tokyo learned more about those islands than we, the American owners, knew ourselves. The tourist traveled abroad, largely at his own expense, but he obtained military data in the countries he visited and turned it over to his government.

Mr. Suzuki thus received great masses of material concerning the countries his armies intended to invade. True, much of it was badly prepared and worthless, but there was so much that when it was properly coordinated the Jap had all the detailed information he was after. He had complete data on the terrain of China, the Philippines, Malaya, Java, and other lands that were subsequently invaded, and it was available for careful study and planning long before the Japanese Army went into action.

Suzuki usually had so much material that he couldn't miss finding what he needed, but in my case he failed to get an easily recognizable photograph. Only this saved me from being kidnaped and probably tortured.

By the middle of January, 1940, my comments on the unsavory conditions which followed the Japanese Army into the Yangtse Delta had so aroused Mr. Suzuki's ire that he decided to use strong-arm methods in an effort to silence me. He assigned a trio of his uniformed musclemen to the task of abducting me. They had no intention of killing me, I was told later by Domei newsmen; all Mr. Suzuki really wanted to do was "teach me a lesson." He expected to do that by breaking one of my arms and perhaps a leg, they

said. There was to be no real rough stuff, such as running a bayonet through me or taking off my head.

The scene of the attempted kidnaping was Race Course Road and the time was about nine o'clock the night of January 12. I was in a rickshaw on my way to the studio for a late newscast. It was quite dark, and the street was badly lighted. Suddenly, with no warning, a car bearing three Japanese in military uniform appeared from behind me, swung across the street, and blocked the path of my rickshaw. My puller, Wang, was so frightened that he dropped the shafts, hustled up a nearby alley, and headed for home. I pitched forward onto the pavement, landing on my face.

I did not quite realize what was happening until I started to get to my feet, and then the Japanese had me cornered and the biggest of the trio was using ju-jutsu on my right arm. I knew then that I was in for a tough time, and I can't deny that I was frightened. But the first shock of fear passed and I came to my wits.

It took only a few seconds to survey the scene. One Japanese, the chauffeur, had remained in the car, obviously for the purpose of making a quick getaway. His eyes were glued to the street ahead, watching for a British or Sikh policeman. The motor was running and he was ready to warn his comrades.

The other two Japs were after me. One was a ju-jutsu expert, whose job was to subdue me and drag my unresisting body into the car. The third man of the party was a lieutenant, obviously in command. It was his hesitancy that eventually gave me the break I needed to make an escape.

He was not sure he had the right person, and apparently did not wish to get into trouble by abducting the wrong one. For all he knew, I might have been a British or American consular official. With the aid of a flashlight the lieutenant sought to identify me, peering alternately into my

face and at what I gathered was a photograph of me. He kept up a constant hissing in limited English.

"You are Carroll Alcott, the radio journalist? I think so. You will come with us."

He repeated this three or four times, but I admitted nothing. Then he shoved the picture he was holding in front of my eyes and again turned his flashlight into my face.

"This is picture of you. I think so."

He was right about that, but after a second glance at the photograph I could understand his hesitation. It was an old snapshot taken years before, and not much of a likeness. I couldn't imagine how it had come into the possession of the Japanese.

The lieutenant, however, made up his mind that I was the right party. "So sorry, but you must come with us. Much better not to resist. Please to get in motorcar," he commanded.

But I did resist. It was not what would be called good sportsmanship, but it was effective. I asked the officer to let me have another look at the picture, and he obliged, coming close enough for me to kick him in the groin. It was a well-placed boot, and with a howl he doubled up. Surprised at this sudden display of fight on my part, the thug tugging at my right arm relaxed his fingers just long enough for me to wrench myself free.

On my own again, my first impulse was to run. Then I realized that if I ran I would be shot. The ju-jutsu expert was still on his feet, and I thought I saw his right arm move toward the butt of the pistol he carried at his side. My two-hundred-pound body moved with more speed than I had imagined it capable of, even under desperate circumstances. My right arm was useless because of the twisting and jerk-

ing it had just received, but the left was in good shape. I used it.

When I took to my heels a few seconds later, two Japanese were sprawled on the pavement. The lieutenant was still moaning over his kick, and the strong-arm man had been put out of action by a left to the abdomen. I had not delivered anything like a knockout blow, but it did have enough steam behind it to knock the fellow over. Before he could get to his feet I was on my way down the dark alley through which Wang had escaped.

Five minutes later I was safe in the radio station, and the English-speaking people in the Orient got their news of world affairs that evening as usual. But it was the last time I ever ventured into a Shanghai street without an armed guard. I had been careless that evening and had given my bodyguard the night off, since he worked long hours and was without relief. The next day another bodyguard was added to my staff, and the two worked in relays. Soon I had three bodyguards, since the police insisted that I keep two men with me while traveling between the radio station, my office, and my home.

I did not like to believe that the attempt to kidnap me was the beginning of the end of a long career as a newspaperman in the most cosmopolitan and colorful city on earth. As it turned out, I did manage to continue against Japanese pressure, but the signs were clear. The Nipponese were no longer trying to hide the fact that they were the bad boys of Asia; they were going to become really tough toward all opposition.

The kidnaping incident drove me to take refuge behind bulletproof glass while traveling the streets. I bought a new car and had the ordinary glass windows taken out and bulletproof glass substituted. Even this did not provide



complete protection, since the body of the car was not made of heavy steel, but it was good advertising. It warned gunmen that their chances of assassinating me by firing at my car were greatly reduced. And inside the automobile I had an arsenal. Egeberg, who was with me constantly when I was on the streets, carried a tommy-gun; my chauffeur was armed; and my Chinese bodyguard and I carried automatics. We made quite an impressive squad.

Another result of the attempted kidnaping was my subsequent appearance in a bulletproof vest. This also was a Settlement police idea, and for a time it seemed like a good one. But no vests of light steel or chain mail were available in Shanghai, so I had to wear the heavy, old-fashioned kind. It weighed about forty pounds, and after a while I gave it up.

It was not until the day after Mr. Suzuki's men had attacked me that I solved the mystery of the snapshot. All the Japs' efforts to photograph me had failed, I thought. Their cameramen had been chased away from the radio station and I had been unusually careful to avoid placing myself in a position where a candid snapshot could be taken of me. My Japanese neighbor had tried photographing me, but if he got any pictures they were only of my back. On several occasions the Japanese Intelligence had attempted to purchase from Chinese photographers pictures of Americans and Britons in China whom they considered public enemies; they had offered as much as a thousand dollars for a picture of me, but had had no luck simply because during all my years in China I had not posed for any of the regular photographers.

Finally I managed to revive dimmed memories of the Philippines. I remembered the *Praga* arms case and the Japanese naval officers who, after following me about the municipal golf course in Manila, had asked me to pose for

their camera. And I had felt flattered enough to oblige. . . . That was where Mr. Suzuki's snapshot had come from.

This sudden recollection of an incident of long ago and its implications came as quite a surprise. Though most of us living in the Orient knew that Japan sent her photographers, in the guise of tourists, sailors, and traders, literally to the ends of the earth to photograph military objectives, it was hard to believe that they had been cataloguing individuals for future reference in the same manner. It seemed incredible, but my own case was proof that they had been doing just that.

It is one thing for the intelligence service of a nation to build up a file of photographs of the leading military and naval men, diplomats, statesmen, and potential or real spies of other countries; but it is quite another matter to include the small fry. And when the Japs photographed me in Manila I had no real standing in the foreign communities of the Orient. The mere fact that I was a journalist, however, classified me in the Nipponese mind as a paid agent in the employ of a foreign power. This is the only possible explanation of the incident on the Intramuros golf course and the photograph that turned up in Shanghai.

My case was not an isolated incident, either. Mr. Suzuki gave newsmen his special attention, but he was suspicious of most foreigners in China. He made a business of collecting the pictures of Occidental officials, business leaders, and even missionaries in the country. It was a simple matter to send cameramen posing as news photographers to the docks to photograph new arrivals from the Occident, and when this method failed some of the commercial photographers in Far Eastern cities could be bribed to sell either negatives or prints.

Though the earnestness displayed by the Japanese in their efforts to photograph almost everything they saw may seem trivial, global war has revealed its great importance. Photographs or snapshots taken by travelers have been used by both the Axis and the United Nations, and they have revealed many primary military objectives. Commando raids and a number of major aerial actions have depended for much of their success on this sort of photographic aid. To obtain such pictures, bureaus in Britain and the United States have made repeated calls upon the travelers among their citizens for snapshots taken on visits to Japan and other enemy countries or occupied territories.

It is common knowledge that for years almost every Jap who left his homeland carried a camera with him. It was not just a desire to take pictures that induced him to devote so much of his time to photography abroad—it was the traditional Japanese spy complex. I have seen Japs in the Philippines, in China, in Hongkong, and in Malaya; they were forever taking pictures, and the authorities made no special effort to restrict their movements. But when foreigners visited Japan or its territories and started to use their cameras, Japanese police and government officials raised a prohibiting hand.

From a Korean clerk in a Japanese camera supply house in Shanghai I obtained a more complete story of the use Japanese espionage made of photography. I entered the place to buy some flash bulbs one afternoon and noticed a group of Japanese students from Waseda University buying film. They left the premises without paying for their purchases—they just gave their names to the clerk and were given the films.

Since they were tourists and their boat was scheduled to leave for Hongkong in three or four days, it seemed unusual that they should be granted charge account privi-

leges. I had been on friendly terms with the Korean clerk for some years, and I asked for an explanation. He did not appear to feel that he was giving away any great military secret when he told me that the bill for the film would be paid by the Japanese Government. He was not quite sure just what branch it was that would send the check, but he thought it was the War Office. When the students returned home, he added, their negatives would be handed over to the police for examination. Those not wanted would be returned, but for future reference the names of the men who had taken the pictures would be kept on file.

This shows how simple the procedure was. Japanese students, naval and military cadets, sailors and others who went abroad and who couldn't afford to pay for large quantities of film out of their own pockets were supplied by the government and were instructed to take pictures. Through their efforts and the voluntary assistance of more well-to-do travelers, Japan obtained a blanket photographic coverage of foreign countries. Much of the material submitted, like the data obtained from the thousands of Jap amateur spies, had little value; but from tens of thousands of snapshots, hundreds gave information that could be used.

In addition to the amateurs, Mr. Suzuki kept a good many professional cameramen on the job. The tourists stuck to the cities and the beaten paths, but the experts roamed into far-away and forbidden places. The most efficient of the Jap photographic organizations was the *Atu* Syndicate, which had its offices in Mukden and Shanghai and sent cameramen all over eastern Asia. At one time it had more than 150 photographers on its staff, a preposterous number for a syndicate operated as a commercial concern specializing in pictures of native scenes of the countries of Asia.

Some of the professional Japanese photographers had an

exceedingly commercial point of view. As patriotic citizens they turned over negatives of military importance to their government, but tried to do business on the side with those which had market value and were not of great value to Mr. Suzuki. Photographic goods stores did a bustling trade in pictures of battle scenes of the Shanghai hostilities of 1932 and 1937. They not only capitalized on the destruction their armies had caused, but did not hesitate to peddle pictures of atrocities committed by their own troops.

Many of the pictures of Japanese atrocities which have appeared in American publications were taken either by Jap soldiers themselves or by Jap photographers. Nearly all the photographs of this type that I purchased in Shanghai were sold to me by ronin working for Jap photographers. Pictures of Japanese troops swinging their swords on the necks of kneeling Chinese, or aiming pistols at the backs of bound captives, were taken by the Japanese themselves. No one else could have photographed such acts, because Chinese and foreigners with cameras were never allowed to get within a mile of executions.

It was vanity that caused the Jap soldier to pose with his sword over the head of some helpless Chinese. From his point of view, it was almost necessity.

According to Japanese tradition, the *katana* (sword) is not a weapon to be hung on the walls of the home as a decoration unless it has seen much active service. On the contrary, when the Japanese youth is handed his sword he is reminded throughout the accompanying ceremony that the purpose of the blade is to draw the blood of an enemy. This accounts for his eagerness to engage in *kenjutsu* (swordplay) when he gets into battle. To save face at home he finds it necessary to whack off heads or run men through the body. Once he had to depend on his own or his com-

rades' word to prove to the home folks that he had given his sword a blood bath, but now pictures of him in action can be sent home to show that he is a great warrior.

Frequently Japanese photographers moved through the battle zones or behind them where captives were held and took such pictures, charging the soldiers for their services. In most cases, however, the soldiers carried their own cameras and took their films to Japanese camera shops for developing and printing. The shops made negatives and prints, then ran off more prints and put them on sale.

The Japanese command made no effort to stop this practice until the pictures started appearing as anti-Japanese propaganda. This was a different matter, and orders were issued to stop the sale of such photos immediately. Photographers, military or civil, who disobeyed were threatened with drastic punishment, and the officials went a step further and interfered with a Japanese tradition by forbidding soldiers to take such pictures.

As the nucleus of his mammoth organization of peepers, pryers, and information-seekers, Mr. Suzuki had his corps of professional espionage agents. Their number ran into the hundreds, but they were a small group compared to the voluntary workers at home and overseas who helped make the intelligence network a success. Considering the results obtained, Suzuki's fifth column was not an expensive proposition. The government was required to make some disbursements to cover the cost of operations, but wherever possible Suzuki's paid workers emulated combat troops by trying to live off the countries they invaded.

For example, in the Shanghai area the Japanese gendarmerie maintained an espionage organization of about three hundred men. Their tasks were many and varied. They ferreted out information about kidnaping prospects

and property owners who might be forced to hand over their title deeds through bogus sales forced by the Japs; they kept track of foreigners and hundreds of Chinese whom Mr. Suzuki wanted watched. The cost of maintaining this organization was about thirty thousand dollars a month, a sum which was raised by bleeding the poorest foreign community in the city, the White Russian exiles—people without a country, who had no one to intervene for them in their dealings with the Japanese.

The White Russian community of Shanghai, toward the end of the last decade, had a population of about thirty-five thousand. A few of its members were wealthy; most of this class were people who had arrived in the city soon after the Russian Revolution to establish stores, restaurants, and other business enterprises, some of which developed into flourishing concerns. The great majority, however, worked for wages on a scale not much better than that paid the Chinese.

Russian men who had been generals and colonels in the armies of the Czar worked as janitors, doormen, and even street peddlers. Others worked for the big American and British companies. A few were architects, doctors, and dentists; many were accountants and engineers. Others worked as truck drivers and chauffeurs. Some were musicians. Their chief trouble was that they did not earn much money because they had been thrown into competition with Chinese workers, who are among the lowest paid on earth.

Another great handicap suffered by the White Russians of Shanghai was their lack of consular representation. This need was partially filled by the establishment of what was known as the Russian Immigrants' Committee. Its founder was a one-time Czarist consular representative in Shanghai, Charles Metzler. The committee existed through the collection of a small poll tax from each Russian in the city,

usually not more than two or three dollars annually. These funds more than covered operating costs, and the balance was used for charity; but despite its good work, the fact that the Immigrants' Committee lacked the support of a foreign government made it inadequate to fill all the requirements of the people it represented. Such an institution was an easy mark for the Japanese.

Officers of the Special Service Section of the Japanese Army saw the Committee as a source of some easy money. Through it they also expected to organize the Russian exiles to do their bidding. They were successful, by virtue of assassination, in both of these aims.

Charles Metzler was invited to cooperate by imposing an income tax on all White Russian residents of the city. The Japanese wanted a 50 per cent cut of all funds thus collected. Metzler, who told me much of the story of the Japanese pressure brought against him, refused this proposition and also refused to comply with demands that he organize the White Russian population into a unit that would cooperate with the Japanese co-prosperity movement. Not long afterwards he was shot down in front of his home one morning as he left for his office. Eyewitnesses said that the assassins were Japanese or Koreans, and that a foreigner stood by and pointed out Metzler.

The Russian Immigrants' Committee underwent a sudden reorganization. A shyster Russian lawyer named Ivanoff became head of the organization, and the White Russians of the city soon found themselves the victims of a shake-down racket which the Japanese called an income tax. There was no set rate of taxation; the committee collected whatever it thought the traffic would bear. The racket netted the Japs more than fifty thousand dollars a month, and it was out of this sum that Mr. Suzuki maintained his



gendarmierie espionage organization. Meanwhile, Russian charitable institutions in the city were forced to close because of lack of funds.

Another instance in which Japanese spies in China made their living off the country involved the seizure of the frozen and dried egg business in Central China. When they started to drive the American and British egg packers from the field, the Japs knew little about the business, but they soon learned. Before the Japanese military officials would grant passes to the agents of the foreign companies sent into the hinterlands to buy eggs, they insisted that the Mitsui Company be admitted to membership in the Foreign Refrigerated Egg Packers' Association, and, further, that 5 per cent of the entire egg business be turned over to this firm. Later they got it all.

British and Americans, trying to save their business, met these demands, but the Japanese suddenly reneged on their promises to grant passes. When there were only a few more weeks of the egg-buying season left, the Japanese military officials agreed to issue the necessary permits provided the foreign companies would engage a staff of Nipponese overseers or "detectives." They were to be furnished with motor launches, and would tour the egg-producing regions to keep an eye out for hijackers. The foreign packers would pay all expenses involved, including salaries of four hundred dollars per month for each Jap "detective." These demands were met and the passes were issued.

The Japanese had found that their lack of knowledge of the egg business was preventing them from making profits. The problem was to learn the secrets of the trade, which they did by forcing the American and British firms to employ the "detectives," whose sole task was to learn how to

make money out of frozen eggs. It was a case of paying agents of the opposition to spy on one's own business.

Before long, new demands were made on the companies. Eventually the Nipponese military went so far as to insist that the American and British firms turn their books over to Japanese accountants for examination. The companies did not meet this demand; they went out of business. And this was more than a year before Pearl Harbor—the Japs were still getting some war materials from the United States, while they were busy driving our trade out of the East.

## Chapter 19

### JAM ON THE AIR

“THIS broadcast is brought to you by courtesy of the Bakerite Company, Shanghai’s leading bakers and makers of better bread. The jam tonight is by courtesy of Mr. Suzuki and the Japanese Army.”

This was the opening commercial announcement on every evening broadcast I made in Shanghai during a two-month period beginning in the middle of March, 1940. It played a major part in helping me win another clash with the Japanese.

Mr. Suzuki was making one of his more determined efforts to run me off the air. By constant and violent jamming of the wave lengths of Station XMHA, he was trying to blot out my voice until my audience lost interest in me, at which time my sponsors would cancel their contracts and leave me in a financial hole. Major Ken Azano, head of the

Japanese Army's radio control board in the Shanghai area, had openly boasted about what he intended to do to me. He was going to keep his buzzers, gongs, and other noise-makers interfering with my broadcasts until I was forced out of business.

I won the fight, but it was a hard one. Luckily Major Azano was completely wrong in several of his calculations. For one thing, his interference was not entirely effective. Only in small areas where his transmitters were located could he completely drown out my voice. For instance, one set of jamming equipment was located in Shanghai's Astor House, a hotel taken over by the Japs; in that immediate vicinity my listeners could not hear me, but in all other parts of the city they could.

The same condition existed in Chefoo, Tientsin, Tsingtao and other cities in coastal areas where Japanese-operated transmitters or warships were trying to jam my newscasts. At this time Mr. Suzuki had all of his most powerful transmitters in use broadcasting Japanese propaganda, and as one of these probably could have blotted me out completely, it was fortunate that none could be spared for the job.

Mr. Suzuki and his aide Major Azano, however, possessed a number of small transmitters, capable of power outputs of from two hundred to five hundred watts. Most of them had once been the property of small Chinese broadcasting stations and had been seized by the Japs during the early days of occupation. Japanese radio engineers tuned these to the frequency of Station XMHA, scattered them about in the principal cities of occupied China, and used them almost exclusively for jamming my broadcasts. Japanese warships, when they happened to be in the vicinity, gave Suzuki assistance by using some of their more powerful transmitters for the same purpose.

The Japanese fleet, however, was obliged to help him in two jobs of jamming at once. Since 1939, my broadcasts had been going out simultaneously over both short-wave and standard band. Mr. Suzuki did not have the equipment in China to interfere with our short-wave transmission, so that job was left to the fleet.

Some of the war vessels carried out this assignment most efficiently and their jamming interfered with the reception of my news programs and commentaries in places as far away as western Australia, New Guinea, Java, and even Irak and Iran, where I had small audiences among the British. Letters from listeners in these areas told of interference coming from ships at sea and often making it almost impossible to hear the spoken words.

Apparently Nipponese war vessels and merchant ships cruising in areas where XMHA was heard were under instructions to give all their attention to all my fifteen-minute periods on the air. It was flattering to know I had caused Tokyo so much concern, but it was disconcerting to my listeners, and the fact that they were being inconvenienced was my chief worry.

Major Azano's boast that he would keep the heat turned on until my listeners and sponsors deserted me turned out to be an empty one. His jamming had the opposite effect—most of my listeners remained loyal, and many, their anger aroused by the Nipponese action against me, took up the fight on my behalf.

I received thousands of letters from all parts of the Orient denouncing Japanese methods of trying to suppress news. Hundreds of letters expressed concern for my personal safety. Children of the American school in Shanghai, as well as the youngsters attending British schools in the same city, signed petitions of complaint to the Japanese.

The staffs of the large foreign companies in China did likewise.

As the jamming continued, I used the letters and petitions to further my own efforts to get the interference stopped. I used them to show Nipponese consular, military, and naval authorities just how unpopular their Major Azano was making himself, and to point out that his action in jamming my broadcasts was causing both Tokyo and the Jap community in Shanghai to lose face. Several other factors finally combined to make the Japanese radio control board stop (temporarily, it developed) the jamming business, but this loss of face was one of the most important.

My sponsors continued to support me, not only in my interest but in their own. Their sales remained steady despite the interference, and in some cases even increased. It seemed that many of my listeners, realizing Mr. Suzuki's plan, wanted to defeat it by continuing to purchase the products my broadcasts helped to sell. A number of Chinese started to use coffee for the first time, and so did some confirmed British tea-drinkers. It was partly because of the loyalty of my audience that I managed to remain on the air in Shanghai through the rest of 1940.

At that time I had quite an impressive array of sponsors. They included Maxwell House Coffee, Jello, Bakerite Bread (a Shanghai product manufactured by an American concern), and Ovaltine. As a matter of fact, I had the first fully sponsored news broadcasts in China.

Before Pearl Harbor, Shanghai's International Settlement and the Philippines were the only two spots in the Orient into which commercial radio had penetrated. When I first went on the air, it was difficult to convince the old-line British and American companies that this form of advertising would pay. I worked through most of 1938 for very little cash remuneration, but I had the satisfaction of build-

ing up an audience larger than any other radio program originating in the Orient had ever had.

While most of my audience listened to me for my news report and whatever comment I had to make concerning the Axis, I am sure that many tuned in on each broadcast just to satisfy their curiosity—to find out whether I had been assassinated. It happened, once in a great while, that I missed a broadcast or two because of illness, a damaged transmitter, or one of the periodical Shanghai floods, and on these occasions hundreds of telephone calls for me poured into the radio station, my home, the *China Press* and other newspaper offices, and the police stations of the city. Even Japanese officials telephoned, but they were far from worried about my safety. Some of them even shouted “*Banzai!*” (“Hurrah!”) into the telephone when they found out that I might be off the air for a day or two.

Since I was on the air seven days a week, writing my own scripts and delivering three or four broadcasts every day, this state of affairs was rather hard on my nerves. I was grateful for the concern most of my listeners displayed for my well-being, but it was impossible to take a single day off and hand the broadcast over to a substitute without causing hardship to those who answered the telephones. Even the desk sergeants in the police stations were complaining.

Once I missed a noon broadcast to attend a banquet lunch, and two British detectives were at the station asking questions when I returned in the afternoon. I had been reported kidnaped. The puppet mayor of the Japanese-controlled districts of the city, Fu Siao-an, had been assassinated that morning and the town was excited. Rumors that I had fallen into Japanese hands had keyed the excitement to a new pitch.

Some of the Russian newspapers in the city had jumped

to conclusions and had printed the rumors of my kidnaping as established fact, and in detail. According to their stories, I had been snatched from in front of my home in Frenchtown and taken by my abductors to Japanese gendarmerie headquarters on Jessfield Road. Doubt was expressed that I would ever be seen again. The assassinated mayor and I shared banner headlines in the Russian press that day, but I had the advantage—he really was dead and I wasn't.

The demands on my time eventually became so great that I came to look forward to the floods as though they were intended especially for my benefit. Hundreds died of exposure, thousands of hovels were inundated, and the main thoroughfares of the city were under enough water to float sampans and rowboats—but to me, a flood also meant a few days of rest and some regular meals.

Our studios were on the ground floor of a four-story apartment building on Race Course Road, and the surrounding area was so low that it was impossible to keep the water out. We could find no new quarters, since every available apartment house or office building in the city was completely occupied, and by tenants holding long-term leases. All we could do was raise the transmitters four or five feet above their old bases and keep them in operation until the water reached that level.

It was strenuous broadcasting. I prepared my scripts at a desk as long as I could, and then moved my typewriter, my news file, and myself to the top of the only grand piano we possessed. The piano had been placed on wooden blocks, and made a fairly comfortable retreat from which to operate. I suppose I could have kept right on broadcasting from the top of the piano until the transmitters went out of commission, but when the water on Race Course



Road got up around my trousertops I signed off with thanks to Mr. Suzuki and went home.

I mentioned Mr. Suzuki because the numerous Shanghai floods between 1938 and the end of 1941 were not altogether acts of God—the Japanese were mainly responsible for them. It is a terrible accusation to make, but all the evidence shows that the Japanese military helped to flood the city three or four times annually. Shanghai had experienced many floods in the past, but they were nothing like those which followed the Japanese occupation of the Yangtse Delta region. In fact, before the arrival of the invader, the Whangpoo Conservancy Board had succeeded in keeping the flood hazard reduced to a minimum. It did this by constantly dredging the Whangpoo River to keep it free of silt.

This dredging was undertaken primarily to keep the stream navigable for ocean-going vessels, but it also was very helpful in preventing the river, during the typhoon season and at high tides, from overflowing its banks and inundating many of the lower areas of the metropolis. The more silt that was removed from the river bed, the less danger there was of flood.

One of the Japs' initial acts, after taking over Chinese areas around the foreign concessions of the city, was to seize the dredges and put them out of action. As a result, huge quantities of silt collected in the Whangpoo and flood waters rose to new high levels. The drainage system was overtaxed and became so clogged with silt that it almost ceased to function. In some areas of the city water stood for weeks, became stagnant, and caused epidemic outbreaks.

Neither the threat to the health of the populace nor the great inconvenience, not only to the Chinese and Occidentals but to many of their own countrymen as well, disturbed the Japanese military and naval authorities. They refused to

return the dredges to the city authorities and they refused to operate the machines themselves.

One can best form an opinion about what they hoped to accomplish through this maneuver by looking at some of its results. First, life in the city was made uncomfortable for everyone. Second, thousands of peasants who had sought refuge in the Settlement and were living in refugee camps in the lowlands were put in a desperate situation. Scores contracted colds and pneumonia and died; cases of tuberculosis were aggravated and more deaths resulted. Many of the peasants decided that living under Japanese occupation in the interior was better than being in a water-soaked foreign concession, and returned to their homes. This was fine for the Japanese: the more farmers on the land, the more rice for Jap soldiers.

Another effect of the refusal to dredge the river was an increase in the danger to navigation. Channels became choked with silt, and large ocean-going ships found it difficult to navigate the Whangpoo and the harbor of Shanghai. Japanese shipping was affected, of course, but the invaders had a decided advantage over the foreigners in that they could unload at ports along the Yangtse or on the China Coast and haul their merchandise and war supplies overland. Foreign vessels were denied these privileges because of the Nipponese coastal blockade. Incidentally, it was significant that the Japanese resumed the dredging of the Whangpoo only a few months before Pearl Harbor; they were getting the port back in shape for their own use.

In view of the foregoing factors, I felt that I was quite justified in making it clear on the radio that Mr. Suzuki was responsible for the floods which drove me from the air every few months. But the Jap resented my references to the problem he had created, and I received several rebukes and a few threatening letters. The latter, which were unsigned,

I turned over to the police. They were always traced to branch post offices in Japanese-dominated districts, where the trail stopped.

One evening, after thanking Mr. Suzuki for the floods, I received a telephone call from him at my home. He had a wonderful new reason why I should leave China and return to the United States.

"You have a mother in America? Is it not true?" he inquired.

"It is true, I have a mother in the United States."

"How long since you have seen your mother?"

"Many years, Mr. Suzuki."

There was a brief pause; then, in an angry voice, came this suggestion: "Why don't you go home and see your mother?"

With this off his mind Mr. Suzuki hung up, but he continued to harp on the same subject for many days to come.

One afternoon while I was having a late lunch in a restaurant on Avenue Joffre, a Russian reporter who was working for the Japanese introduced me to an attractive Jap spy, Miss Takehashi. The girl had learned her lesson well, and her approach caught me off guard. I was about halfway through my soup when she started to discourse on the subject of mothers. I sputtered and choked on a mouthful of borsch. It was plain that, since his threats had failed, Mr. Suzuki was starting an earnest campaign directed at my emotions.

Miss Takehashi spent an hour trying to convince me that I really should go home and see my mother. When I asked why she took so much interest in my welfare, her reply was naive and revealing. Some of my Japanese friends, she said, had told her that my mother was still living and wanted to see me. She then recited in detail the contents of several letters I had received a short time before from anxious rela-

tives in the United States. The "Japanese friends" Miss Takehashi mentioned obviously had had connections with the Shanghai Post Office and had been steaming open my mail, reading it, and then passing it along to me. It was in this way that Mr. Suzuki had picked up the "mother" angle.

It was not my failure to go home and see mother or my ribbing about the floods and other disgraces that made Suzuki take further violent action against my broadcasts in the spring of 1940. Rather, I invited reprisals by going into politics against him; as a decent citizen of the International Settlement, I had no alternative.

In 1940 the Japanese attempted a bloodless conquest of the Settlement. They tried by vote to oust the Americans and British from control of the concession administration, but they ran into more opposition than they had counted upon.

The resulting Shanghai municipal election was, perhaps, one of the wildest in the history of suffrage. Certainly the International Settlement had never experienced anything like it. To get votes, the Japanese resorted to threats and kidnaping. The British and Americans engaged in what might be called legal ballot-box stuffing. At the earnest petition of British and American community leaders, I ran a radio electioneering war against the Japanese candidates, and thereby got more "jam" on my broadcasts than ever before.

The physical risk I always ran was increased, but there were good reasons why I could not keep out of the election battle. A Japanese-controlled Settlement administration would have meant the end of a free radio and a free press in that area. It would have shut and locked China's Open Door. It would have subjected the Chinese population of

the concession to new terrorism, with a British-operated police force under the thumb of the Japanese unable to exercise any sort of control.

Though all of these things happened when the Japs seized the Settlement after Pearl Harbor, 1940 was technically a year of peace in the Pacific. Mr. Suzuki didn't want an open war just then, but he wanted control of the Settlement in order to stop its use as a base of agitation against him. Persons he thought were interfering with his co-prosperity program, like myself, could then be run out of the country. With no opposition from the British police, Tommies, or American marines, the Jap could send in his gunmen to butcher all the Chinese he didn't like. In other words, he wanted to have his cake and eat it, and while military seizure might not give him this privilege, he hoped to attain it through victory at the polls in the annual Shanghai Municipal Council elections.

In their effort to win over the Settlement, the Japs ignored precedent by entering five candidates for seats on the Council. By mutual agreement they had in the past held two seats on the Council. The Americans had two, the British five, and the Chinese four; victory for the five Japanese would give them complete control of the Settlement administration, since they could force the Chinese members to do their bidding.

As the campaign progressed it developed in intensity. In the Nippon-dominated areas of the Settlement, Japanese campaign managers resorted to violence against Jewish refugees in an effort to force them to vote for the Jap candidates. Persons caught campaigning for the Jewish vote on behalf of the British and Americans were beaten up and sometimes even kidnaped.

South of Soochow Creek, the boundary line of the British and American residential districts, a serious but more

orderly campaign was under way. There community leaders launched a determined drive to bring all their nationals to the polls. This move was necessary because of the great apathy that had been shown by voters in the past. As a rule the elections had been cut and dried affairs, and Britons and Americans seldom bothered to cast their ballots. But in 1940 every Occidental vote was needed. Even then a spirit of defeatism had swept through the foreign communities; it looked as if the Japs might win.

For more than a year the Japanese had been importing large numbers of nationals from home for the sole purpose of having them vote in the municipal elections. Making qualified voters of these people was a simple matter, since under the Settlement's land regulations any foreigner who paid taxes enjoyed suffrage rights. If a man paid taxes on two houses, he got two votes; on three houses, three votes; and so on. By making renters out of new arrivals from Japan, the Japanese had built up a voting strength of ten thousand, as against some nine thousand Occidental ballots.

With so many known votes against us it looked bad, and I had visions of catching an early boat out of town. But we had to carry on the fight, as a matter of principle as well as of practical necessity. For my part, I started every broadcast with a reminder to Britons, Americans, French, Portuguese, and others in the Settlement who were entitled to vote, that a Japanese victory would mean even more oppression than we had experienced in the past. I reviewed the history of the Nipponese monopolies in Shanghai and the terrorism that had swept the city since the Japs had arrived, and then invited the voters to tour the gambling and opium dens of the western sections. There, I told my listeners, they could get a good idea of the kind of people who had moved in on us and were trying to take all we had.

Along with the foreign press of the city, I gave a running

radio account of Japanese election campaign methods among the Jewish refugees. And then Mr. Suzuki and Major Azano started jamming my broadcasts. This was hard on me and my listeners, but it probably was a break for the administration of the International Settlement, since the Japs' efforts boomeranged at a crucial moment.

British leaders, in a last-minute attempt to defeat the Japanese, had subdivided some of the biggest British estates in the city. These had been chopped up into four thousand small sections, which, under the existing ballot laws, meant four thousand more votes—enough to whip the Japs at the polls if all the British, American, and other anti-Japanese voters turned out. But the apathy of these people was appalling, and since the new British maneuver could not be revealed without giving the Japanese the same idea, all we could do was assure the voters of victory if they turned out at the polls in a body.

Apathy, however, turned into anger when the Japs started another campaign of interference with my daily news broadcasts. Nothing Mr. Suzuki might have done could have hurt his cause more. If this was a sample of the New Order the Japs were going to bring to the Settlement, the foreign voters wanted none of it.

The Japanese realized their mistake soon after the jamming started, when protests began to pour in, but it was too late to do anything—they could not stop without losing face. Not knowing of the action taken by the British leaders, they felt they had the election sewed up anyway.

Little Tokyo was filled with red faces when election day had passed. Occidental voters had turned out in a body, and Japanese ego and political ambition had suffered a crushing defeat. Between them, eight British business executives had cast five thousand votes, and the chopped-up estates had brought in thousands of new votes. Because of the extraor-

dinary situation and the fact that the Japanese themselves had resorted to unscrupulous methods, this legal ballot-box stuffing seemed quite justified. At least it kept the Settlement out of Japanese hands for the time being.

Almost one month passed after the election before the interference with my broadcasts stopped. It took Mr. Suzuki that long to recover his sense of balance after the loss of face he had suffered.

One afternoon in April, 1940, a spokesman of the Japanese Embassy in Shanghai telephoned to report that he believed he could arrange to have the interference removed. If I agreed to stop announcing that the jam on my broadcasts was "by courtesy of Mr. Suzuki and the Japanese Army," then the Nipponese authorities would make an effort to have the buzzing and howling on the XMHA frequency halted.

I consented to the arrangement and Mr. Suzuki kept his promise—for a few months. More and heavier jam was to come later.



## Chapter 20

### DEATH LIST

**M**OVING only with armed guards, keeping a pistol always handy, and constantly watching out for assassins became very tiresome indeed, but I never really felt that living in Shanghai during the years from 1936 to 1941 was unpleasant. I was not having a great deal of fun, as such, but the Japanese kept me busy and I was not bored.

The only real annoyance from which there was no relief was that in my last two years there I could not enter any public places, for fear of assassination. After the violent 1940 spring elections, the Settlement police warned me against going to the cinema or appearing in any of the city's restaurants, coffee shops, night clubs, or casinos. The private clubs of the democratic communities, such as the American Club, the Shanghai Club, and Le Cercle Sportif

Français, I could enter with some assurance of safety. Under these restrictions my life fell into a routine of writing, broadcasting, eating, and sleeping.

The weekly batch of threatening letters furnished me with some amusement; they made interesting reading. A few of them came from Italian and German quarters, but the majority were from the Japanese community. All were unsigned. Those written by the Occidental friends of the Axis usually were the work of individuals; the letters from the Nipponese appeared with such regularity that they were obviously part of an organized effort.

All the letters started off by giving me a few days to leave town or come to a nasty end. Some harped on the old theme: "Do you not know your mother is waiting to see you?" Another favorite was: "You have missed too many boats. It is time for you to go home."

It was easy to tell when the Japanese had been reading my mail from the United States, since their notes announced news from home before I had heard it myself. One Japanese note ended:

"Your dear uncle, John Kennobie, is dead. Why do you not go home and see your relatives? They want you."

It was a pretty wide miss. I once knew a cattle rancher in South Dakota by the name of John Kennobie, but he was little more than an acquaintance. A week later I received a delayed letter from my mother, and in it she mentioned the death of John Kennobie; for some reason Mr. Suzuki had imagined that the man was my uncle.

The letter-opening was ridiculous, but it made little difference to me. Only once did I find it necessary to ridicule Mr. Suzuki on the air for interfering with my mail. This time two pages were missing from one of my mother's long letters, the pages of which were numbered.

In my broadcast that night I expressed regrets at having

to embarrass Mr. Suzuki by making public mention of the fact that he had been tampering with my personal mail. But since Japan was not at war with the United States, such conduct was most unbecoming to a gentleman. In the past I had refrained from mentioning these activities on the air, I said, since the letters, though delayed, had generally reached me intact. My remarks on the subject ended with the suggestion that Mr. Suzuki start a search for the two missing pages and send them along to me.

I expected the broadcast to be ignored, or to bring a flat denial that the Japanese were reading my mail. Certainly I did not anticipate their admitting it. But within a week a plain envelope arrived containing the missing pages of my mother's letter. There was no explanation, no apology. But that did not matter; I had won another little tiff with Mr. Suzuki. One evening I solemnly concluded a broadcast with thanks for his courtesy in returning my mail.

Soon after this episode the flow of threatening letters increased, and I received numerous telephone calls of a similar nature. Five of the calls came in as many nights, and a foreign voice gave me only a few days to get out of town.

I thought I recognized the voice of Nathaniel Rabin, a tough Russian-American employed by the Japanese Special Service Section as a fingerman, and my hunch was right. One morning Rabin and two of his Jap gunmen were waiting for me to come out of a Frenchtown office building. My Chinese bodyguard who had stayed outside—I now had two gunmen with me who could not be intimidated by the sight of a couple of Japs—spotted them and got their guns out first. When I came out Rabin and his lads had lost their desire to shoot and were trying to move off. I called them back to explain that I had Settlement police permission to shoot Rabin at sight, but that I wanted no gunplay of any kind.

Not long after Rabin and I met face to face, Mr. Suzuki issued his much-publicized "death list." Seven foreign newsmen, including myself, were informed that our presence in Shanghai seriously annoyed the Japs and their Chinese puppets and that they meant it when they said that we had better get out of the country.

On the list were the names of six Americans and one Englishman, J. A. E. Sanders-Bates, who published a group of Chinese-language newspapers that were unfriendly to the Japanese. In addition to myself, the Americans were: Norwood Allman, a leading Shanghai attorney and member of a firm controlling the American-registered *Shun Pao*, another Chinese daily which opposed the Japs; C. V. Starr, owner of the *Evening Post and Mercury* and a Shanghai insurance taipan; Randall Gould, editor of the *Post and Mercury* and China correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor*; J. B. Powell, editor of the *China Weekly Review* and executive editor of the *China Press*; and Hal P. Mills, publisher of the *Hwa Mei Wan Pao*, an anti-Japanese Chinese-language daily.

Mr. Suzuki did not issue the list from Japanese official quarters, but through Wang Ching-wei and his treacherous régime at Nanking: a manifesto addressed to the puppet mayor of Shanghai requested that steps be taken to have us deported from the country. This was in accordance with established Japanese practice. Afraid of stirring up trouble in Washington and London, which were still on friendly terms with them, the Japs sought to escape blame for anything that might happen to us by shifting the responsibility to the Chinese.

Using the same tactics, the Japs also claimed that Chinese cooperating with Tokyo's New Order were responsible for the widespread anti-British agitation in the hinterlands. No doubt a good many Chinese puppet leaders were sin-

cere in their participation in this campaign, in view of their long-standing complaint about extraterritorial rights—but since the Nipponese enjoyed the same rights, to agitate against the British and not the Nipponese made no sense at all.

Propaganda and demonstrations against the British, however, reached the Shanghai area, and there we managed to get a good look at what the agitation really amounted to. I disobeyed police warnings and ventured to the outskirts of the city in a taxi one afternoon to see one of the demonstrations. It was a rather sad affair. The Japanese had loaded several hundred Chinese coolies and beggars into trucks and had provided them with banners denouncing the British. To keep order among them, Japanese troops with fixed bayonets rode in trucks ahead of the procession, and a truckload of Jap bluejackets brought up the rear.

With a sprinkling of Japanese civilians, apparently ronin, acting as cheerleaders, the Chinese shouted anti-British slogans, sang songs, and scattered anti-British leaflets along the streets. I retrieved some of the leaflets, which plainly showed Mr. Suzuki's heavy touch. One of them, printed on red paper with large black characters, shouted: "Chiang Kai-shek, the Communists, and the British are three devils who harm the Chinese people."

Another, bearing the headline "THE GOOD NEIGHBOR WITH WHOM WE WANT CLOSE FRIENDSHIP AND INTIMATE TIES," had this to say:

"If there had been no Japan in the Far East, China would have been wiped out of existence long ago. On the side of science, Japan's progress has plainly surpassed all the haughty nations of Europe and America. Japan's virtues also are superior. Aside from Japan, is there any other country good enough to be the friend of our truest ideals?"

A third made this recommendation: "Put your trust in the Japanese Army. All good friends come from Japan."

At the conclusion of the parade, which wound through the congested western districts of the city, the Chinese were removed from the trucks, lined up in double ranks, and paid what the Japanese military considered handsome wages for their services. Each coolie and beggar was given twenty cents in native currency, or about two cents in American money. As a special treat, Nipponese soldiers played the grand host and presented all who had participated in the demonstration with a bottle of lemon pop.

Moving through the crowd, Japanese cameramen photographed this display of "friendship." Their pictures appeared later in the leading papers of Tokyo to prove to the folks at home that the Japanese Armies of Pacification were progressing famously in their efforts to make friends with the Chinese. But they were careful not to photograph the coolies who protested against the small sums they had been paid for the afternoon's work, and who were promptly beaten up.

Japanese pacification forces which replaced the combat armies staged several hundred similar demonstrations in the occupied areas of China during 1939 and 1940, all in the name of the Japanese Friendship Movement.

Japanese army spokesmen, when questioned concerning this anti-British activity, argued that they were determined to allow freedom of political thought even in conquered territory; and since the Chinese had a right to their own likes and dislikes, if they didn't like the British the Japanese could not be blamed. All questions concerning the presence of Jap troops in the parades were conveniently sidestepped.

In sharp contrast to the Japs' claim of permitting the Chinese freedom of political thought was the bombing of Chinese radio stations and newspapers in Shanghai's Inter-

national Settlement. The *Shun Pao*, a leading vernacular daily, was bombed three times within my memory by pro-Japanese terrorists. In addition, a charge of T.N.T. large enough to blow up the paper and its several hundred workers was found in the *Shun Pao* library. Two more Chinese papers, the *Ta Mei Wan Pao* and the *Hwa Mei Wan Pao*, were also heavily bombed. Other anti-Japanese publications in the city packed up and left for free China. Freedom of Chinese political thought under Japanese domination meant hating Nippon's enemies, real or potential, and saying nothing against the invading nation.

My inclusion in Mr. Suzuki's public roll call of undesirables caused no great change in my daily routine. By this time I had become so accustomed to threats, real attacks, and interference with my broadcasts that the list was merely another annoyance. The police insisted that I start wearing my bulletproof vest again, but after a month or so I put the thing in a closet and left it there until my departure from China.

As it happened, only a few days later my guards potted two hired Chinese gunmen who had been sent to the radio station to take a shot at me as I arrived for a morning broadcast. My Japanese neighbors on the floor below had evidently informed Mr. Suzuki that I was going around without my armor again.

One of the men was killed and the other wounded. The wounded man, after firing a couple of shots as my car turned onto Race Course Road from Weihaiwei Road, got away, leaving a trail of blood behind him. At first I thought the two were robbers, but all doubt as to their purpose was cleared up a few hours later when representatives of Puppet Wang Ching-wei approached the manager of XMHA and myself with an offer—they would protect me from assassins,

they said, for ten thousand dollars. I not only refused to answer them, but I continued to travel in the Settlement without my steel vest.

Japanese activity against me quieted down for a few months after the shooting in front of the radio station. Undoubtedly, one of the reasons was the loss of face sustained by the Wang Ching-wei clique. One of their men had been killed, another wounded, and the effort to get me had failed.

Perhaps another reason was that I received numerous offers from my radio fans to form a vigilante committee to augment my force of bodyguards. Already weary of the restrictions imposed upon my movements by police warnings and conditions in the city, I rejected these suggestions; but the fact that offers of voluntary support had been made must have become known to the opposition. For several weeks I even received fewer threatening letters than usual, although my radio policies remained unchanged. Evidently Mr. Suzuki realized that my assassination might get him into grave difficulties. At any rate, the Nipponese side of Soochow Creek gave me a breathing spell for a few weeks.

Another offer of protection came from Chungking, I am proud to say. Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek sent me a personal note of encouragement, as he had to the others on Mr. Suzuki's death list. I also received calls from Chinese guerilla leaders who had sneaked through the Japanese lines and come into the Settlement to see me. Together with other Chinese, including local leaders of the Kuomintang, they brought offers of armed assistance, which I had to turn down. It seemed to me that an escort of pro-Chiang gunmen would be an open invitation to a real showdown shooting. I learned later, however, that the Chinese guerillas did shadow me and give me protection whether I wanted it or not.



## Chapter 21

### GOOD-BY, MR. SUZUKI

A LITTLE less than a year before I left China—in December, 1940—the Japanese committed such an extraordinary outrage in Shanghai that I lost my temper, said just what I thought in my broadcasts, and was again jammed by Mr. Suzuki. The trouble started when the Japanese threw a military blockade around a quarter of a million Chinese and several thousand foreigners living in the western part of the city, just outside the International Settlement. Even the Settlement's boundary lines and streets were infringed upon by the barbed-wire barricades of the Japs.

It was a distressing situation, and it got worse day by day. First of all, the blockaded area ran out of food, and the Jap military authorities refused to permit fresh supplies to enter the zone. They also blocked the transportation of

coal into the district; it was not long before there was no heat in the houses and people froze to death. Babies died for want of milk, and their bodies were left unburied.

Nothing so hideous had happened to Shanghai since the cessation of hostilities in that region. The Japanese even refused to allow the public health services to function inside the blockade, and garbage and human ordure was piled up on the streets. The corpses of homeless men, women, and children who had succumbed to the rigors of winter were left on the pavements for weeks. The health of the entire population was affected, and the blockade was followed by plague and the outbreak of epidemics.

The stench resulting from the blockade was terrific. When the wind was in the west, as it was during most of December, all of Shanghai's thousand minor smells were completely eclipsed by the stench from the "Badlands." It was the most penetrating odor in all my experience, and it got into your clothes and remained with you all day.

It was impossible to view the situation with equanimity. A metropolis of five million people was being fouled, and I used my broadcasts to tell Mr. Suzuki what those five millions thought about it. During the first week of the blockade, I offered no comment on the situation. None was necessary. Straight reporting presented an overwhelming indictment of the methods used by the Japs for what they called "punishing the Chinese."

The blockade was imposed, according to a Nipponese spokesman, because one of his country's soldiers walking through the area had been shot by a Chinese gunman. It developed later that the whole thing was the result of a feud between the owners of the gambling casinos in the area and Major General Toshino Nomi, commander of the Japanese gendarmerie there. Nomi was a newcomer in Shanghai; and when he arrived early in December he found

that his predecessor, Major General Saburo Miura, had already collected the gendarmerie's share of the gambling graft for the month. Miura and his staff had left town with most of the funds, about five million Chinese dollars. That left the incoming general hard-pressed for ready money, so he insisted that the Chinese and Japanese owners of the gambling dens make another payment. The owners refused to pay; a Japanese soldier was assassinated; and the blockade was thrown around the entire area in which the gambling dens were located. Unfortunately, a quarter of a million law-abiding people also resided in that area.

Whether the shooting of the soldier was staged by the Japanese as an excuse for the blockade, or whether it was planned and executed by the casino owners as a measure of retaliation for Nomi's demands, is still unknown. But it was a fact that the large number of barbed-wire barricades needed for the blockade were ready to be placed around the district immediately after the shooting. Of course this made it seem that the gendarmerie had planned their action beforehand.

After a number of straight appeals to the Japs had failed to get the blockade lifted, I got mad and used the deadly weapon of ridicule. I started by referring to the New Order Japan was trying to bring to China as the "New Odor." I also announced that the entire affair was the result of a feud between the Japanese gendarmerie and the owners of gambling dens.

Here was excellent proof, I pointed out, that Japan's Armies of Pacification were no less cruel and unconcerned over the welfare of a conquered people than her combat troops had been. They had subordinated the health of a great city to their own selfish ambition. I stressed the point that from the incident had arisen a stench which placed Nippon's New Order in the same category with the smells

emanating from Soochow Creek—except that the new stink was far worse than any of the old smells of China. I could not understand why Tokyo would tolerate such a state of affairs, especially in a cosmopolitan city like Shanghai where representatives of many foreign powers could see with their own eyes the frightful mess that Nipponese warlords were capable of producing.

Though this ridicule did not have any immediate good effect, it did get the early attention of the Japanese. Mr. Suzuki lost no time in putting the interference back on my broadcasts. It was not so bad for the first few days, and I could be heard distinctly in all parts of the city; but as my references to the "New Odor" increased, so did the interference. One evening in mid-December I told the whole story of the feud between General Nomi and the casino proprietors, and then the howlers, buzzers, and gongs were turned on my broadcasts in earnest.

This time, Major Azano boasted that I was going to be run off the air once and for all. If the management of Station XMHA refused to remove my programs from its schedules, then the station must take the consequences. To prove that he meant business, he started jamming the children's hour and the Sunday religious programs.

The station, however, gave me the same backing that it had during my election fight, and my sponsors also remained loyal. For a time the station fought back by sending my standard band broadcasts out over two wave lengths. This left one channel open, and for a week there was no interference with it. It took Mr. Suzuki that long to get another local transmitter in action against me.

It was during this week that the blockade was lifted, so what I had to say about the situation got proper circulation. I first heard of the new development when buyers for the catering departments of the casinos were seen purchasing

large stocks of food supplies. This information was brought to me almost immediately and I made the most of it, for it indicated that the casino owners had submitted to Nomi's pressure, paid the extra squeeze, and were getting ready to reopen.

Using all the contacts I had in gambling circles, I discovered that the clubs would open for the Christmas holiday trade, and I lost no time in getting the information on the air. Not only was it a good news story, but it proved the authenticity of everything I had reported about the feud between the gambling syndicates and the Japanese gendarmerie. It also spiked the efforts of Japanese official spokesmen to put the blame for the incident on Chungking. Both the *Shanghai Evening Post and Mercury* and the *China Press* took a hand in the fight and devoted considerable space to the blockade and the motive back of it.

General Nomi could have made a liar out of me by keeping his barriers up through the holiday period, but he had the month of January to think about. Unless the syndicates were able to function during Christmas week, they would not be in a position to pay their protection money for the next thirty-day period. I calculated that Nomi and other Japanese warlords who were interested in profits from roulette would sacrifice face for money. I felt safe in predicting that the gambling houses would open for the holiday business, and they did.

For the first time in three weeks, thousands of factory workers were released from the blockaded zone and were able to get to their jobs. Others, caught away from home when the barriers were thrown up, returned to their families. The hungry received food. Coal went into the district and the garbage was removed. Evidence of the great danger to the city's health was revealed by the fact that more than six hundred bodies of Chinese, about 60 per cent of them

children, in varying stages of decomposition, were found on the streets of the area.

Though the blockade was lifted, the jamming of my broadcasts did not stop. Through the American consul general, Frank Lockhart, the station management protested against the interference to the Japanese authorities. Weeks of conversation between American and Japanese consular officials followed, but with no results. Major Azano was still determined to get rid of me. Finally he offered what he called a compromise. He agreed to stop the interference if XMHA would reduce its power output to two hundred watts. Such low power, of course, would make it impossible for my broadcasts to be heard in Japan or anywhere else outside the immediate vicinity of Shanghai, and the suggestion was flatly rejected by the station's management.

Some time later, Japanese military and consular officials abandoned the attempt to force XMHA to reduce its power, but they presented other demands. At the top of the list was one insisting that I stop referring to their New Order as the "New Odor." My phrase, they complained to the American authorities, was open ridicule of their "honorable efforts to bring peace and justice to the Orient." Japan had worked hard, they said, to build up the New Order, and I had been brutal enough to classify it with the smells of Soochow Creek.

I realized that I would have to make some concessions, and through the American consular officials handling the matter, I agreed to stop using the term "New Odor." But I reserved the right to take it up again if the Japanese military started another blockade, and because of this reservation Major Azano refused to accept my pledge. After a while, representatives of the various Japanese services in Shanghai, including military, naval, consular and embassy

officials, took a ballot on the issue. Major Azano was the only man who turned in a negative vote.

Another demand, quite unexpected, was brought to me by an agent of the Japanese Navy. The Mikado's naval officers did not like my referring to the Germans, Italians, and Japanese as "brothers of the Axis."

"We are not brothers," said the naval officer who called upon me. "If you continue saying so, you cannot obtain Japanese Navy support in getting interference removed." He requested that I openly "apologize" for calling his countrymen "brothers" of the Germans and Italians. Of course this was a perfect opportunity to rib the other Axis communities in the city, so I was quite willing to oblige the Japanese Navy. I apologized very pointedly.

The officer had another demand to make. He wanted an apology for my having broadcast an unfavorable Reuters report from the South Seas. It told of a German raider which, masquerading as a Japanese vessel, had shelled a British-controlled island.

The Japanese flag had been insulted, and I had made matters worse by reporting the incident, the Jap alleged. I explained that I was not responsible for the news agency's action, and that if apologies were to be made Reuters would have to make them. He finally saw the point and withdrew the demand, but he had made it obvious that the Japanese Navy was not on friendly terms with either the Germans or the Italians. As far as it was concerned, the union with the Axis was merely one of convenience.

It was late in January, 1941, before the interference was finally removed from my broadcasts. The Japanese officials took another ballot on the issue, and again Major Azano held out. He insisted that if he agreed to lift the jam he would lose considerable face, since responsibility for starting it rested with his radio control board. Thus the problem

developed into one of saving Azano's pride, which was finally accomplished by placing the entire matter in the hands of General Toshizo Nishio, commanding officer of the Japanese Army in Central China. Azano claimed that no officer in the area except the supreme commander himself held authority over the Japanese radio control board. Nishio ordered the interference removed, and the air through which my broadcasts traveled was clear once more.

It was with the Italian side of the Axis that I had my next serious trouble. The Fascisti Shanghai went into conference in March, 1941, and voted to kill me.

The war of the Axis versus Democracy was then being bitterly waged in the city, not with tanks, bombs, and artillery, but with barrages of radio chatter from more than a dozen stations and in as many languages. It had been going on since the outbreak of the European war. Because of its international character, Shanghai had become the radio propaganda center of the Far East. Every member of the Axis was represented by at least one radio station. The British also had one. The United States had two: XMHA, Harkson's station, and XMHC, a subsidiary of the Shanghai *Evening Post and Mercury*.

The British XCDN broadcast news programs in a dozen languages. So did the German XGRS. Herbert Moy, an American-born and American-educated Chinese, was chief newscaster for the Nazis. The city also had a "Lord Haw Haw," an alleged Englishman who called himself Reginald Hollingsworth. Don Chisholm, who became the American "Haw Haw" in Shanghai after Pearl Harbor, was still the independent publisher of a small shopping weekly in those days. It was not until America entered the war in the Pacific that he went to XMHA, which was seized by the Japanese,



to take my old schedules on the air and broadcast Japanese propaganda.

My clash with the Fascist element in Shanghai was partially due to my reports of General Sir Archibald Wavell's first offensive against the Italian armies in Libya. I marveled at the endurance of the Fascist troops. They could run almost as fast and as far as the Chinese rickshaw coolies without pausing for second wind.

That wasn't all, however. The comment that finally incited the local Black Shirts to liquidate me was my version of the origin of the name Mussolini. I quoted the sixth chapter of *The Travels of Marco Polo*, in which the explorer describes his visit to Mosul, in Irak. The Jewish merchants of the city, he says, were "called Mosullini." I expressed the opinion that the modern Mussolini was probably a corruption of the name used to designate the old Jews of Mosul, and added that if Il Duce wanted to visit the home of his ancestors he would probably have to go to Bagdad and take a camel.

The Fascist community of the city, numbering about fifteen hundred Italians, was furious. The rest of the Orient snickered, and I received more than a thousand requests from the cities of the East, from Singapore to Tientsin, for a repetition of the broadcast. I obliged, and it was after this second alleged insult that the Fascisti Shanghai called the emergency meeting at which they voted to assassinate me. The attempt was made on the night of March 17, 1941.

During the preceding two weeks I received a flood of threatening letters, all announcing that I was to be the victim of a Fascisti killing. Each letter was typewritten, and the same typewriter had been used on all of them. Four nights before the attempted assassination, British detectives warned me that a car filled with Italians had been following me home. The ownership of the machine had

been traced to an Italian tailor in the city. Officials of the British Embassy also warned me to expect an attack, and Chinese guerilla officers called at my office to tell me what was up. Everybody seemed to know what the Fascists were planning; it was almost as bad as hearing yourself sentenced to death, except that by now it was something of an old story to me.

The attempted assassination ended in both failure and comedy. On the supposedly fatal night I left the radio station about 10:45 P.M., after my last evening broadcast, and was followed by the car which the British detectives had spotted a few nights before. To make sure that we were being followed, I ordered Tony, my chauffeur, to drive slowly through several sidestreets and alleys in going home. The car behind us never left our trail, and once it came close enough for me to get a look at some of the passengers. There were six men in it, four sailors and two civilians.

After riding through Settlement and French Concession streets for more than an hour, I decided that there was no escaping and that we were in for some shooting. I told Tony to head for home, and to back the car across the street, blocking it off, just as soon as we reached the apartment building.

Tony carried out the instructions perfectly; in a few seconds he had blocked the street so that the Italian car could not pass on either side. He and I took up positions back of the hood of my car, from which vantage point we could fire directly into the Italian car if its occupants were so foolish as to shoot first. Their immediate problem, however, was to avoid a bad wreck. Their driver swerved his machine onto the sidewalk, sideswiped an electric power transmission pole, and crashed into a board fence. When it came to a stop, the car was still in running condition and its engine was turning over, but the Fascists jumped out of it and

started to run. I noticed that they carried guns, but by this time they seemed to have forgotten that they were out to shoot me. They dashed up the street and turned the corner, while one of my guards fired a shot into the air. Two other shots were fired, but they did not come from our guns. Three or four Chinese, members of guerilla bands from outside the city, had been standing by to help me if things got too hot.

The next morning I sent a protest to the Italian Consulate General. On my radio program I openly accused the Fascist leader Riggio of plotting my assassination, adding that if he was not guilty of the charge he was free to have me taken before the United States Court for China on charges of criminal libel. Riggio did not accept the challenge, but he and two brother Fascists did appear in court—to answer charges of plotting and attempting to murder me.

I had nothing to do with bringing this action; it was entirely an Italian affair. It developed that the Italian community of the city was divided on the subject of the Axis, Fascism, and Mussolini. In fact, I found that I even had some friends among the Italians, for they made the charges against Riggio on their own account. It was their claim that the Fascists of the city had brought disgrace on the other Italians by their wild actions.

I knew nothing about this until Judge Rapex, head of the Italian consular court, petitioned me through Lockhart, the American consul general, to appear in his tribunal to testify against the Fascist party leaders in Shanghai. I told Lockhart that I would not appear, but I did agree to answer in writing any questions Rapex might wish to send.

He submitted several questions, all matters of identification. The trial, which was held behind closed doors, developed into a farce. It lasted for more than a month, but

ended in nothing more than a reprimand for the defendants. Judge Rapex could do little else, for even the Italian consul general, a rabid Fascist named Muto, was involved. After the trial one of the would-be murderers took a trip out of town, and, wherever they were, I never saw the other two again.

My last few months in Shanghai were peaceful, and even dull. Mr. Suzuki wrote a few threatening letters, German newscasters and commentators kept up a verbal fight with me, and the Chinese puppets confined their agitation against my activities to words.

I announced my plans to leave Shanghai several weeks in advance of my actual departure, which was set for September 14, 1941. I was merely going on a vacation, I told my listeners, and that was what I really intended to do. I didn't suspect that while I was away all the troubles I had seen brewing in the Far East for so many years would boil over, that the Japs would bomb Pearl Harbor, and that I would never return to China. I think it is plain that I was far from "complacent," and certainly I didn't underestimate the power of the Japanese. The trouble was that, having been away from the West for so long, I overestimated the strength of the Allies.

My purpose in returning to the United States was to sell Washington on the idea of backing a powerful radio station somewhere in the Orient, possibly in Manila, in order to counteract Japanese propaganda against us. America was the only country of importance not officially represented in the Far East by such a station. The British, for example, had stations at Hongkong, Shanghai, and Singapore, but all the American stations were commercial ones and their operation as potential counteragents to Japanese propaganda naturally was restricted. Though my sponsors did not

dictate policy, they could have done so, and this ever-present possibility was enough to make me to feel that America needed official radio representation in the Far East.

I left Shanghai on the *President Harrison*, making the last Pacific crossing on that ship, which was seized by the Japanese on its return trip. And even then, I almost failed to make the trip—although Mr. Suzuki had not interfered with my broadcasts for several months, he had not forgotten me. He had two agents planted in my cabin on the *Harrison*. This time it was no polite visit, either; they were there to take me off the boat.

Rear Admiral William Glassford, then commander of the Yangtse River Patrol of the United States Navy, apparently had imagined that something like this might happen. He had previously suggested that I use his barge to make the trip down the Whangpoo to the docks skirting Japanese-controlled territory where the *Harrison* was tied up. I took his advice and was escorted to the ship by a group of American marines.

Leaving the barge, I went aboard and entered my cabin, which I was to share with Herman Young, head of the American Chamber of Commerce at Tientsin. Herman had not yet come aboard, but two Japs in civilian clothes were in the cabin waiting for me. They called me by name and asked me to go ashore with them. In case I refused, they both had guns handy. I was unarmed, having only that morning returned my automatic to the Fourth Marines, from whom I had borrowed it. It looked as if I might be in a spot, but I insisted that since the *Harrison* was American the Japs could not make me leave it. They shoved their guns at me and insisted that they could, since the ship was tied up to a dock in a Japanese-controlled area. While I was wondering what to say next, there was a knock on the

door and my marine escort walked in. The two Japs hastily decided that the odds were against them and left the boat. If they went for reinforcements, they didn't return quickly enough, for half an hour later the *Harrison* sailed, and I was on my way to the United States.

## Chapter 22

### "CARTHAGO DELENDA EST . . ."

THE READER who has stayed with this narrative to its end will probably not need to have its meaning underlined. And yet, obvious as the Japanese program is, and overwhelming though the evidence which points to it may be, there seems to be some confusion in our minds as to what we should think and do about the facts. Probably that is due to Japan's remoteness from the majority of Americans, and to the military decision to try to defeat Germany first. This confusion is more dangerous to the future of the world than any other, perhaps, which we could maintain. Cato the Elder, whenever the subject of Rome's arch-enemy Carthage was being debated in the Roman senate, used to declare at the end of every speech, *Carthago delenda est*—Carthage must be destroyed. And when the Romans won, they did destroy Carthage, utterly. There

were no more Carthaginian wars after that. The solution of the Japanese problem is equally simple and direct. Japan must be destroyed.

Only the complete destruction of the present Japanese Empire will remove its threat to the future structure of world peace. It is a waste of time to think of "converting" the existing Japanese structure into a peaceable nation. What must be done is to reduce Japan to the status she enjoyed before her facility at imitating other people's inventions and techniques, and her astonishing biological fertility, made her into a world menace.

There are *eighty million* Japanese, and every day, every hour there are more of them. The invasion flotilla of fifteen thousand men which our air forces recently destroyed in the Bismarck Sea represented no net loss in Japanese manpower. More young Japanese became of military age that week than were lost at sea. This book is no argument for the physical extermination of any Japanese beyond those whom we shall have to execute for their war guilt, in whatever manner we may deal with similar characters in the ranks of our other enemies. The actual extermination of an entire people by war has never been achieved in the course of history. And it cannot be denied that the mere slaughter of eighty million people would be a moral crime of unthinkable proportions.

It would be equally unthinkable and criminal not to take every step to insure Japan's being finished as a world power for good and all. After the last war the Allies took some fairly drastic steps to try to prevent any recurrence of the German dream to overrun Europe. At the end of twenty years the Germans were stronger and more resolved on conquest than ever. In dealing with Japan, we shall have to remember, all the time, that what we are trying to put an end to is nothing short of a deliberate and calculated plan



to bring the entire world under Japanese domination, military and economic.

Americans are often unwilling to believe that any people really does think in such terms. The past few years have begun to teach us that the Nazis had such a scheme in mind, but most of us have not taken the Japanese seriously enough even to find out whether they did or not. The history of the past half century seems to me to prove conclusively that the Japanese, with great patience, cunning, sacrifice, and absence of scruple, have been working on a step-by-step program to conquer and control the globe.

That is a great ambition for any people, but the Japanese are willing to try to achieve it one step at a time. For this reason, they probably would be satisfied, for the next few years, to hold what they have taken. But only for the present.

Their first step was to acquire the necessary strategic bases from which to launch conquest for dominion in the Pacific. Modern Japanese history reveals how efficiently this first part of the program was carried out. First came the acquisition of the great island base of Formosa in 1895. Then, one by one, Korea, Port Arthur, Dalny, Manchuria, the China Coast and hundreds of islands of the Pacific fell under Tokyo's domination.

After each new conquest Japan paused in her war-making for a few years, but only to consolidate her gains and prepare for the next aggression. Periods of peace and war alternated, but not once did Japanese leaders or their people lose sight of the ultimate goal, world dominion. This steady driving forward, even in peace, is further evidence of Tokyo's grim determination to master the earth.

The second step was to obtain control of the natural resources which Japan needed to build up one of the

world's mightiest fighting machines. This was no easy task and the Japs had to start almost from scratch. When she first commenced to dream of world conquest, Japan was a mite in the community of nations. She possessed few, if any, of the strategic materials needed for the promotion of modern war. Her rocky islands were even incapable of feeding her own population.

But though Japan was tiny and impoverished, her warlords and statesmen were mighty in their planning. And they were as unscrupulous as they were resourceful. Through counterfeiting, kidnaping, dealing in narcotics, sneak diplomacy and protestations of friendship for those who would do business with them, they bought the iron, the oil and other materials required for successful development of a great war machine. They experienced no pangs of conscience over taking the best the rest of the world had to offer with the ultimate idea of stabbing the world in the back. Rather, they merely regarded themselves as sharp horse-traders. A fanatical religion told them they had performed a great service to the Mikado. That would get them into the Celestial Empire, for it was no lie to "speak improper to a foreigner."

So the Japanese warlords fought on the side of the Allies against Germany when they wanted territories in the Pacific which Germany possessed. They went to war on the side of Germany when they sought areas and resources in Asia and the Pacific which belonged to their former allies.

Japan was careful and particular in selecting those from whom she extracted help and advice. She wanted the best. It was natural that she should turn to the United States for instruction and aid in promotion of the arts of modern manufacture and mass production, while for assistance in modernizing her army, Japan went to the German. The Boche was accommodating and opened his military schools

to the Jap. He went so far as to send officers to Nippon to instruct the Japanese, only a few decades removed from feudalism, in the practice of modern warfare. Temporarily, Germany is profiting from the instruction she furnished so readily. . . .

It was from the mistress of the seas, Great Britain, that Japan sought help in producing a modern navy. As short-sighted as ourselves, the British gave the Japs advice and aid.

Thus it can be said that the United States, in reality, gave Japan her industry. The Germans presented her with a modern army. She copied her navy from the British. The Chinese also contributed heavily to Japanese development. They gave Japan her art and much of her culture.

These are all matters of record and require no further amplification. They are mentioned here merely to point up the fact that the history of Japan, as an empire, has been one of planned, often deceitful, aggrandizement. In dealing with that sort of an enemy, it is obvious that there can be no temporizing, no soft-heartedness.

As Japan grew into a greater and greater power, Americans, Britons and others felt flattered that the men of Nippon were proving such apt scholars. It was pleasant to think that the Japanese, only recently emerged from centuries of barbarism, had turned out to be such capable imitators.

But it was more than mere pride which caused the rest of the world to lavish gifts upon the Japanese. There was a hope that Japan might become a stabilizing influence in troubled East Asia, and that her own progress as a dominant factor in that part of the world would prove a stimulant to trade. The Occident fully realized the necessity for such an influence and, ignoring two thousand years of Chinese culture and civilization, went to extreme lengths to

extend to fanatical and feudalistic Nippon all the help possible to attain such an end. If half the effort expended in trying to lift Japan from the rut of isolationism and feudalism had been exerted toward bringing about unity in China and in improving the lot of the Chinese people, the picture in the Pacific today might have been vastly different. For China, not Japan, was the great potential market of the Orient. Properly developed, here was the greatest mass buying power east of Suez. And, by virtue of her vast territory, her own resources, her contributions to the civilizations of the world, and her geographical position as a continental rather than an island power, China was the logical choice as a stabilizing factor in the Far East.

This was a blunder which the English and ourselves are paying for today in lives, hard cash, and toil. Never again can the Occident permit itself to consider Japan as a prospective factor for good in Asia, or, for that matter, the world. By her double-dealing, her ruthlessness and her complete lack of concern for the fundamental rights of others, she has proved herself unfit for consideration as a major influence in the Pacific.

Japan's real intentions, her dream of universal dominion, first became apparent with the cases of Korea and Formosa, but these examples of Japanese ruthlessness were overlooked by the Western powers as nothing more important than the caprices of mischievous boys. Not until the conquest of Manchuria and the subsequent invasion of China did the world become really alarmed over the Nipponese menace.

By then it was too late (by peaceful means) to stop Japanese aggression and encroachment. It was either war or the application of economic sanctions. Adolf Hitler was the first to understand this, and he acted promptly. Planning

war for conquest himself, he followed Japan's example and reasoned that since Tokyo was too far away for him to deal with by force, his only logical course was to accept Nippon as an ally. He recalled his military missions from China and thereby set in motion the machinery for drawing the Japanese into a full-dress military alliance with Berlin.

Though a partnership of convenience, the subsequent Nazi pact with Japan was a blow to the Chinese. Their armies, operating under German military advisers, had just administered a stunning defeat to the Japanese at Taierchwang in Shantung Province. That was in 1938. The Japs, caught in a surprise pincer movement, fled before the Chinese onslaught, leaving between thirty thousand and forty thousand dead on the battlefield. It was China's first real victory of the war and Chinese morale soared to new heights. But it soon dropped to a new low when Hitler recalled German generals from China.

The democracies missed a golden opportunity to stop Japan when they failed to apply economic sanctions against her after the invasion of Manchuria in 1931. History probably will record that they missed another by failing to take action against her in 1938. Hitler had not yet completed his plans for European conquest. The Japanese had not gained sufficient time to consolidate their toehold in China. They were still working feverishly preparing their island bases for attack on the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and Malaya. Japanese troops in China were only beginning to get the combat experience they needed for future action against the British and the Americans.

Although it was inadequate for global operations, the combined naval might of the United States and Great Britain, unfettered by the war which had not yet broken out in Europe, was then sufficient to have locked up Japan. It might not have been possible to have won a decisive vic-

tory over her before Hitler could have thrown his war machine into motion in Europe, but Nippon could have been placed under stout blockade virtually overnight.

Her shipping and fishing fleets could have been driven from the seas. Her navy could have been bottled up in the Japan Sea while China bases, within easy bombing range of Tokyo, Yokohama, Nagasaki and Formosa, could have been saved for use by British and American air squadrons. The harbors of China could have been kept open to the war vessels of the United States and England. It is even conceivable that Japan could have been brought to her knees within a few months or a year. At least, she would not have been in a position to divide the Allied forces by the time Hitler was ready to strike in Europe.

Though Japan had thrown off her mask by entering an alliance with Hitler, she was still reluctant to admit it, for she realized that the years between 1938 and 1941 would be crucial ones in her preparations for total war. Her main concern at that time was to see to it that the flow of scrap iron, oil and other war materials into her islands continued without interruption. To achieve this end, it was essential for her to continue fostering the appeasement policies of Washington and London. Hence, from the spring of 1938 until Hitler started his march into Poland at the start of September, 1939, repeated disclaimers of territorial ambitions in Asia came out of Tokyo. These were contained in the utterances before the Diet of such statesmen as Prince Fuminaro Konoye and Baron Hiranuma, both former premiers, and Yosuke Matsuoka, one-time foreign minister. British and American appeasement with metals and fuel continued, but there was nothing for China. Only kind words and a little cash—very little of the latter.

After the invasion of Poland Japan's tone changed and became menacing. Matsuoka went before the Diet to shout

that unless the United States tried to understand the Japanese people and their ambitions and culture, “Japan would punish the United States.” The wolf had thrown off his sheepskin. Appeasement continued along the same lines as before, but it was no longer a matter of trying to retain friendly relations with Tokyo. Selling scrap to Japan became a question of playing for time.

Pearl Harbor, though it was one of the most ruthless acts of treachery of all time, was merely good business to the Jap. By hamstringing the United States Pacific Fleet, the Japanese, during the succeeding few months, obtained all the resources they needed to build up not only the world’s mightiest war machine but the greatest empire of all time.

It would be stretching a point to say that Japan, at the present, has the most powerful fighting force in the world. Nor can it be said that she possesses the greatest empire in history. But during the period between December 7, 1941, and the early summer of 1942, she acquired *both the resources and the territory needed to give her both these things*. All she needed was the time to develop them. The second phase of her program for world dominion had been completed.

By the beginning of 1943, Japan’s problem was to consolidate her gains, play for all the time she could get, and strengthen her new and far-flung outposts. And her past history had made it clear that she would resort to any means, any form of trickery, to attain such an end. This is what Joseph C. Grew, former American ambassador to Japan, had in mind when, after his return to the United States from Tokyo in the autumn of 1942, he warned the American people to beware of a “ju-jutsu peace plot.” He meant simply that Tokyo might, perhaps through underground channels, propose an early peace in an effort to retain much of what she already had gained.

Such a peace, any sort of compromise or even a stalemate, would only facilitate Japan's plan to conquer the earth. She already has completed the first and second phases of that program. The third and last step is to unite the races of Asia under Japanese rule with the idea of eventually fighting the rest of the world and bringing it under the sword of the son of Amaterasu O-Mikami, the sun goddess—the Mikado. The Japs are working on that plan now. They will continue to work on it until they have been so badly defeated and so completely crushed that they never can rise to power again.

This is not conjecture. Through their slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," Japan has made it clear that she seeks to organize the billion people who populate the countries of the Far East to work for her and fight for her. The implications are enormous, the threat to the world tremendous. A billion people, organized by an ambitious and determined nation, could swing the world politically, economically and militarily. That is precisely the goal Japan has set for herself, and the fact that this is her aim cannot be repeated too often. It should be hammered into the minds of all Americans. It should be shouted from the pulpit and the speaking platform, over the radio, and in the press until every American understands the real nature of the menace which confronts us from out of the Far East.

The economic warfare which Japan will wage in the intervals of "peace" will be hard to combat. With tens of millions of ununionized men and women working for the Jap at a wage scale ranging from twenty to forty cents daily, the rest of the world would probably have to regiment itself in order to compete. The workers of America and the British Empire and other nations of the Western World



would be reduced to the same low living standards prevailing in the Orient in order to exist.

The average American worker, accustomed to earning from five to fifteen dollars daily, may find it difficult to visualize anyone trying to live and support a family of four or five on less than one-third of a dollar daily. But this is what happens in the Orient. This is why Japan, for years, has been able to undersell British and American products on the world market. It is why Japan can manufacture five-tube radio sets for less than four dollars; why she can turn out cotton and woolen textiles, even though buying her materials on the world market, at less than one-fourth the cost of production of the same goods in the United States and Britain. I own several suits of clothes made of Japanese woolens, most of them purchased before the outbreak of war in China. The reason I have so many is that they only cost me six dollars each and they were tailored to my measure. Yet they are the equivalent of the average American suit costing thirty-five or forty dollars, and they are made of good Australian wool.

Take the case of sugar. During the years between 1934 and 1937, the Japs and the Javanese were producing it for less than one cent and a quarter per pound. That is why the Filipino, with his higher living standard—more than three times as high as the standard of other Orientals—could not compete on the Far Eastern market. That is why the United States was forced to absorb Philippine sugar surpluses in the face of strong opposition from the sugar interests of this country and Cuba. Much of America's intensified isolationism during the last decade can be traced directly to the Philippine sugar problem.

Philippine sugar surpluses imported to this country were having a damaging effect on our own markets. The clamor to cut the Philippines adrift increased. The strategic and

economic benefits we obtained from the Philippines were overlooked.

For our mistakes about Japan we are now paying with the lives of American youth, American money, and sweat. We will pay for them again in another two decades if any quarter is shown to the Jap after he has been defeated.

The "unconditional surrender" decree of the Casablanca Conference, when carried out in the case of the Japanese, will not be enough to give us victory in the Orient. It must be followed up with measures of repression against Japanese ambition. If such measures are not taken, if Japan is permitted to retain any of the rich territory she has gained in the past few years, she will rise again. And if we give the Japs time to consolidate their present hold on the peoples and riches of Asia, we may not be able to completely defeat them. The task is great, for they must be driven from every inch of soil they have taken.

The United Nations cannot defeat the Japanese Empire by merely destroying the cities and production of Japan's home islands, or by actual occupation of those islands, unless these actions are carried out from the mainland of Asia. If it were possible, using Alaska and the Aleutians as bases, to occupy Tokyo, Yokohama and all of Japan proper, we could not claim a truly decisive victory over the Land of the Rising Sun. For Nippon, with the hold she has on Asia today, is not merely an island power, however casually we tend to think of her that way. She is also a continental power. The attack on the island headquarters of the Mikado must come from inside Asia itself—from China. The Japs must be driven into the sea at Shanghai, Tientsin, Chefoo, Amoy, Swatow and all other major points along the China Coast. To accomplish this, Japan's great inland Chinese bases of Hankow, Nanking and Peiping must first be de-

stroyed. Only then will it be possible to force Nipponese armies back to the coast. Only then will it be possible to launch a decisive invasion of Japan's home isles. And obviously, only by keeping China in the war can all this be achieved. A China completely dominated by Japan would mean a greatly extended war in the Pacific.

It is frightening even to speculate about what will happen if the Japs win the war in the Pacific. The bulk of the great trade and commerce of the Pacific Basin would go to Japan. If the United States refused to grant favored trade terms to the Japanese, and the latter had us stripped of our armed might, it would be impossible to stop penetration of their trade into this country. There is the experience of China with the great Japanese smuggling fleets of 1935 and 1936 to warn us on that score. America would become a dumping-ground for cheap Nipponese merchandise. To compete, Americans would work for thirty cents a day or not work at all. Japanese military penetration into this country almost certainly would follow.

If the Japanese were to achieve their immediate goal of organizing the Asiatics, those responsible for that victory would remain in the saddle. They are the big monopolies, syndicates and the warlords, the exploiters of the hungry and downtrodden masses of East Asia. And their conception of profits is completely contrary to Occidental ideas on the same subject.

The average Japanese industrialist calculates that he has a poor year when he cannot make a profit of 15 per cent net. His aim is at least 20 per cent. For example, the Toyoda Cotton Mills, in their balance sheets for the years between 1933 and 1939, revealed annual net profits of 24 per cent. Yet they were able to undersell all other competitors. The answer was cheap labor.

Profits of Japanese sugar companies in Formosa vividly reflect the extremes to which the Nipponese industrialist carries his exploitation of the conquered native. In 1937, 1938 and 1939, the Meiji Sugar Refining Company of Taiwan (Formosa) averaged 40 per cent net earnings. This is according to its own balance sheets. During the same period, the Dai Nippon Sugar Company averaged 33 per cent. The Japanese-controlled Dairen Telephone Company earned 45 per cent profits during the five years preceding 1940. It piled up these enormous earnings by charging excessive rates and installation charges. While the American-owned Shanghai Telephone Company was asking the equivalent of two dollars in American currency to install a telephone, the Japanese concern at Dairen was demanding three hundred yen, or about one hundred American dollars, for the same work!

There is a theory that the Japanese, through their ruthlessness and exploitation of the natives of conquered countries, already have ruined their chances of successfully organizing under their banner the peoples of Asia. History may prove that this is true, but for the present it is only theory. In dealing with Japan, the United States cannot afford to permit its thinking to be influenced by such a view. However, no comprehensive appraisal of the Far Eastern picture can be made without some summarization of the Asiatic attitude toward the Japanese.

To begin with, the conflict we are now fighting in the Pacific and Asia is not a racial one. Japanese collaboration with European members of the Axis does not permit any such conclusion. But the Nipponese have tried their best to make it a war between races. Their slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics," has been the basis of all their attempts to pacify the countries they have invaded. It has been their cry in

all their efforts to rally the Chinese, the Indians, the Filipinos, the Javanese and others to their side.

Japanese propagandists could not have selected a better war slogan. It contained a direct appeal to most Asiatics, since practically all classes of Orientals disliked the white man. There were several reasons for this hatred. Foremost was the white man's flaunting his superior ego in the faces of the peoples of the Far East. This is a score that must be chalked up against the Occidental.

On the other side, there was the ancient Oriental regard for face which the Westerner did not thoroughly understand. Britons and Americans, though they paraded their superiority complexes, made concessions and engaged in acts of appeasement. The Jap accepted this as a sign of weakness and demanded more benefits. So did the Indian, the Chinese, the Filipino and others. While the Occidental boasted of his superiority, he lowered himself in the eyes of the Far East by not living up to his pretense of being a superman.

It is difficult to estimate the face lost by the Anglo-American as a consequence of the defeats he suffered at the hands of the Japanese after Pearl Harbor. That face can be regained only by utter defeat of the Japanese. Nippon is well aware that this is the only way the British and Americans can win their war in the Pacific and emerge with the respect and confidence of the Oriental. And gaining that respect, and holding it, will be vital to the maintenance of the peace of the future in the Orient.

I do not mean to suggest that the United Nations must use force in maintaining the peace of the Pacific. Force may be essential, but on the whole, such a peace must be based on understanding of the Oriental peoples. We must understand, first of all, that the Jap is after world domination, and is thereby up to no good. We also must understand

that we cannot pose as supermen and then permit ourselves to be kicked and mauled around by a freebooting people whose only outstanding claims to distinction are an imitative genius and an utter lack of respect for the rules of warfare. Nor can we promise protection to our wards in the Pacific, such as the Filipinos, and then furnish their potential enemies with the means to destroy them.

We have much to do to redeem our fallen prestige in the Far East. And we will get very little of it back if we grant Japan, after this war is over, the slightest concession that will enable her to rise again. The isolationist may say: "What do we care about prestige? We can pull into our own hemisphere and let the Orient go hang."

That is what the Japs are hoping we will do. For that would cost us the confidence of the Oriental, and even though we had won a military victory, it would leave the way open for Tokyo to still carry out its program of organizing all Asiatics for eventual assault against us. In fact, it would render the Japanese task quite simple, for the Japs, despite defeat on the battlefield, would save their face with all others of the Orient.

Face is the driving force back of the Jap's desire to rule the world. He wants to prove to all nations that, despite his small stature and his lack of originality in the arts and sciences, he is the toughest, fiercest fighter alive. He made a war cult of his schools to promote that conception and to instill hatred of all other people in the minds of his young.

This accounts for his ruthless treatment of the Chinese, the Formosans and the Koreans. Time may prove that his handling of the natives has aroused such enmity against him that, no matter what happens, he can never succeed in bringing all Oriental lands and peoples under the banner of the Rising Sun. But it would never do to place much

hope in this prospect, for the Jap can be counted upon to see to it that those whom he conquers will not obtain the guns they would need to rise against him.

Take the case of the Koreans. Their hatred of the Jap is intense, yet they help man Japan's factories. They labor for the Jap in the fields and, because of fear, many do his bidding even though it entails murder and the sale of narcotics. But no people have been more downtrodden, more oppressed, than the Koreans.

One of Japan's greatest statesmen, Count Inouye, back in 1910, raised his voice against the practices of the Japanese military leaders and exploiters. The Count had been sent by Tokyo to Seoul to try and establish order in Korea which had just been formally annexed by Japan. What he found distressed him so deeply that he wrote to the *Nichi Nichi Shimbun*, leading Tokyo journal, about it. Said the Count:

All the Japanese are overbearing and rude in their dealings with the Koreans. The readiness of the Chinese to bow their heads may be a natural instinct, but this trait in their character is their strength as merchants. The Japanese are not only overbearing but violent in their attitude toward the Koreans. When there is the slightest misunderstanding, the Japanese do not hesitate to employ their fists. Indeed, it is not uncommon for them to pitch the Koreans into the river, or to cut them down with swords.

It is natural that they [the Koreans] should entertain more amicable feelings toward other nations than toward the Japanese. For this state of things the Japanese themselves are responsible. Unless the Japanese correct themselves and behave with more moderation, they will entirely forfeit the respect of the Koreans.

History reveals that the Japanese in Korea did not correct themselves as one of their greatest statesmen advised.

Worse still, they followed the same pattern of conduct in China.

Count Inouye, in his indictment of his countrymen, also had something to say about ruthless Japanese merchandising methods and lust for profits:

Another circumstance I regret very much for the sake of the Japanese residents is that some of them have been unscrupulous enough to cheat the Korean Government and people by supplying them with spurious articles. The Koreans, taught by such experience, naturally hesitate to buy from the Japanese. An examination of the purchases made by the Korean Government from Japanese merchants would cause any conscientious man to cry out.

Despite this indictment, the Jap continued to dump his cheap goods on the Korean and the latter bought them, is buying them today, because it is the only merchandise he can buy. Japanese bayonets and repressive measures have eliminated all competition. That is the Japanese way of trading with those they dominate. It is merchandising at the point of a gun, and the Nipponese is as ruthless a trader as he is a military man.

In view of the Oriental's great regard for face, the Japanese had a splendid opportunity to organize, with a minimum of opposition, an Asia for the Asiatics with himself as the dominating factor. Kinder treatment of the natives of occupied territories would have made this possible. He would have been held in much greater esteem and a majority would have pitched in to help him throw out the Westerner. For to the native of the Orient, it is not as much a disgrace to be dominated by another Oriental as it is to be bossed by the white man.

But the Jap, through his old tricks of conniving, cutting



off heads, bombing, shooting innocent people, and trying to rule by fear, made the Britons and Americans seem lily-white in comparison. By these methods, the Jap brought on his own head the hatred of the Korean, the Formosan and the Chinese. And he may never be able to win their friendship, no matter how much atonement he attempts. The memories of Asiatics are long.

Because of the tight wall of secrecy he has thrown up about the activities of his occupation of Malaya, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies and other areas he occupied after December 7, 1941, only meager scraps of information concerning the Jap's treatment of the natives in those countries have filtered through to the capitals of the United Nations. But it can be assumed that he hasn't changed much. Granting that they have had a taste of Nipponese oppression, the Filipinos, the Malayans, the Javanese and the Burmese may come to hate him with the same intensity as do the people of China, Formosa and Korea.

To say that this hatred, in itself, is sufficient to destroy Japanese ambition to dominate the hundreds of millions of Asia would be taking chances with reason. As long as the Japs keep the guns, planes and warships in their hands, they can rule the Orient, whether they do it amicably or by fear. For example, Korean agitators have talked of revolt for thirty years but their people have not revolted because they have been unable to obtain the necessary weapons. The same is true in the case of the Formosans. And because of lack of armament, the Chinese, by the spring of 1943, were being slowly strangled.

It is possible, of course, that the hatred of other Asiatics which the Jap has earned for himself might, in time, frustrate his aim to consolidate Asia, to get it to work and fight for him. A billion people, in years to come, might find

some means to rise up and throw off their chains. At best, however, this is a remote possibility and is interesting only as conjecture.

The problem of the United Nations is not to consider what *might* eventually happen, but what is certain to happen if the Jap gets what he wants in Asia and the Pacific Basin. And what he wants is to consolidate those areas under his heel to use them as stepping-stones to conquer the earth. It is obvious, therefore, that our war in the Pacific is a matter of survival. It is either the continued existence of our own high standard of living and liberty, or subservience to a ruthless Oriental master. For this reason the Japanese Empire must be crushed so completely that it can never threaten the security of the whole world again.

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, the brilliant wife of China's generalissimo, has called for a victory without bitterness. Coming from one of four hundred millions who have suffered countless tortures at the hands of the aggressor for six years, this plea was the ultimate in generosity.

A peace of this kind is possible in the Far East only if it is based on mutual understanding and justice. Such understanding can come only through intimate knowledge of the peoples of the Orient. On the part of Americans, that means the reverse of isolationism.

But it does not mean leniency in dealing with Japan. Justice for Japan means the sort of justice civilized law deals out to the arch-criminal.

When a man commits every crime in the book, from murder, plunder, kidnaping, and counterfeiting to organized banditry and open piracy, he is adjudged a menace to society, a person in whom no trust can be placed, and he is either hanged or locked up for life.

The court, in handing out such punishment, is not guided

by bitterness, but rather by its duty to society as a whole. If the court is sincere in its desire to suppress crime it can exercise tolerance only in so far as the law permits. It must assume that one who murders, rapes and pillages for profit and thereby brings terror and anarchy to a community, is beyond hope. If it is an honest court and sincere in its desire to protect the community from lawlessness, it has no alternative but to dispose of the evil-doer. It must liquidate him or place him beyond iron bars so stout that he cannot break out of them.

If the peacemakers of the future are really sincere in their desire to effect lasting peace in the world, they must apply to international gangsters, pirates and madmen the same law which the courts are required to employ in dealing with the individual criminal. In their treatment of nations guilty of crimes against the world, destruction of other nations and suppression of freedom and fundamental rights of man to liberty, they must be as impersonal as the judge who hands down a death or life sentence to a ruthless and bloody killer.

The idealists have an indispensable place in shaping the future. All humanitarian principles are based on idealism. But crime and ideals are two different things. They must be dealt with separately.

The factors responsible for making pirates and killers of nations, of course, deserve great attention in the shaping of the future course this world shall take. Knowledge of them must form the basis of mutual understanding among nations. And the criminal side of these factors must not be overlooked.

For instance, a nation which makes a war cult of its schools, as did Japan and Germany, must forfeit its right to say how its children shall be educated. For, by using its

educational institutions to foment hatred of other countries and to build up a war credo in the minds of its people, that nation is guilty of menacing the peace and security of its neighbors. It is just as guilty of criminal activity as the Fagins and Burkes who educate their satellites in the professions of picking pockets and murder. Its activities have been just as foul and criminal as those of the man who teaches his children to become robbers.

In the case of Japan, there is the fanatical Shinto religion, or ancestor worship, to be dealt with. For Shinto, with its deification of the Mikado and those who die on the field of battle, is the basis of Japan's war philosophy. The Emperor must be exposed to his people for what he really is, a mortal man and not a god. And the only way by which that can be done is to crush the Japanese Empire. That alone will disprove the invincibility of the Mikado and his minions.

Then there is the matter of economics. Madame Chiang, in her Madison Square Garden speech of March 2, 1943, declared that there must be an end to the exploitation of weaker nations by the strong. That is so, but more important in the Far East is the exploitation of the underpaid Oriental by his own kind. Exploitation of the masses by the Japanese industrialists, the Chinese wealthy and Indian potentates, and by the Occidental trader and manufacturer, of course, must also end. Otherwise there can be no security for the Orient, no assurance that the masses can live in comparative freedom from want.

The Orient produces enough food to feed its people. But production by Asia and the Pacific Basin cannot be utilized for the promotion of war if the billion people of these areas are to be adequately fed and clothed.

Such matters, however, are for the economist, the recon-

structionist, the distributor, the educator, the idealist and the reformer to deal with. They do not concern those whose prime function will be to punish the international criminals who are responsible for the hell that has been turned loose on this earth. We know who they are. They are the countries of the Axis and their peoples.

The first duty of the peacemakers will be to mete out punishment to fit the crimes committed. In this, ideals cannot be mixed with reality, nor can they be allowed to interfere with the processes of law by which criminals must be impersonally and coldly treated.

Throughout their scheming, Japanese warlords have counted heavily on the soft-heartedness of Americans to save them from final retribution. They have relied on the existence of groups in the United States willing to forgive after this war is over and again extend open arms to the Japanese Empire and welcome it back into the community of nations. For years, the Japanese war plotters have regarded the American people as gullible and unrealistic suckers. And we have been all of that, for, almost up to the moment of Pearl Harbor, we gave the Japs the means to launch their conquest for world dominion. They took our gifts and laughed behind our backs at our gullibility. At the same time, they taught hatred of us in their schools.

In a way, perhaps, it is well that these things happened, for they helped jar many Americans loose from false notions of isolationism. They brought to us the realization that there are people in this world who would take what we have and take it by all means possible.

But now we know. It is perfectly clear that Japan's empire must be destroyed and her home islands locked up. This does not mean stifling Japan's trade or legitimate peacetime industry; we cannot destroy her means of mak-

ing a living and feeding her masses. But it does mean that she must be kept under strong guard, for Japan today is a sore in the Pacific which, if permitted to fester unwatched, can break out again and once more throw the world into chaos.













# MY WAR WITH JAPAN

*by* CARROLL ALCOTT

Soon after he began newscasting over Shanghai's station XMHA in 1938, Carroll Alcott was placed high on Japan's list of public enemies. Marked for liquidation by Axis gunmen and terrorists, he bought a bullet-proof vest and a 45-caliber automatic and traveled around with a bodyguard and in an armored car—and kept on broadcasting the truth about the Rising Sun.

This vigorous book of his amazing and violent experiences—ranging from arms smuggling incidents in the Philippines in 1928 to Japanese attempts to kidnap him in 1940—not only has the impact and quality of personal adventure, but will bring to Americans a new understanding of their Japanese enemy. Not until now has there been a book which presents on a popular plane such a wealth of up-to-date information about Japan, her people, her institutions, and the havoc she has wrought throughout the Far East. No one but an expert newspaperman, fearless enough to disregard the dangers of assassination and determined long ago to get to the bottom of Japan's imperial aims, could have written such a book.

Carroll Alcott has spent fifteen years in the Orient, not only doing his job as reporter, editor, and radio commentator, but conducting a fierce one-man fight against the Rising Sun. He has covered three wars and watched the development of the Japanese military machine at close range. His extensive first-hand knowledge of the social, political, and economic struggle in the Far East supplies a fascinating and invaluable background for his story. The author is now one of this country's top-ranking radio newscasters. His broadcasts from Station WLW in Cincinnati are enthusiastically followed throughout the Middle



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